

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE **2d.**
Address:
321 Pitt
Street
SYDNEY

Vol. II. No. 12.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1934.

48 PAGES



Vendors of flowers have caught a new lay—
"Spring violets and snowdrops are selling to-day."
Skies that were rain-washed are smiling and blue,
And the little white cloudlets
Are promises, too.

SPRING

Spring in the shops is a fashion parade,
With their touches of Paris and London displayed—
Chiffon and organdie, handbags of string,
And placards announcing—
"NEW STYLES FOR SPRING!" —P.D.-B.

SOCIETY GIRLS Make New Fashion HISTORY!

Some Australians who may Outrival Parisiennes at Mannequin Work!

When Miss Margaret Vyner delighted guests of the famous Patou at his dress openings in Paris, as cabled by Miss Muriel Segal exclusively to The Australian Women's Weekly last week, she made new fashion history for Australia.

This was the first occasion on which an Australian woman has taken part in the presentation of fashions at an event of world-wide fashion importance.

Miss Vyner's triumph may well stimulate the ambition of other Australian society girls who have been attracted to mannequin work at home, but have not, so far, tried their fortunes abroad.

girls have since been attracted to it, not through financial stress, but because they have found it a pleasant and profitable occupation.

Miss Margaret Vyner has always taken the work seriously. She began her career in the frock department of a large city store when she was only 16, and her beauty and grace soon caused her to be selected for mannequin work.

She made her last appearance at a fashion parade named "Autumn Glamour" last March, when she wore copies of gowns in Jean Harlow's parade. A few weeks later she sailed for abroad, and immediately after her arrival was engaged by Patou on a contract which assures her the highest salary ever paid to a mannequin.

This Week's Bride

ANOTHER Sydney society girl who took up mannequin work and made such a notable success of it that she could have undoubtedly followed a similar path to Miss Margaret Vyner.

Miss Joan Osborne Wilkinson, who was recently married to Mr. Lennox Bode, was the bride of the week. A beautiful girl has a rare elegance of carriage and grace of bearing which ideally fitted her for mannequin work, and her distinction and charm added greatly to the attractiveness of the fashion parades in which she was featured. On her first appearance, a couple of years ago, she created quite a furore. She was wearing a replica of the famous Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton" frock. This mode became so popular that finally it was done to death, but no one who saw it first modelled by Miss Osborne Wilkinson will forget how entrancing was the effect.

Miss Rosemary Shepherd, now travelling abroad, was another society girl who made a success of mannequin work in Sydney.

Another very striking girl who has attracted much admiration for her work as fashion parades is Miss Gloria Win-



MRS. LENNOX BODE was, before her marriage this week, Miss Joan Osborne Wilkinson, and whose beauty and elegance made her a notable success at mannequin work.

THERE is no doubt that the Australian woman has a flair for frocking comparable only to that of the Parisienne. Competent, widely-travelled observers constantly comment on the smartness of the average Australian woman, who, in spite of being so far distant from the world's great fashion centres, manages to keep up to the minute in her frocking, and whose poise and natural grace of carriage are great assets.

Mannequin work is assuming constantly increasing importance in all the world's fashion centres and large cities, and it may not be long before Australian girls have outrivalled Parisiennes at this attractive career for women. It is not surprising that when fortunes were undergoing strange transformations a few years ago the thoughts of many Sydney society girls were drawn towards mannequin work. Many society



Mrs. DOUGLAS LEVY, photographed in a frock she modelled at a recent mannequin parade in London.

gate Terry of Bowral, who recently left for a tour of the East and Europe with Miss Marjorie Lumscombe Newman.

ONE of the prettiest and most popular of mannequins is Miss Audrey Connell, who is a distinctive type, titian-haired, very slim and graceful and with an individual charm always recognised



MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS EDWARDS, of West Australia, who has recently taken up mannequin work in Sydney.

and commented upon by habitués of fashion parades.

Pioneers of fashions in Sydney who were also attractive mannequins and well known in social circles are Miss Dietje Andriess, first to wear evening pyjamas at Sydney society functions, and Miss Sheila Smart, who, with her sister, Barbara, now Mrs. Douglas Levy, introduced the "Alice-in-Wonderland" hair-fashion which swept Sydney a season or so ago.

Miss Jocelyn Poynter, pretty, fair-haired daughter of Lady Poynter of Warrawee, is one of the youngest of society girls to take up mannequin work. She works very earnestly at her chosen profession and is becoming widely recognised for her talent for stage dress designing.

Another North Shore society girl who has taken up this work is Miss Lola Linton, of Lindfield, whose sister was recently presented at Court.

Miss Ena Edwards, tall, slim, and a brunette beauty, is a new recruit to the ranks, whose modelling of frocks is attracting attention this year.

Miss Enid Hull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hull, who is tall and fair, is another pretty society girl who excels at mannequin work.

Apart from Miss Margaret Vyner, one of the few Sydney women to take up mannequin work in London is the first Mrs. Douglas Levy. Before her marriage she was Miss Mendoza, and noted for her dark, typically Spanish beauty and perfect hands. She is now a well-known mannequin in London.

QUITE a stir was caused at a recent fashion parade this year by the appearance of a newcomer, Miss Elizabeth Morris Edwards. Miss Morris Edwards is a well-known West Australian society girl. A couple of years ago, when she was presented at Court, the Queen was so struck with her fair beauty that she inquired who was the lovely Australian girl.

Miss Edwards is likely to graduate from mannequin work to the stage, as she will probably be selected by J. C. Williamson in the cast of "Blue Mountain Melody," the play by Mr. James Bancks, which is to follow "Gay Divorce."

Those who are ambitious to become mannequins may be interested in the following advice from a famous authority:

Tall, well-proportioned girls have the best chance, as only one or two petite types are needed in the season's parades.

Personality counts more than conventional beauty, though good looks are always an asset.

Shapely limbs are essential, for a mannequin may be called on to wear any garb from evening dress to bathers.

A sense of rhythm is needed, as mannequins walk to music.

And most essential of all is a perfectly natural demeanor. The girl who succeeds as a mannequin must be able to wear her clothes, "to the manner born," and without a trace of self-consciousness.

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remains invisible itself. Right natural skin-tones.
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INFANTILE Paralysis VACCINE

... what it MAY MEAN

Medical authorities in Sydney are extremely interested in the cabled reports of an American doctor's experiments with an immunising vaccine for infantile paralysis.

For some time the Infantile Paralysis Committee of New South Wales, which is in touch with all research developments, has been using a "convalescent serum" which it has prepared.

DR. JOHN KOLMER, American Professor of Medicine, has announced a successful method of vaccinating human beings with a special vaccine prepared from the spinal cords of monkeys, on whom he has been conducting experiments.

The preparation of serum for this complaint is very expensive. During the 1931 epidemic, the treatment of patients in this way at the Royal Alexandra Hospital cost \$500.

There are now serum depots established in many country districts, as well as in the city. Also, the Royal Australian Air Force has agreed to carry it by aeroplane when other means of transport would be ineffective.

The difference between this serum and the vaccine of the American professor's experiments is that serum is made from the blood of people who are immune, and is thus helpful in giving to a patient to help him fight the

disease, whereas vaccine gives a person a slight form of the disease, being made from either the dead, or the living germ.

Whether mothers will want to expose their children to slight attacks of infantile paralysis is debatable, although vaccination for small-pox is required by law in England.

The question to decide will be whether the percentage of sufferers is sufficiently high for universal vaccination for infantile paralysis to be required.

"Infantile paralysis," Dr. Purdy, the Metropolitan Health Officer, told The Australian Women's Weekly representative, "is an infectious disease which usually strikes down children from one to five years, but adults not infrequently. The central nervous system is attacked, and one or more groups of muscles may be infected. Not only the fatalities, but the crippling which results, makes it such a scourge."

It may be caught from the nose or throat discharges of sufferers, or from using articles or utensils belonging to

them. The early stages of the illness are the most infectious. But there are also people who, while not affected themselves by the disease, carry the germs, and infect others."

About every eight years, more or less, intense epidemics occur in Australia. In 1931-2 the last serious outbreak took place. From November, 1931-February, 1932, there were 134 cases in New South Wales, of which 16 died. This year only six cases have been notified.

During the epidemic period there were five instances of two or more of the same family being infected. The youngest sufferer was aged five months, and the oldest 33 years.

While infantile paralysis is found all over the world, it is not prevalent in the tropics, although in Australia it seems more a summer than a winter disease.

Infantile paralysis has been a notifiable disease since 1912. Yet, in the early stages the symptoms are often hard to detect. In 85 per cent., approximately, there is an initial period of several days before paralysis sets in, but in a few cases paralysis is obvious from the start.

Early diagnosis is necessary if serum treatment is to be effective.

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SYDNEY: 321 PITT ST. Phone: M2081
(4 lines). POSTAL ADDRESSES: Rm. 1, 14, G.P.O. Box 4287; Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1581E.

Let's Talk of
**Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E**



ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS

SIR HUBERT WILKINS, who has sailed from Australia for New Zealand in pursuit of his plan to make a flight across the Antarctic continent with W. Lincoln Ellsworth, is photographed above with Lady Wilkins. Before her marriage, Lady Wilkins was Suzanne Bennett, well-known actress. She has announced her intention of accompanying her husband on his next expedition, so she may become the first woman to have her name included in the annals of Antarctica.



DISTINGUISHED FEMINIST

MRS. LINDA LITTLEJOHN, who has just received an invitation to accept nomination as chairman of the Equal Rights International at Geneva, is a distinguished Australian feminist, who has represented N.S.W. and Australia at many overseas conferences. She is president of the United Association of N.S.W., vice-president of the League of Nations' Union, member of the Board of Health (Sydney), president of the Open Door Council of Australia, and takes an active part in many other movements. Mrs. Littlejohn has preached in Anglican and Congregational churches, and is probably the only woman in Australia to address the Constitutional Association.



WON PHARMACEUTICAL DIPLOMA
—Mayfair, Adelaide.

ADELINE ZOE MARTIN, of Adelaide, is the first woman in the Commonwealth to be awarded the Associated Diploma of Pharmacy. This diploma was introduced to the Adelaide University only last November, and to date only one man has gained it. It differs somewhat from the diplomas to be gained in the other Australian States. The course covered is similar to that laid down for the special pharmaceutical B.Sc. degree which may be taken in N.S.W., and this diploma has to be taken in addition to the ordinary pharmaceutical examinations. Miss Martin, who hopes to go abroad early next year for a holiday, is anxious to become a dispenser in an Australian hospital.

IF LIFE Could Be PROLONGED INDEFINITELY!

What would you do with your First 5000 Years?

An English doctor is said to have discovered a method of prolonging life for 200 years. This is just a step towards the time when scientists find out how to prolong life, and youth, indefinitely.

In theory the idea is quite possible, but what would be the effect on civilisation? Would the world still progress, or would we all become stagnant and lazy once the stimulation of having to "get on" in our present short life-span was removed?

By F. W. L. ESCH

SUPPOSING the time did come when science discovered how to prolong life indefinitely, what would happen? To begin with, it would be generations before the system became of effective general use.

It would be strongly opposed by the "Die-hards," who would insist on their right to go on dying.

Some of the churches would oppose it on the grounds that it was wicked to remain on earth beyond the allotted span when there was the reward of heaven waiting.

The evildoers would be admonished for their unsporting attitude in not being willing to go to hell and take their eternal medicine.

Other complications would crop up. Let us presume that this discovery is of such a nature that it arrests the ageing of the body. Anyone who has the treatment stays as he is for good, and only accident, or murder, can kill him.

We will also presume that the discovery, in the form of a secret formula, has been taken over by a Scientific Committee of the League of Nations, and their first task is to decide whether to make the spark of eternal life available to everyone alive at the time, irrespective of age, health, nationality or creed, or whether to make it available only to certain groups of people and let the others die off.

These problems would take quite a deal of solving, and would lead to international complications. For example, the League might quite reasonably decide not to make the discovery available to Hitler, as it might possibly be considered a disadvantage to the world to have eternal Hitlerism. This would lead to unpleasantness with the Nazis.

Or again, they might think it necessary to withhold the secret from everyone with Communist beliefs, or vice-versa, from everyone without Communist beliefs, and this would cause trouble all over the world.

After the First Two Hundred Years

LET us skip these unpleasant possibilities, however, by concluding that there would be a couple of hundred years of complete confusion, after which the sun would rise on a new world, peopled by a race of eternally young men and women who could not die.

There would be no more nations, because the first man to take the medicine, who is now 245 years old, has gradually grown richer and richer, from an initial capital of £10 in a Post Office Savings Bank, and he now owns the whole world, and has turned it over, like a sensible fellow, to the control of his betters.

A committee of psychologists has been working for 50 years on the problems of the new social system. They have grappled with the awful fact that they are going to live on forever; that there is no release from the world except by suicide, accident, or murder; and they have to admit that things are not going too well.

Murder and suicide are becoming more rampant every day. A secretary produces statistics to show that during the last week no fewer than 35,000 radio announcers who had been talking over the air in 23 countries, for from 150 to 157 years, were murdered by maddened listeners.

The statistics show a sorry state of affairs. A new kind of occupational hatred seems to be taking the place of the old class hatreds. The highest rate of murder is for politicians; clergymen come next, and it is shown that 74 per cent. are assassinated in their pulpits.

The Population Problem Will Be Acute

BUT this is only one phase of the difficulties with which the world is faced.

Another one is the question of population and changes in family life. It is shown that there are parents in existence who have more than 200 children and 20,000 grandchildren, and even the secret formula is not proof against maternity records of this kind. The mortality of mothers has become tremendous, and there is a serious danger of the female population dying out, while, at the same time, there is an equally serious danger of over-population in every country of the world.

It becomes obvious that eugenics and birth control are the only solutions unless civilisation is to perish on an earth swarming with men who cannot find food.

So during the first 400 years scientists and psychologists have to evolve a completely new social system which will be satisfactory for an indefinitely prolonged life-span of perpetual youth.

The philosophers have to get busy and evolve a new outlook to replace the present day short life-span system, which varies from the pagan ideal of living for to-day, because to-morrow we die, to the Christian one of not living for to-day, because to-morrow we die and then live for ever.

after 133 years of preaching; taxi-drivers who have not got change follow in the list, and after them door-to-door canvassers, insurance men, late shoppers, people who bulge in trams, city and suburban aldermen, feminists, screen stars, and radio announcers. It is a long list.

With the suicide statistics it is shown that most of the suicides are victims of "monotony complex." For example, 48,000 tram conductors who have travelled on the same route for 199 years are shown to have killed themselves in twelve months. A classic case is quoted in the instance of a Civil servant who has done nothing but stamp documents for 253 years. He ran amok at last and, after killing eight officers in his department, was shot down by police.

The whole fabric of matrimony is tottering on its foundations. The ranks of the confirmed bachelors are swelling every year at the thought of sitting opposite the same face at the breakfast table, century after century.

Wife murder and husband murder have become the subject of a special investigation. One woman is shown to have murdered her husband because he had not taken her to the pictures for 147 years. In America a man murders his wife because she has said "Come up and see me sometime" to her friends for a hundred years.

These are typical cases of motives for murder which seem trivial enough in a short life-span, but which assume gigantic proportions of irritation when multiplied by eternity.

Bolled down, the new philosophy would revolve on an ideal of rotational guidance, encouraging people to go from job to job, country to country and, above all, from success to failure and back again, in the belief that only the rolling stones are the best, and that the greatest achievement is change.

Teachers would point out that in an indefinitely prolonged life-span there could be no indefinite climbing of the ladder of life.

People would either have to hover permanently at the top, or at the bottom, or in the middle, or they would have to keep climbing up and down—and of these alternatives, the last would be held up as the least boring.

"Blessed is the man who falls," the copybooks would read, "for he can enjoy success again."

FROM these developments the first 500 years of perpetual life would reveal a very different world from the one of to-day. There would be no more families. Only the unmarried people would be allowed to have children, and then only in special State institutions. The married couples would be children unto themselves.

The education of newly-born children would take 100 years, after which there would be a university career of 50 years,



INTIMATE STUDY of a young man and a girl in a world with an indefinitely prolonged life-span. He has been 157 years "popping the question," and hasn't popped it yet.

followed by an examination to prove the mental fitness of the student to live as an adult for the next 200 years.

At the end of every 200 years of adult life everyone would have to go back to school to have his education brought up to date.

For people who were not able to overcome the boredom of having to live for ever, science might be obliged to evolve a form of synthetic death in the form of some drug, by means of which people could go to sleep for a couple of weeks and wake with a brain as blank as a baby's.

These artificial children would then be educated in the ordinary way, for

150 years and, to all intents, they would be as happy as the new-born.

Any inclination to die would be circumvented by the teaching that beyond death was another eternal life from which there was not the remotest possibility of escape, either by accidental death or murder, and so people would settle down to an indefinite life on this globe, seeking new occupations, living in different countries, changing wives every 100 years, striving after new ideals, endeavoring to break new records, being re-educated every couple of centuries and, as a last resource against boredom, seeking artificial re-birth by means of science.



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A SPORTING Chance Is WHAT WE ASK . . . for the Australian PLANE

When the great Centenary air race from England to Australia starts on October 24, there will probably be more than fifty planes entered, and these machines will represent the important nations of the world.

Although several local airmen have entered, Australia will not be represented thoroughly unless an Australian-made plane flies.

It is this ambition to see Australia properly represented in the air race that has made The Australian Women's Weekly back this venture week after week, and all we ask of our readers is: "Give your own plane a sporting chance!"

STRANGE though it may sound, there are people who may say to themselves, "Yes . . . but why should I, personally, contribute to the construction of the all-Australian plane? What affair is it of mine? True, a shilling or two is not much, but why should I be interested?"

From such queries as these, it is only another step to the query, "Why did not Sir Charles Kingsford Smith spend his money on the all-Australian plane instead of purchasing one in America?"

The answer is very simple. In order that one man should carry the whole cost of a fast plane and the expenses of the race, it becomes imperative that he

should take every step to win the prize. Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, carrying the whole expense of his entry himself, could not afford to take a chance on a locally-made plane, not even in the cause of national pride.

It would not be fair to ask any individual to do that; on the other hand, it is more than fair to ask everybody to join a great "Bob-in" fund to spread such a risk.

Competing against the world's crack aeroplane designers, the Australian plane is up against a tough proposition; too tough to expect any one or two men to "face alone."

The chances against the plane winning are heavy, but the chances in favor of it holding a prominent place in the race and doing great credit to Australia are tremendous, and it is this

What Appealed To The Americans

THE two American naval airmen who visited the hangar of the all-Australian plane early this week were especially interested in the fact that the local plane is an all-steel structure, electrically welded.

This is the very latest thing in aircraft construction. It guarantees greater strength, permitting higher speeds and resistance to air pressure.

chance, with its high ideal—"Australia must be there"—which individual Australians are asked to support.

If the plane wins, so much the better, but if it does not, the loss, shared by thousands of supporters, will not worry anyone, and a duty will have been performed to Australia.

IN case readers have forgotten the story of how The Australian Women's Weekly came to be interested in the all-Australian plane, let us refresh their memories. Shortly before the entries for the air race closed it was announced that The Australian Women's Weekly had entered a plane. As everybody knows this entry, like 40 or more other ones, was scratched. It was decided that money could be better spent assisting the local plane. Every week since the first list of entries was published, there have been scratchings from America and England until now it is evident that if half the original number of planes nominated fly in the race the figure will be better than is anticipated.

These facts are mentioned to show that



EARLY THIS WEEK these two American air-naval officers, Flight-Lieutenant A. L. Baird and Flight-Lieutenant J. E. Beck, of the Astoria, now visiting Australian waters, went out to inspect the all-Australian plane at Mascot. They expressed surprise and approval of the workmanship which, according to Beck, is equal to anything anywhere else in the world.

—Women's Weekly photo.

there was nothing unusual in the scratching of The Australian Women's Weekly entry—dozens of others have done the same thing; but The Australian Women's Weekly had a reason for withdrawing its entry.

Learning that the committee of the all-Australian entry was in financial difficulties, and rather than see this very worth-while project founder for lack of cash, \$500 was immediately contributed to the funds, and The Australian Women's Weekly promised to organise a great "Bob-in Fund" to find the rest of the money needed.

Whole-hearted Support

GENEROUS and whole-hearted support has been a striking characteristic of the way the public has responded to this appeal. The very first week nearly £40 came in, with one cheque for £10, and ever since people have been giving steadily and generously.

In a way this generosity has been

embarrassing, for individuals have given so much that many people who cannot afford large cheques have been shy about contributing an odd shilling or so.

Let us make it quite clear now, that every shilling is deeply appreciated, and it is wanted at once.

The personnel of the Aeroplane Fund committee, alone, should be a guarantee to the public that here is an organisation which has the highest ideals. Sir Hugh Denison, K.B.E., is chairman. Mr. J. H. King, president of the Royal Society of St. George, is hon. treasurer. Mr. J. W. Scott, Fell. of the British Empire Union in Australia, is deputy chairman, and Mr. M. F. King is the organising secretary.

Splendid work is being done by this committee, and The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Lady Mayoress and Mayoresses all over the State are organising special appeals, and a search is being made for Australia's veteran woman to christen the plane.

THE ELECTIONS

The Australian Women's Weekly is a non-political paper. However, in order to enable the various parties to place their views before our readers, we will publish during the progress of the present election campaign advertisements setting out the viewpoints of all parties.

TEACHERS Protest at PERSONALITY "TEST"

Are Queensland departmental school inspectors qualified to judge and define a teacher's personality?

This question has for some time vexed the school-teaching fraternity, and at the Teachers' Conference in Brisbane recently the matter was the pivot-point of much deprecatory comment upon the system of inspectors' reports in general.

THE Director for Education (Mr. B. J. McKenna), on the other hand, describes the Department's inspectors as "the cream of the service."

From opinions expressed by various delegates at the recent Queensland Teachers' Conference in Brisbane, it would seem that there exists widespread dissatisfaction at the system under which district inspectors furnish the Education authorities with reports upon the progress of individual teachers.

Outspoken indignation was directed particularly towards that part of the report card in which inspectors were required to comment upon a teacher's personality, one delegate describing it as "ridiculous."

Doubt was also expressed as to whether, in the short space of his visit to a country school, an inspector was afforded sufficient evidence to pass competent and confident judgment upon such items as "disciplinary power," "industry," "administrative power," and "progress in the art of teaching."

Subsequently a motion was passed re-

commending that an inspector's duties should be "to examine, advise and inspect."

WHEN a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly referred the matter to Mr. B. J. McKenna, Director for Education in Queensland, it was claimed that the inspectors are men of outstanding ability as teachers.

"They are the cream of the service," Mr. McKenna declared, "and the positions of inspectors are the prizes of the service. There are, naturally, differences of ability in teachers and it is the duty of inspectors to report upon these things. They feel that the future of a teacher may depend a lot upon their reports, and consequently take the greatest care in making them out. They are absolutely fair and impartial and are appointed only by their own merit and ability."

Mr. McKenna pointed out that it was the duty of an Inspector to consider the children of the State, the teachers, and the Department. The children of the State, of course, were the most important and therefore must have first consideration.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Let her powder her nose ten times a day . . . if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that when she laughs or talks, everybody looks at her teeth. Now—if you want to be good looking when you smile, do something about your teeth and gums. If your gums are flabby and tender even the soundest teeth may be in danger. Gums need work. To-day, foods are soft. They

fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why you get "pink tooth brush".

To-day—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. It's first of all a modern tooth paste that really cleans the teeth. Then—each time—put a little more Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and rub it right into your gums. Ipana with the massage stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days

your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush". And you'll never be afraid to smile.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender. . . . That gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



1/2, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

Love's Triumph after the
Tempest of

STORM Music

SIX days had gone by, and my precious secret was safe.

This was hardly surprising. Only two beings knew that I had approached the castle that terrible night; and of these the one was a dog and the other was dead. I had not used Barley's pistol; I had

cleaned my cousin's knife; my filthy garments lay hid in the Plumage woods. Nobody knew that in my notecase was Helena's master key.

But another secret was safe.

On the Sunday night Pharaoh, Dewdrop and Rush had been laid in a common grave, not far from the mouth of the tunnel that ran from the moat. Barley and I were the sextons, and Barley and Florin together brought out the dead. This, of course, by dark, by the secret way. And so, outside "the big five," as my cousin saw fit to call us, not a soul in the world was aware that the rogues were dead. Indeed, the belief was still held that they had escaped, for Helena, Geoffrey and Florin had kept to themselves what they found in the secret room. It was very much better so. The "attempted abduction" of its mistress was quite as much as Yorick could well digest.

Though nobody knew it but I, Bugle had yet to appear. For some unaccountable reason the moat still withheld its dead. I wondered what would happen when the body was seen. Not that I feared for my secret. No one could say at what hour the man had been drowned.

My cousin was painting Plumage. Twice a day he visited Yorick; but I was not invited and would not go up unasked. Neither would I go to Plumage—although I longed to see her—because I was sure that Helena sat with my cousin and watched him at work.

And now six days had dragged by, and I was about to be gone.

The truth was this. Morning, noon and night Helena Yorick commanded me, heart and soul. Against my will I was her obedient servant, her obedient, humble servant and no longer master of myself. My memory was

By a Girl of 17

The Witch

There's a little green grove by the side of the bay,
Where the little light breezes assemble to play;
And we buried her there, and her shroud was the day,
And O! she dropped low,
To the warm waiting hands of the hungry black soil,
And we sang at our work, and made light of our toil.

There's a dark little grove by the side of the bay,
For the light little winds have been driven away;
And the thin naked soul of a woman is seen,
And she blackens the leaves that are living and green,
But there never go,
Lest she lure out your soul (so the story is told),
For a cloak for her spirit to keep out the cold.

—Yvonne Webb.

her mirror, reflecting nothing but the beauty of flesh and spirit with which I had been familiar a week ago. When I rose, I remembered the mornings when I had done what I could to turn a pool in the forest into my lady's bath; when I went to my bed, I remembered my pallet in the kitchen and the smile she threw over her shoulder as she mounted the break-neck stairs; when I drove the Rolls, the seat beside me was empty, or else profaned; when I walked alone in the greenwood, I found no health in Nature, but only in the thought of the footfalls that once had lapsed by my side. And since the estate of neighbor followed the estate of lover with a very ill grace, I had made up my mind to leave it and to go and stay at Innsbruck, which was a city I knew. My cousin was to follow with Barley in four days' time.

A tremor ran through her; then, with a sudden movement, she flung herself down on her face and burst into tears.

And so I was sitting at Annabel, cursing life and regarding my half-packed trunks with a listless stare, when the host of the inn came bustling with a note in his hand.

Dear John,—Your cousin tells me that you are leaving to-night. Before you go, will you be so good as to show me where young Florin lies? I would not ask you this favor, but I was fond of young Florin, and you are the only being who knows the site of his grave. And so, if it will suit you, I will call for you to-day at a quarter to three. Please will you tell the bearer "Yes" or "No"—Helena.

I WENT down to the door of The Reaping Hook to speak to the groom.

"Tell her ladyship 'Yes,'" I said.

As the coupe stole into the forecourt I descended the steps of the inn.

Helena smiled and nodded and I took off my hat.

"Will you drive please?"

With a pounding heart I took my seat by her side, perceived the glow of her presence, discovered her faint perfume.

The spot to which we were going lay twelve miles off, and after leaving the car we must walk half a mile through the forest to come to the dell. Be sure I drove slowly enough. But though half an hour went by before we left the coupe, in all that time we never exchanged one word.

Again and again I sought to make some remark, but I feared that my voice would tremble and so betray an emotion I did not wish her to see. To sit thus by her side, as I had sat so often, was stirring the depths of my being as though with a sword. Though I kept my gaze fast on the road, with the fall of my eye I could see her peerless features and the gentle, steadfast look on her lovely face. She was neither grave nor smiling, but something betwixt the two; her air was the air of one whose day is over, who has of choice withdrawn from the lists of life and is now content to sit and watch the journey in which she will ride no more. I had never seen her like this, and at first I could not discover what it was that I found unfamiliar in the beauty I knew so well; and then I saw—the eagerness was out of her face.

When I brought the car to rest, Helena was out in the road before I could open the door. Then we entered the forest together, as we seemed to have done so often in other days.

In silence we came to the glade where Geoffrey had been painting when I first set eyes on the thieves, and in silence we passed to the covert which might have been planted on purpose to keep the dell. And then at last we came out—not quite as I had intended, above the bluff, but lower down, between the bluff and the water, at the edge of a sloping lawn.

Helena caught her breath.

"Oh, John, how lovely," she said.

Though I knew the spot was handsome, when I had seen it before I had been too much distracted to consider the features that went to make it so rare, and indeed, from where I had lain, I could not have observed their disposal, because of the bushes that clothed the head of the dell. But now I could mark its bulwarks and tell the lovely columns that stood, like those of a temple, to line its verge.

The place was a lawn of fair grass, cropped I suppose by the grateful life of the forest, though I never saw a creature close to that spot. From the little bluff at its head two blowing banks sloped down to a tumbling rill. A delicate silver birch was the only tree that sprang from the vivid turf, but beeches and limes and chestnuts stood up on the flanking walls and rose in superb disorder beyond the brook. On these three sides the dell was hung with an arras of breathless leaves; but the head of the hollow was open, for there the trees stood back so that, facing the bluff, you might have been standing in a chance and looking over its screen to the heights of the nave beyond. Yet the place was not grave, but gay. Great shafts of sunshine were piercing the plumes of the trees at the head of the dell, badging the turf and flashing the falling water and printing on Sabre's shoulders the trembling shadow of some obstructive spray.

"It's finer than I thought," I said, quietly. "I never saw it from here."

"Where were you lying?"

I raised my arm and pointed.

"Up there. On the edge of the bluff."

"And where—"

I took off my hat and moved forward.

"Here," I said. "You can see that the turf has been piced."

"Then—"

"When I say friends, I mean it. I'll

always have a feeling that I can depend upon you. I shan't attempt to, you know. But I shall be glad of the feeling. You know. When things go wrong, it makes a world of difference if you can say to yourself 'If so-and-so were here, they would understand.'"

I nodded.

"You can count on me," I said. "You let me come to know you as—as I'll never know anyone else."

"Will it help you, John?"

"I don't know. I'll write and tell you."

"That's right. And I'll always answer. You see, my dear, we must never meet again. We've looked at glory together—and turned away. It wasn't our fault, you know. We rather rushed our fences. But down in that valley of shadow we gave each other judgment . . . and the judgments were good."

I could not speak. I sat as though turned to stone. My heart in my breast

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... And then John knew he was lost. He had learned Helena's crest from Pharaoh... and had repeated the error that Pharaoh had made.

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



"It was full of perfume," said I. Helena took a deep breath.

"Yes," she said. "That's true. You can't have it every way. The fragrance was exquisite. But here the air's quick and radiant, and there it was dim and still. But I love the light and the warmth. And sometimes I even need it—to lift up my heart."

"The sun makes music," I said, "wherever he goes."

Helena sat herself down with her back to the rippling brook.

"I'd like to stay friends," she said. "I know you're going away, and I think you're right. But I'd like to think that though our moments are over, we still were friends."

"If you please," said I, dully, and sat down a little apart. "I've so much to thank you for."

"I don't know that you have. But that's neither here nor there. We've peered at big things together—you and I. We've eaten of strange, sweet fruits—like two children, hand in hand. And now we're back where we were—where we were when you came to Plumage and I told you about the gold. We can go farther back; perhaps we have. But I'd like to stop there, if you can. I mean, one can always be friends."

"I can stop there," I said thickly.

"That's right," said Helena gently.

"I thought you could."

For a moment she looked at the palms of her little hands as though to consult those pretty pages before proceeding with a discourse that was making my heart feel cold.

"Then—"

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was ice. The blow which had fallen already, had fallen again. I had nothing to lose, and had lost it. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"I—I don't know that mine was," I said desperately.

"I'm afraid it was," said Helena. "I put my love above honor—and you mustn't do that. And in any event mine was. You took my love and you put it back in its place. I don't say you weren't right to do it, because you were. But there are some flowers, my dear, that you can't transplant. I mean—if you move them, they die."

Blow upon blow. Couldn't she see that the thing she was striking was dead? Everything and everyone was dead. Young Florin and Pharaoh and Dewdrop and Bugle and Rush, and now her love. And I had killed them—not Bugle, of course, nor young Florin. But everything else.

"That's all right," I heard myself saying. "I'm glad . . . it's dead."

THERE was a long, long, alien . . . By the time it was over I had myself in hand.

At length—

"Poor Bugle," said Helena slowly.

"He did me a very good turn."

"By dropping the torch?" said I.

"I suppose he dropped it," she said.

"But Rush was bullying me, and sometimes I think that Bugle was going to stop him. I don't know, of course. When it fell, I just flew for the door. And in any event he waited to set me free."

"A twinge of conscience," said I.

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"He needn't have done it," she said.

And then again, "Poor Bugle. I'll always remember him kindly. I think he was the best of the lot."

"I think you're right," said I. "I had a weakness for Bugle, to tell you the truth. Of course Rush showed him off."

"I know, I know. But he had a spark of feeling. More than a spark. I think. Very few men, placed as he was, would have troubled to let me out."

"What will you do," I said, "about the loss of your master key?"

"Change the locks, I suppose. It's a hideous waste of money; but if Bugle's tempted, you know, there are plenty of crooks who'd pay a long price for that key."

I dared not pursue the matter; to do so would be to sail too close to the wind. I decided that Bugle must show another spark of feeling by returning her master key. I would post it to her—not from Innsbruck. I should have to journey to Salzburg and post it from there. That would be easy enough: I could be back at Innsbruck again before my cousin arrived.

There was another silence.

Please turn to Page 37.

By DORNFORD YATES

For a moment we stood together, looking down on young Florin's grave, while she no doubt remembered his strength and devotion, his pride in his lady's favor and the light she brought into his eyes; but I could only remember his pitiful, helpless body, and how in death he had seemed to be calling upon me to pick up his fallen torch.

"I must bring old Florin," said Helena. "I think it would help him a little. He's gone straight on, of course; but I know that it must have hit him most frightfully hard. His son was exactly like him—very quiet and very respectful, very gentle in all he did. His smile was always grave, but he had a great natural charm. I think he belonged to Nature. He loved the woods and forests, and I think they gave him their gifts. It's strange that those friends should have chosen to lay him where he belonged." She pulled off her little hat, and turned to the rill. "Dells seem to be our portion. But the last one was out of the sun."

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IT ACTUALLY MAKES TEETH SHADES WHITER

EVEN TEETH THAT HAVE
BEEN DULL FOR YEARS

... TRY IT

Double Cleansing
Achieves Quik
Results



Removes Ugly
Tarnish and
Stain. Makes
Teeth Sparkle

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:—

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH. One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is Kolynos. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream

KOLYNOS
LASTS TWICE
THE USUAL
TIME—BECAUSE
YOU USE HALF
AS MUCH



"CONSTIPATED
ever since he was born"

BUT NOW—
Bowels Work Freely
since taking—

LAXETTES

Baby's system is so delicate, so sensitive that wrong laxatives can completely upset it—can bring endless health troubles and worry. You'll be wise if you turn confidently to Laxettes, and you'll be just as enthusiastic in your praise as other mothers. Read what one user in Gippsland writes us:—

"Dear Sirs,

"I feel I must write and tell you the good your Laxettes was to my little one. He is 18 months old and has been constipated ever since he was born. But I tried the free sample only, giving half one at first. He was much better while using them, so I got a tin in and now he is almost right—in fact I have not given him any for three days. His bowels seem to work freely now, so I could advise every mother to use Laxettes for her little ones, and I am sure she will have them as happy as the day is long. After what I have seen, they are the very best of medicines for all.

Mrs. R. A. ...

(Original of this letter may be seen at our office)

You, too, will find that Laxettes are the very best medicine—not only for babies but for children and adults too! Gentle in their action, and delicious to taste, they are nevertheless efficient, and clear the most obstinate case of constipation without strain, without weakening, purging and unpleasantness. That's because every Laxette is actually a prescription—a prescription compounded by highly qualified chemists.

Be sure you secure the genuine Laxettes—the famous square tablets sold only in tins, with the name on every tin and tablet. Your chemist sells the enlarged tin at 1/6 or we will gladly send you a free

SAMPLE

We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address below. Post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company, Dept. ... Melbourne, C.I.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

FOR INTESTINAL WORMS
Use Baxter's Worm Tablets

If obtainable from your chemist write The Laxette Mfg. Co., Melbourne



Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

A Book that Discredits the Element of Chance!

Writing under the nom-de-plume of Robert Eton, Mr. Laurence Meynell, the English novelist who is now visiting Australia, has given us a very delightful book in "The Pattern."

Mr. Meynell has achieved a literary reputation as a writer of "thrillers," and this book provides a great contrast to his work in that field of story-writing.

"THE PATTERN" propounds a theory that there are no chance or casual happenings in life.

It is a very human little story, without extravaganzas. There are some delightful descriptive passages of rural life in England, and of people in all ranks of society.

A day in the life of a happy, unaffected young girl, Pamela, provides the motif of the book. By this medium the author expounds the idea that, consciously or unconsciously, the most trivial action on the part of any one human being is part of a definite plan, and constitutes a thread in the great fabric of life.

Pamela sets off for a ride on her bicycle. The chain becomes loose, and she props the machine against the wall of the local "pub" to repair it.

Reginald Fairfield, Squire of Hopley, whom local gentry have ostracised because of his dissolute drinking habits, happens along and repairs it for her. He accompanies her on her walk through the village, and departs when they reach the border of his estate.

Pam walks on through the woods,

along a path in the Meachley estate where bicycles are forbidden.

To her great consternation, she meets Lady Bridges, of Meachley, a grand old dame of whom the entire village stands in fear and terror.

Pam pauses to apologise for her intrusion, and is invited to lunch at Meachley. Her gay youth breaks through the old lady's reserve. They spend a couple of happy hours together, and Pam departs thinking of the great surprise she will give her mother when she tells of her experience at Meachley.

Standing on the main roadway is Annie, weeping in a heart-broken manner. Annie is the household drudge of a nearby neighbor, worked to death, and now despairing because she has lost the 1/6 that provided the fare for her rare excursions on a half-day off. Pam pushes her own precious half-crown into the girl's hand, hails the bus, and Annie departs quite happily.

Later in the evening Pam sets off on her old bicycle to play tennis with some young friends.

The local doctor, driving his two-seater car, crashes into her, and she is thrown against the roadside, dead.

"What's the use of saying it isn't a muddle and hodge-podge? It's all a senseless waste, a senseless, cruel, bloody waste. She was only nineteen, she hadn't done anything. Good God, man, she hadn't begun to live! Where's the fairness in that?" said Pam's grief-stricken father to the village priest who strives to comfort him.

The Threads

THE story develops from this point.

Taking one thread at a time the author reviews each of Pamela's seemingly chance meetings of the day, and shows just what an important bearing they all had on the lives of the people concerned.

The background and lives of Squire Fairfield, Lady Bridges, of Annie and, last of all, of the village doctor who caused Pam's death, are woven into little self-contained stories, which are a sheer delight to read.

To such and all of them the meeting with Pam had been a vital and important event, which changed the whole course of their individual lives as well as of the lives of those associated with them.

A HAPPY girl sets out on her bicycle in the morning.

At evening she lies dead beside it on the roadside.

Was there a single moment of her day wasted or unintentional? (Harrop, 7/6. Our copy Angus and Robertson.)



Are You Shy?

THEN GET THIS BOOK—IT IS
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A New Lease of Life for the Timid
and Self-Conscious!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears and inhibitions. Fear is at the root of almost every nervous affliction, and causes more misery and suffering than many severe physical disorders. Nervous fears rob you of the joy of living, deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self, to develop your talents and make headway.

Are you a victim of some sort of fear? Are you tortured by the fear of darkness, disease, or insanity? Are you a failure because you lack the ability to get out of the rut? Do you feel awkward and self-conscious when spoken to? Are you a bundle of nerves, subject to fits of depression, morbid thoughts, and a habit of worrying over trifles?

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms get "The Conquest of Fear."

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS
LACK OF CONFIDENCE
LACK OF WILL-POWER

GROUNDLESS FEARS
MORBID THOUGHTS
LANSITUDE
WEAK NERVES

DEPRESSION
INSOMNIA
TIMIDITY
BLUSHING
WORRY, Etc.

This amazingly interesting book describes the startling new treatment, Neuro-Dynamics, which has achieved world-wide success and is the only nerve treatment covered by a £1000 Guarantee of effectiveness. This treatment is recommended by Leading Health Journals, and is open to the fullest investigation. A copy of the book, together with some of the most remarkable genuine testimonials ever published, sent to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK
AUST. PHYSICAL COLLEGE, 245 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Sirs,—Please send me a Free Copy of "The Conquest of Fear."
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



MR. LAURENCE MEYNELL, an English novelist now visiting Australia, whose book is reviewed on this page.

BURNT SUGAR

... is Striking!

"Burnt Sugar" is a striking example of the latent wealth of material that Australia offers authors. The book is interesting from this point of view; as well as for the interest of the story.

THIS novel, by F. E. Baume brings an unknown Australia to the public. The plot centres round an Australian-born Italian, whose youth is spent on the canefields of the north, where all nations are represented, but where the white Australians are a race apart.

Mario Zobel's ambition is to become a true "white" and to make his own way in the business world. His struggles against his Italy-conscious mother, and his fear when later he leaves Eulaville that the "whites" will know his nationality and refuse him for it, are vividly told.

Mark Zobel, as he becomes, is really a tragic figure, for the more he tries to be an Australian the more he is "really too, too Italian." Light reading, but hard and unnecessarily crude in parts. (Macquarie Press.)

"My Strange Wife." Philip Hughes. John Axwith, a solicitor, speaks to a young girl, to whom he is attracted, in the streets of London, on the excuse that he has a message from her from "George," a name selected at random.

George is a South African whom she fears, who is on his way to England. Axwith marries her for her protection, although she admits having gone through a trial marriage with the African. This statement, however, turns out to be untrue. This is an interesting tale of the troubles that the young solicitor brings upon himself in his association with the girl. (Futchinson, 7/6.)



The Principal of A.F. College, Director of Neuro Dynamics.

The BULL'S EYE

Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated
by
WYNNE
W.
DAVIES



"W"HO'S there? Stand or I'll shoot!" The voice of Tony Farrell, the watchman at Mulligan's Buildings, rang out in the clear air of midnight. After he had challenged, Tony listened. From a side lane he heard the sound of a man running lightly.

Tony was not a man to be trifled with. He pressed the trigger and the shot rang out, echoing among the city buildings and quiet streets. Before Tony could fire again, a voice called, "Don't shoot. I'll come out."

With tense nerves, the watchman waited, his automatic ready. He could distinguish an indistinct figure approaching, coming towards the light of the street lamp at the corner. He noticed that the man's feet made no sound.

"Cat burglar!" thought Tony. Then he saw the man more clearly. He was walking with his hands above his head in token of surrender. But he was coming too close.

"Stop!" Tony ordered harshly, his voice rising into a note of urgency. "Stand back... You dog!" The burglar, in a tremendous leap, had landed right on top of Tony, whose gun did not help him in this surprise. The watchman clutched and struggled to hold him, but the fellow was like an eel. He wriggled himself clear, stepped back and hit Tony a heavy blow on his nose. It was a prize-fighter's punch, and Tony found himself lying on his back, with his nose becoming bigger and bigger.

Gathering himself for another lunge effort, the burglar sprang away for liberty, right into the arms of Constable Johnston, who was patrolling nearby, and had heard the shots and dashed to the scene.

A powerful man was Johnston, young and ambitious and very quick. Before the burglar knew how it had happened, he was handcuffed and held in the custody of the law.

The constable stood straight up and breathed hard, still keeping a tight hold of his prisoner, and as his eyes

way he jumped at you. Besides, I can't help thinking that kid has something to do in this."

While Tony went to telephone, Johnston examined his prisoner. He was a stranger without doubt, tallish and well-built, light in bone and slim in figure; evidently in the pink of condition; and he had a look of superiority such as Johnston had heard Senior-Sergeant Brisdon, of the Central Station, describe as "A broken-down toff." The man wore rubbers of a dark color, a woolen sweater, and tweed trousers, no hat, brown complexion, and black hair.

"I needn't warn you that what you say may be used as evidence against you," he said perfunctorily. "Thanks, I didn't know," was the cool reply.

"Just doing a bit of amateur work?" Johnston said. "Who's your lady friend?" "Lady friend? I'm alone," the man said. "Yes, a little fun, that's all. Things are dull, aren't they?"

They entered the wagon together, and were driven rapidly to the station. From the glance the driver and his escort gave the burglar, Johnston felt that he had an interesting criminal. Possibly in this capture would be found the solution of a number of burglaries from warehouses which had taken place, and even greater things than these. He saw himself praised and promoted, and he was not altogether forgetting Tony Farrell in these dreams.

At the police station the prisoner was hustled out of the car with less consideration than he expected, and before he realised it, he was facing the charge sergeant.

"Name, and you needn't be shy. Give us the whole lot if they come to a hundred," the charge sergeant said. "Walter Funnington, architect, 17 Yew Road."

Yew Road was a good address. "What's the charge?" the sergeant asked Johnston.

"Loitering with intent. That's about all we can do. He was in a public lane. Tony Farrell found him at Mulligan's trying to scale a wall, and he dropped and ran. There was a woman hanging round, but she faded, and I can't connect her just now."

Johnston gave the details, then turned to the prisoner.

"What were you doing there?" "Inspecting the building. I've got a commission to build one like it."

"Nice time of night for that." "The only time I could do it without being seen measuring."

"Aw! Come off. Why the rubbers, anyway?"

"Comfortable, and besides, I wanted to climb."

"Oh! did you? Well, you'll have time to think up some better tales before we're done with you."

NEVERTHELESS, they could not find a tittle of evidence against this strange adventurer of the night, except a small tool like a tin-opener but with a glass-cutter at one end. Irregular as his appearance and doings had undoubtedly been, for all the police could prove, this was a guileless man; it seemed that a promising burglary had been killed before



He wriggled himself clear, stepped back and hit Tony a heavy blow on the nose. It was a prize-fighter's punch.

it blossomed. And the finger-prints department could find nothing either. Senior-Sergeant Brisdon, who was in charge of the station, and also acted as police prosecutor, had Funnington before him in the morning and cross-questioned him, with the same result.

"All we can do is formally charge him and get a remand," Brisdon said. And this was done, at the end of the morning sitting of the magistrate's court. Funnington remained a mystery. Inquiries at Yew Street had given little to work on.

Funnington's landlady had been astonished when she was roused up in the early morning and told of his arrest. "A gentleman," she called him, "an English gentleman." The detectives looked through his belongings and searched his room, but found nothing more incriminating than a letter from someone in London.

Some hours later, the landlady rang a number, and her call was answered by a girl's voice—"Miss Bellington," the landlady called her. There was a gasp of astonishment, then the calm, soft voice spoke quietly, thanking the woman for her news.

The usual attendance of curious people, with a few new ones with special interest in certain cases, were in the court, most of them standing, since few seats were provided. Into this drab company there entered a girl whose appearance was the signal for a turning of heads and whispering. A constable beckoned her to a seat at the side of the court, where she could see and hear clearly. From this position she had a view of the face of a prisoner in the dock.

A search that led to Cupid!

Julia Bellington sat quite still, her frank, open, brown eyes roving over the court in quiet interest. She had dark chestnut hair and a good figure and carriage. But it was her face and her smile which won everyone's heart and made them feel that they would like to do her a service. She seemed a woman in a thousand, one whom men remembered and women loved.

When Funnington came up to the dock from the cells, he saw her, but gave no sign of recognition. And she, after one long look at him, did not raise her eyes again. But her lips which were easy and generous in shape, set in a firm line. She looked like one who has steeled herself to a certain action, yet found it hard to carry it out.

WHEN the case was over, and Funnington was removed from the court, without having asked for bail, the girl rose and passed into the corridor. There she inquired the way to the charge-room. Senior-Sergeant Brisdon had left the court to intercept her, and he followed her into the room.

"Did you want someone, Miss?" he asked. His quick eye in court had taken in her good clothes and evident superior station in life, and had memorised her face; and it was one that all who saw remembered, with its serious, sweet expression, which seemed to enshrine the thoughts of many women.

Brisdon, in his swift survey, had observed a lump under the glove on the third finger of her left hand, indicating the presence of a ring; and it was too large to be a wedding ring. Obviously it was one carrying a fairly large stone.

"May I see Walter Funnington?" she asked.

The Senior-Sergeant hesitated.

"Are you his wife?" he temporised. Johnston had said there was a woman in the street at the time of the arrest.

"No. Just a friend. My name is Julia Bellington. I live in Cannon Street—namely a fashionable suburb."

"Very well, Miss, I'll get someone to show you to the cell."

He called:

"Johnston, where's Johnston?"

When Johnston came, Brisdon took him aside and whispered:

"Is that the woman you saw?"

Johnston shook his head emphatically.

Brisdon had fancied that the girl shuddered slightly at the word "cell." His analytical mind was hunting for a clue to this visit. Was the prisoner really a man of good standing and a friend of hers, who had gone wrong? Or had she been duped, somehow? As he waved her to go with Johnston he gave no sign of his thoughts.

Johnston showed her along the corridors to the cells, and opening the door said to the inmate:

"A lady to see you, Funnington." She entered, and, as he locked the door again the constable looked through the grill and saw that she was taking off her gloves. He heard her say in a distressed voice:

By...
WILL
LAWSON

"What is the meaning of all this, Walter?"

"Just a mistake," the prisoner said, lightly. "I'll be free to-morrow."

She did not stay long. There was no lingering when Johnston opened the door again. And she hurried along the corridors and through the charge room as if she wanted to put the place and its atmosphere far away from her. Following close, the constable heard her sob, but she held her head high.

Brisdon was in the charge room.

"Anything I can do?" he asked. He wanted to question her, but something stopped him, hardened as he was to the courts and the tragedies they played a part in.

"Nothing, thank you," she answered in her rich, soft voice. So she passed out of the office into her car. And she left behind her in that cold, official room a sense of loss, as if something wonderful had been there which would never return.

But there was nothing sentimental about Brisdon, where his work was concerned. He was thinking hard. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"The ring." It was gone. "Here!" He called a constable. "You get a taxi and follow that girl."

The man darted away.

"Easy on!" said the charge sergeant, "I don't follow."

"She wore gloves and a ring when she went in. Coming out her gloves were off, and she wore no ring. Where's Johnston?"

Johnston came running. "Come with me," Brisdon ordered and led the way to Funnington's cell. As they went he rapidly questioned Johnston, who told him about the girl taking off her gloves. Brisdon strode into the cell, bristling with purpose.

"Give me that ring!" he ordered the prisoner.

"What ring?" Funnington countered, smiling insolently. "I've got no ring. You searched me last night."

"You had a visitor who gave you a ring."

Funnington laughed outright.

"If you supposed I had given her a ring, there might be some sense in it. But for her to give me one, think again."

"None of your cheek. What is that lady to you?"

"That is my fiancée," Funnington said calmly.

"Then God help her," Brisdon said fervently. "At any rate, she left a ring here. Search him, Johnston!"

The search was made, even to making the prisoner undress while they searched him and his clothes and seams of his clothes. But no ring was found. Then they searched the cell.

"Here it is," at last Johnston said. He stopped and picked it out of a space between the wall and the floor, where it had either been placed or had fallen.

"Ha! That's it," Brisdon was so intent on the ring, he did not see the look of utter surprise which swept for an instant over Funnington's face, to be swiftly effaced as either saw it.

"Don't try any more funny tricks," the sergeant said, as he hurried away, leaving Johnston to lock the door of the cell.

BRISDON went straight to Big Mat Cartwright, the head of the detective force. Mat was one of the hardest and shrewdest, also one of the most human of men. His eyes opened wide when he saw the ring, a solitary diamond in a gold setting.

"A solitaire! Phew!" he whistled. "This looks like giving us a line on the jewel robbery. I'll go and see if this is one of the lost rings."

He took his big form out of the room and wasted no time on his way to the jewellery firm's stores which had been robbed a month previously.

"What d'ye make of this?" he asked, when he had been admitted to the manager's room.

"Where did you get it?" "It came into our possession," the detective said, guardedly. "Can you place it? It's one of yours, isn't it?"

"Why, yes it is, a valuable one, too, worth £300 at least. I'll get the salesman who knows about the case to check it with the list of lost rings. There were only a few solitaires among them, I believe."

The salesman came. After a glance at the ring he said:

"You don't think this was stolen, surely?"

"Why not?"

Please turn to Page 23

My Favorite Poem

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are shaping
And the brooks of morning
run.
In your hearts are the birds
and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brook-
let's flow,
But in mine is the wind of
autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.
Ah! what would the world be
to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert be-
hind us
Worse than the dark before.
—From Longfellow's "Children."
Sent in by A. E. Bostock, 8
Victory St., Sandringham, SS,
Vic.

roved round he saw a woman standing in the light of the street lamp. Just for an instant. The next she was gone. Johnston turned to Tony:

"Who was that? Did you see her?" "See who?" asked Tony, his hand on his nose. "I see nobody."

"I saw a woman," Johnston said, "she seemed interested, too."

To Tony he continued:

"Good work, Tony. How did it happen?"

"I heard something scraping on the wall as I passed the lane. Flashed me and I saw his nose drop and run. He stopped when I fired, and came out, then he rushed me, the dirty dog. But for you he'd be far away by now."

"Well, it wasn't altogether an accident. I was following a woman to see what she was after, when I heard your gun. Do you know this cove?"

The policeman turned his lamp on the captive's face.

"Never see him before," Tony said, "but I'd like to see him again some time. He don't look a new chum, either."

"Better go and ring for the wagon," Johnston said. "I'm not going to risk walking him to the station, after the



MADAME LE SURIER noticed him stroll out on to the balcony, and smiled. The Major, in her eyes, was a school-boy. Pink and chubby-cheeked, middle-age had endowed him, almost grotesquely, with a comfortable paunch, a grey moustache, his ready laugh and an attachment to his pipe and to whisky and soda.

He always gave Madame Le Surier the impression of drifting about aimlessly, for he never seemed to have any object in view when he moved from one place to another.

"I'll bet you're feelin' fine!" he told her. "This Swiss air! And look at the sun. Makes me feel another man." He stooped to tuck a rug closer round her, and sank with permission into a chair.

The smile lingered on Madame Le Surier's finely chiselled face. She was pleased because he had said she was feeling fine, not how ill she looked. Something of the open air about this Englishman reflected a touch of color into the greyness of her days. Not everyone will trouble himself about an

THE Dazzling LOLLA

A Long Complete Story of a Woman's Stolen Lustre

By
B. L.
JOCOT

invalid. Madame Le Surier knew a great deal about men. She knew Major Bostwick had a good heart.

"What have you done with Madame Jenatzy?" she asked.

"She went into Montreaux to do a bit of shoppin' after lunch. I'm expecting her back any minute now." He consulted his watch anxiously. "Fine woman, don't you think? Puzzles me what she's doin' at a place like this. Half hotel, half sanatorium, I mean."

The little lady in the chair, neatly wrapped in her rug, could have told him, but she didn't. A certain kind-

ness comes sometimes to those who are incurably ill—and have brought themselves to face it. "She is very beautiful," she agreed. "And attached to you, Major. You should be flattered!"

His grin turned to an awkward blush. He covered it with a brusque cough and a puffing out of the cheeks, then for a while sat silent. Major George Godolphin Bostwick had been resident at this hotel-sanatorium perched up in the Jura Mountains over the Lake of Geneva now for nearly two months. Lately retired from the Service, his liver—not improved by the Indian climate—required attention.

MAJOR BOSTWICK, a man who liked to get one thing settled at a time, was seeing to it that his liver got attention. After that, he had to think about buying, or building, a house somewhere in England, and sitting back to enjoy his not inconsiderable accretions of hard cash.

"You'll think it dashed strange, Madame," he began eventually, "but I'd like to talk to you about—"

"Madame Jenatzy?"

"Dash it, yes!" Surprise showed in his eyes as he shot a quick look at her. He looked more like a schoolboy than then ever.

"Allons! But, why not?"

Gratitude showed in the way he looked at her. Hot climates have the effect sometimes of staying the growth. The Major was not very different from the young subaltern who went out to Bengal more than thirty years back. Madame Le Surier knew this, for she knew a great many things about the world.

Her eyes were grey, and fine yet. Her ankles were as slim and neat as any girl's, and her hands and wrists must have been perfection itself in her day. Illness made her look sixty, but she was in fact forty-three, and she knew she would never be forty-five.

She had come to the sanatorium from nowhere with her maid; another sick woman, no one knew much about her, or troubled much, except the Major who had, it seemed, little better to do than to spend hours chatting with her, cheering her up. She spoke English with only a slight accent.

"When a fellow gets to be my age he gets to feel a bit lonely, y'see. I've worked dashed hard for my pile, and—"

"I've been thinking of enjoying it with someone."

"You want to ask Madame Jenatzy to be your wife?"

"I'd like to work up to it. Gradually. The way I imagine it, it might cramp my chances by attemptin' to rush things, what?"

"The greatest happiness comes to life by seizing on time before it has time to cheat you." The little lady with the ivory-white skin sat perfectly motionless for a moment. "And the greatest tragedies."

"Perhaps, Madame, you have yourself—"

"I have been married three times. Perhaps—who knows?—if I were once more young I would marry six times. Nothing depends on anything, except the man, or the woman. You have told Madame Jenatzy—what you are thinking?"

"Good heavens, no! I'd rather—"

"Your secret, Major, is safe with me. I will tell you what I think. When one is young, one should rush. Later, one should deliberate. To the young all things are possible, but when you grow old so many things are denied. Madame Jenatzy is a charming woman."

"I think she's—marvellous!" A huge enthusiasm showed in his face, and Madame Le Surier watched it wistfully. In her youth she was a beautiful woman. "It's not so much what a woman looks like. It's what she's done. Lived. Marie—that's Madame Jenatzy—"

He leant over confidentially. "She has lived! She doesn't want it generally known, but do you know who she is? I mean the name the world used to know her by?"

The little woman in the chair was interested. "She is famous, then?"

"Her stage name before she retired was Lolla Greve."

IF the Major had been looking for an impression he was not disappointed. "Lolla Greve! But she was indeed famous. The first actress of France. That is a proud title—not lightly given in France. You should indeed be flattered, Major."

"You knew her?"

"I saw her. Who has not? But she disappeared—years ago now, and all the world wondered what had happened. For a while. One soon forgets. And that must have been tragic for Madame Jenatzy, Major."

"She left her triumphs while they were fresh. She went of her own free will. The old life, so! Begin the new. That is why she does not wish it known. But you, Madame—"

"I shall tell no one. Yet, well do I remember her." For a while she looked out over the lake. "She was the most beautiful woman, they say,

the stage has known. It must be that many still cannot forget her. But she had talent. Beauty is not enough. Paris, London, Vienna—they loved her, Major. So like a child, yet her wit . . . you are to be congratulated a hundred times! A woman with the wit of Lolla Greve can never grow old. Yet, one wonders, how many would remember her face in its— if they saw her now? Ah, but it was tragic. One moment the idol of France—the next— and she had gone. No one knew where, or how. . . . They say she was simple, the Great Lolla. You know what I mean. Good at heart and loyal. You have heard the story of her—what you call it?—pendant?"

PENDANT? No, She hasn't told me anything about a pendant. Of course, I have myself given her a few little—"

"It is a triste little story. Simple. I'll tell you, and you shall perhaps love her more." Madame Le Surier had heard from her maid stories of orchids and rings and other offerings to Madame Jenatzy which must have made inroads into the Major's capital, but there are always stories like that.

"Ecoutez! It was said at the time that the Great Lolla had only one lover—her husband. He was the boy she married before she became famous—for you must remember she was already famous when the war broke out. Her husband and lover was killed, as were many of the sons of France early in 1914, and it is said someone, his officer, perhaps, for he was a soldier simple, sent to Lolla Greve, in Paris, the disc with his name: Jean Poulgeat 7689445. Some such number, but that was his name. Poulgeat."

"You seem to remember a lot about Lolla. I wish I knew as much. She doesn't say much to me."

"Maybe, it is sad for her, Major. But everyone of my age would remember much of Lolla. Well, she wore that disc always. Always, remember, round her neck on a chain. Always you would see that thin, silver chain, and one knew that the disc was next to her heart." She shook her head slowly. "Jean Poulgeat. Is it not nice to think of one who is loyal?"

"I think Marie is—she would be like that, Madame. And I thank you for telling me so much. I'd no idea you knew her. Or that she was so famous, and—"

"And what, mon ami?"

Both started at the sound of the voice that cut in, and it was the Major who recovered himself first.

"I wasn't expectin' you back so soon, my dear," he puffed. "Allow me, will you, Madame Le Surier? This is Madame Jenatzy."

THE lady wrapped in her rug took the hand of the woman before her. Something had crept into the back of Madame Jenatzy's eyes at the contact, but she was a beautiful woman, groomed without fault. At forty-five, Madame Le Surier admitted with admiration, this woman of the world contrived to look thirty in a favorable light.

"You were talking of me, George?" she asked.

"Madame Le Surier remembers you," he said. "She was telling me—"

"I remember you well, Madame, and am honored to meet you thus."

The other woman passed over the compliment, coldly it seemed to the Major. "You were discussing me, George?"

He flushed uneasily. "Madame Le Surier had just recalled to me the— the pendant you wear. . . ." He left it awkwardly at that.

The Great Lolla Greve fingered the emerald at the end of the platinum chain encircling her neck. Her eyes looked dangerous for a fleeting moment but her face cleared to give way to a smile. "But, yes," she acknowledged. "George is too wicked. Always he makes to me the presentations. Is it not a lovely pendant, Madame Le Surier?"

"Almost as beautiful as you, Madame!"

Major Bostwick cleared his throat noisily. He had fine feelings enough not to press the painful, though romantic, subject of the disc. Doubtless no one ever mentioned that tragedy to her. "Can I escort you indoors, my dear?" he inquired.

As they left her, Madame Le Surier raised a slender white hand. Recalling the history of Madame Jenatzy had affected her. That hand trembled as she dropped it back into her lap.

Please turn to Page 32

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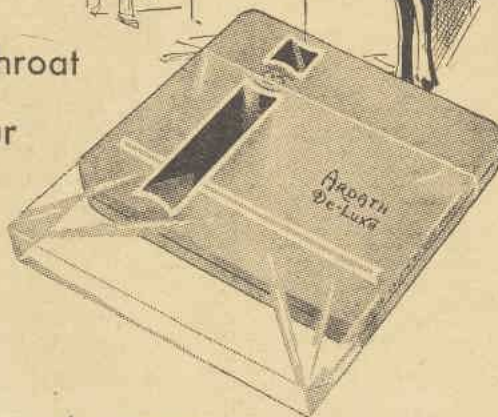
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NATIVE BEARS Rapidly Becoming EXTINCT

Australian Koalas are Now a Vanishing Race!

Australia's native race, its wildflowers and its native animals, are gradually vanishing before the onward march of civilisation and settlement.

One of the most pathetic victims of this onward march is the koala, or native bear. The koala was found in Australia's earlier history from Queensland to South Australia. To-day there are none in South Australia, about 1000 in Victoria, a few in New South Wales, and a fairly big number of them in Queensland.

unlike the rabbits, they do not fuss about housing schemes and municipal life. The koala lives a simple and solitary life. He does not build even a temporary home, and storing food is unnecessary. He sleeps all day in the fork of a gum tree, and during the night wakes up to eat, his strong jaws moving quickly, and his little black nose quivering with epicurean delight over the aroma of the gum leaves.

His diet is extremely simple, only three types of gum leaves agreeing with him—mannia, swamp, and river red gum. He moves from tree to tree chiefly at night, perhaps through self-consciousness at his ungainly waddle on his four short legs. Even coming down a tree is not a very dignified performance, because, unlike possums and squirrels, who race down head first, he scrambles down tail first, only, of course, he has no tail.

Owing to their solitary and carelessly-moving habits, koalas do not increase in numbers very quickly. In the mating season of spring a koala may have wandered so far from his mate that he is unable to find her. Mrs. Teddy-bear



ALL ABOARD for a joy ride. A koala bear with a four-month-old baby on her back and another in her pouch—kangaroo fashion.

has a family on the up-to-date ideas approved by modern science. She only has another baby when the last one has learned to take care of itself. She has one baby a year. It is born very tiny, and lives for six months in her pouch.

Of the 1000 native bears in Victoria only 200 remain on the mainland, the others living on islands near Westernport, where conditions are better for their preservation.

THE chairman of the committee of management of Wilson's Promontory National Park (Mr. J. A. Kershaw) proposes planting hundreds of manna gums at the park for the preservation of the bears. Mr. F. Lewis, Chief Inspector of Fisheries and Game, opposes the suggestion on the ground that any bears liberated on the mainland would be wasted, for several reasons.

Mr. Lewis said island settlements ensure right diet for the koalas and enforce a gregariousness that improves the birthrate. To keep the koala population together on the mainland a six-foot fence

of sheet-iron or topped by an overhanging verandah would be necessary to keep the bears within the reserve.

Australian animals—the kangaroo and the possum, for instance—have been taken to Zoos in other countries because their diet presents less difficulty. A kangaroo can eat cake and still be able to bound about, but the koala often dies from acute indigestion if he is given any but his three types of gumleaf.

At Badger Creek, Healesville, there are six koalas living in natural surroundings, and there is a big party of them at Koala Park, Sydney, and there are some at Melbourne and Sydney Zoos.

In spite of two periods of appalling slaughter, native bears are fairly numerous in Queensland. In 1919 more than 1,000,000 were killed for their skins. This number does not include, of course, the number who died from the effects of cyanide of potassium and were not recovered, nor the hundreds of young ones who died with their parents. In 1927 when the bears were again unprotected about 500,000 were killed.

KOALAS ON THE ALERT!

THE koala has enjoyed protection from "sportsmen" in Victoria only in recent years. Until legislation was introduced prohibiting the shooting of native bears, parties of men frequently went on shooting expeditions to kill this delightful little animal, taking his skin home sometimes to exhibit it proudly or leaving his tortured little body among the trees where he had made his home.

The chief cause of the decreasing numbers of the koala, however, is the felling of timber in the spread of settlement, and the consequent starvation of the bears.

Bushfires are another cause. Leasing

CONTRACT BIDDING ... and Partners' DUTIES

The requirements for various bids in contract bridge as well as the duties of responding hands, are clearly set out by Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's foremost contract bridge authority, in this week's article.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

THOUGH not very desirable, opening bids of 2 NT are definitely strength-showing in character.

Similarly, bids of 3 odd in major suits, and of 4 odd in the minors, proclaim a very strong holding, in addition to being of a highly pre-emptive nature.

Bids of 4 odd in major suits and of 5 odd in minors are solely shut-out bids, and do not as a rule contain any defensive values.

Such bids are really defensive overcalls, being based on the principle of counting on partner for two supporting tricks when vulnerable, and for three when not vulnerable.

Paradoxical as it may seem, 4 bids in major and 5 bids in minor suits are defensively the weakest bids, the bids of 3 odd in majors and of 4 odd in minors containing much more defensive strength.

The requirements for these various bids, as well as the duties of the responding hand, are clearly set out below.

It is generally extremely inadvisable to interfere with partner's pre-emptive game bid, no matter what you may hold, and the observance of this advice should mean that embarrassing (and costly) misunderstandings between partners should now be a thing of the past.

By ELY CULBERTSON

Opening Bids Higher Than Two

OPENING bids higher than two (or higher than one if the bid is in no-trumps) can be divided roughly into three classes: strength-showing, pre-emptive, and hybrid—that is, semi-strength-showing and semi-pre-emptive. In the first category come opening two and three no-trump bids.

An opening two no-trump bid shows a balanced hand containing no biddable suit and at least 8-plus honor tricks in the hand. For instance, the following is an example of a perfectly sound opening two no-trump bid, either vulnerable or not vulnerable:

S-A-K-4. H-Q-J-6-3. D-A-Q-4. C-A-J-9.

Occasionally when not vulnerable a two no-trump bid may show a long, solid, minor suit with a little honor strength outside, such as the following:

S-K-4. H-J-10-8-6. D-5. C-A-K-Q-J-8-4.

This bid is made partly as a bluff bid and partly as an attempt to prevent the opponents from getting together at their best contract. When vulnerable, such a bid is suicidal, and the proper call is one club. In any event, partner should raise to three no-trump when holding about 1 honor trick, even when he suspects a bluff. The opening hand is fully capable of recouping himself if such a course seems advisable.

An opening three no-trump bid shows 8 sure winners, such as the following:

S-A-K-4. H-A-9-6-3. D-A-K-Q. C-A-K-2.

This bid is extremely rare.

Pre-emptive Bids

PRE-EMPTIVE bids are purely defensive in nature, and are made for the purpose of shutting out the opponents and preventing them from getting together at their best contract when their strength is divided. They consist of opening four-bids in a major and opening five-bids in a minor. They should rarely be raised by partner except when tremendous honor strength is held.

When vulnerable, an opening major suit bid of four shows 8 sure winners,

A three-bid in a minor shows an absolutely solid suit of six or seven card length, with a sprinkling of Queens and Knives outside. It invites a sporting three-no-trump bid from partner. An example of a three-club bid is the following:

S-J-10-2. H-Q. D-Q-7. C-A-K-Q-J-10-8-3.

(Copyright.)

"NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHY YOUR FIRST BATH WAS OF OLIVE OIL"

"... when you were a tiny wee thing, Nurse gave you your very first bath—with Olive Oil."

And Mother then explained what every Mother, Nurse and Doctor knows—that only Olive Oil is pure enough for a baby's first bath; kind enough to soothe and protect, while it cleanses, the delicate baby skin.

Nothing is so safe as Olive Oil for use upon a baby's tender skin—authorities are unanimous upon this point. And in hospital and general practice Olive Oil is applied with cotton wool to every inch of the delicate, sensitive little body of the new-born babe.

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Remember, into each cup of Palmolive Soap goes an ounce of Olive Oil, Nature's greatest beauty aid.



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PALMOLIVE
Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

An Editorial

AUGUST 25, 1934.

A HIT AT THE POOR

OUR grandmothers used to laugh over the story of the Queen of France, who remarked, when her people were clamoring for bread, "Why don't they eat cake?"

Nowadays in Australia the diet in a good many homes is so varied that bread is not much more important than it was to Marie Antoinette. Cakes and scones and fruit and vegetables and tinned foods are plentiful and cheap.

Government figures show that much less bread is eaten by each person compared with twenty or thirty years ago. Less bread and less meat. But sugar and butter and such richer foodstuffs have increased.

Smaller families account for this change more than anything else. Children probably eat as much bread to-day as ever they did. Bread, indeed, is healthy food for children. (Especially whole-meal bread.)

As children are found in greatest numbers in the poorer homes, it stands to reason that most bread is eaten in these homes. Therefore, any increase in the price of bread presses most on the poorest people.

In a family with three or four children, a difference of a halfpenny a loaf will amount, in the course of a week, to a shilling or more. That means direct hardship; something has got to be gone without — probably no Saturday night pictures for Mother.

When the heading, "Petrol War," appears in the daily papers, the people who are most interested are generally in fairly comfortable circumstances. The difference between dear petrol and cheap petrol only means the difference between a longer or a shorter jaunt at the week-end.

When the headline, "Bread War," appears, however, there is a grim appropriateness in the expression. A Bread War involves real tragedies in the homes of the poor.

Whatever Governments do, they must protect the struggling family from the bread profiteers.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

At Dusk

The trees are holding twilight
Tangled
In their branches,
And faintly through the Heavens
Dim stars
Are scattered,
There comes the sound of human
voices
Murmuring
In the dusk,
And the distant sound of water
Dripping
Onto rocks . . .
It seems that life's a melody
Of stars
And twilight . . .
A symphony of summer time
And dreams
That are drenched
With the dew
At dusk.

—P. D. B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

What Women Read

THE American Newspaper Publishers' Association has been given food for thought by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has told the association that women are no longer content to read only "the women's pages" of the papers. Her wide correspondence with women indicates that they are interested in the tariff, pensions, foreign trade, peace, labor problems, economic conditions, and so forth. She said she "thought most women knew all there was to know about cakes, and pies, and even about children."

In an effort to find out what women prefer to read, the American Society of Newspaper Editors recently issued a questionnaire probing the matter. Perhaps the quaintest and most conscientious answer received was, "I'm a grandmother now and grandmotherhood is such an exciting business, I've just forgotten the rest of the world."

An experienced librarian whom I approached on the matter assured me that women's taste in general reading varies as widely as men's. "But I do think Mrs. Roosevelt was right," he added, "in saying that women are taking a deeper interest in all the news of the day. Recent years have shown that the seemingly driest of subjects, like tariffs, have a direct bearing on daily life and women are naturally interested in everything that affects home life. To-day, they are seeing that national life and home life are only different aspects of the same question. When every woman sees that clearly!" he added optimistically, "there will be no more war."

Paradise of To-morrow

PIECING together the forecasts of various research men, Mr. Alfred Sloan, President of General Motors Corporation, speaking at an important function at the Chicago World's Fair forecast a future which sounds like the dream of a Utopian.

A five-roomed house thoroughly equipped and furnished for a couple of hundred pounds, new fabrics which will make clothing more comfortable and durable, home teletype by radio giving the latest news, television, elimination of household drudgery, safe aeroplanes, generation of power from wind and solar energy with universal distribution of this energy, elimination of needless noise, and a thousand other means to fuller and more luxurious living for everybody were among the improvements which he confidently anticipates.

When the world becomes so cushioned, what a rush there will be to join the Foreign Legion!

A Walking Miracle

TO be born with a deformity which prevented his walking for the 22 years of his life and, now, through a marvel of surgery, to have the defect righted and be able to walk, is the experience being enjoyed by Robert Jones, of Singleton (N.S.W.).

For this young man, a miracle has happened — the miracle of being made like his fellows. We who enjoy normal health too easily forget how priceless is our heritage. The baby, taking his first tottering steps, is radiantly aware of a new world opening to him, but, like the rest of us, soon forgets that the miraculous we have always with us.

We rightly applaud the skill of the surgeon in rectifying an abnormality, but are we sufficiently appreciative of the miracle we name normality?

The Curious Sex

MONTHS on the polar ice-cap have seriously impaired the health of Rear-Admiral Byrd, but, in spite of that fact, he has continued to record his scientific observations. Evidently no temperature is low enough to freeze this man's passion for adding to the sum of human knowledge.

At the same time comes news that Dr. William Beebe has set a new record for deep-sea diving by reaching a depth of 2028 feet in his "bathysphere." Some day his feet may tread the hills of the lost Atlantis. Several new attempts to explore the stratosphere are shortly to be launched.

So man goes on—prying into Polar affairs, delving into the deep, snatching its secrets from the stratosphere. And he has had the effrontery to name woman the curious sex!

FROM SUE TO LOU

Accidents of History

HAEMOPHILIA, that rare disease which is transmissible only through a mother to her sons, caused the death, last week, of Prince Gonzalo, fourth son of ex-King Alfonso, of Spain.

Princess Beatrice was motoring the Prince through Vienna when she swerved to avoid a cyclist, and the car collided with a wall. Though the car was scarcely scratched, the shock proved fatal to the Prince, as the internal hemorrhage which resulted could not be checked.

The Prince's death recalls that it was because the Czarvitch suffered from the same strange complaint that the late Empress of Russia came under the sway of Rasputin. Had it not been for the Empress' faith in Rasputin's power to heal her son, Russian history might have been differently written—no revolution, no communism and, incidentally, one film company much the richer for not having to pay heavy libel damages over the Rasputin film!

How many world-shaking events, one wonders, have been conditioned by the constitution



LOST! A story that needs no words.

of a ruler! Some day, someone is going to write a history from the medical viewpoint and a lot of reputations will be due for overhaul.

Dangerous Ages

A DECADE or so ago a woman who had reached the shady side of 30 was seriously considering settling down on her shelf, suitably garbed in black. Even if she still showed signs of being skittish in the thirties, she was perfectly safe at forty. To-day it's a wise man who realises that few things are more dangerous than a woman of forty.

This revolutionary determination of woman to keep on enjoying life in spite of the "advancing years" bodes extending to women well beyond the forties. A remarkable example is the Duchess of Bedford, daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who is just on the three-score-and-ten mark, but is nevertheless an intrepid flyer. She frequently sets out on long, hazardous, journeys.

Three or four years ago, she flew to Cape-town and back in 21 days. She owns four aerodromes, one of which is said to be the best equipped of its kind in the world.

Man may have but his seven ages, but woman refuses to bow to such limitations—and hers are all "dangerous ages."

A Bright Girl's Letters.

What Sixty Years of Living Has Taught Me!

By a Woman of Sixty

A few weeks ago I told you how I managed to keep young at sixty. Now I should like to relate what I have learnt during that time.

Some people speak about Miss So-and-so, a young girl of nineteen, being so well educated. I smile to myself, for no one at nineteen is well educated. It is life that educates.

I HAVE learnt to be very broad and tolerant of what is called sin. Some men of genius have gone so far as to say there is no such thing, and I almost agree with them.

It is mostly lack of sense. How many of us have done rash and foolish things when we were young, and looked back in astonishment when we were thirty-five?

I have also outlived that Victorian prudishness which regarded the human body as something shameful to be well covered up and not

referred to. I remember my mother frowning at me because I mentioned braces to a certain clergyman. I suppose braces were taboo because they were worn near the skin.

Nothing that is natural can ever be disgusting. Our training has been quite wrong in these matters. I love watching our young people on the benches. It is a sight to gladden the eyes of any clear-minded man or woman. Our beautiful Australian men, whom Masseyfield likened to Greek gods, and our equally lovely young women with their straight and comely bodies. I feel a bit shuddery at the hairy men one sees sometimes, but they'll outgrow their hairiness in a generation or two.

Narrow-minded

I AM amazed nearly every day of my life at the narrowness and intolerance of my women friends; they never seem to advance mentally. I went with one to see an exhibition of new pictures, and one that I liked very much she thought "indecent."

It was a small child playing among her toys in the nude. Just as if any naked infant could be indecent. I have another friend who considers she is better born and bred, and infinitely more polite than most people in this aristocratic suburb, but when I spoke in praise of a religion that is becoming very popular among women, she got angry and rude, and would not listen to what I wanted to tell her.

The hardest thing to fight is intolerance, and women are much worse than men—their minds are inflexible.

The years have also made me much more pitiful. Time mellows some people, and hardens others. It depends on the individual.

I have learnt never to say an unkind thing to anyone, for I know that many people have heavy burdens to bear that the outside world knows nothing of.

There are houses of tragedy in every street, and, perhaps, it is just the last small unkindness that upsets the balance in someone's life.

I am sorry for young girls who have to sit in shop windows all day long, and for young children dragged along by their hurrying mothers.

I am sorry for all the wild animals that are dragged about the country in cages, and taught to jump through hoops, also for those that have to sleep in concrete caves this weather.

I am sorry for people disappointed in love (a wretched thing), and I try to be sorry for all these rigid, intolerant one-track minded women that I am meeting every day, and I must confess that I don't succeed too well.—A.Q.

Influence of Flowers

WHEN Lord Mayor A. J. Jones (Brisbane) the other day attributed the proficiency of the newspapers' reports of Council meetings to the customary presence on the Press table of a bowl of roses, he was not speaking flippantly. Even case-hardened pressmen must feel the effect of the spell which lovely blooms exercise on human nature.

Strange to say, very few business men seem to realise the mystic power of flowers over man. If they did, a vase of carnations here or a few roses there would do much to engender more amicable feelings and expediency in the board rooms and managerial dens of the commercial world. As it is at present, the average captain of industry would, as soon attend his offices attired in his wife's kimono as allow a bunch of delicate blooms to adorn his table!—F.S.



MOTOR

Complete
STORY!

Bandit

Illustrated by
UNK WHITE

BABS WARREN stopped the car, and took off her stockings. Her legs were long and sunburnt. So were the fingers that slipped the sandals back on to her bare feet.

Mums wanted her to arrive at the country house-party in gloves and a hat, but Babs knew the sort of party it was going to be, and she had set out that afternoon without them. It was the sort of party where one didn't wear stockings, either. But Babs had saved her mother's feelings by driving off with them on.

"I don't like you going alone," Mums had fussed. "The roads are so unsafe, what with accidents and bandits." "Darling, you know quite well that nothing ever happens to me," Babs soothed her.

That was the worst of living in a mouldering country vicarage. Nothing ever did happen to her. As it did to the girls in the books of which she read so many.

Babs sighed. If only she could be kidnapped or ambushed! She lit a cigarette before starting out again. She smoked only for swank.

Dreams hung like a glittering transparent screen between her and the road as she released the brake of the worn old Morris, and rattled off again. The wind in her hair felt like water. Short brown hair it was, ginger flavored and always a little wind-swept.

Babs was wearing a frock of printed sprigged cotton, with tiny puffed sleeves. She had a brief nose and a short upper lip. Very fine light golden hairs glinted on the sunburnt arms and legs, and on the back of her hands.

In front of her, the road was white and dusty. The wind brought Babs the smell of sun-soaked hay, bruised nettles, and asphalt made soft and hot by the sun.

Well, if nothing happened to her at this party, nothing ever would.

Gaynor, her host, was an old school friend of hers, and the daughter of rich parents. The last time Babs had stayed with her, there had been an argument after dinner as to how long it took a girl to change into bathing things. Someone had betted Gaynor a fiver that she wouldn't be in the swimming bath in five minutes.

"Done!" cried Gaynor. Ten seconds later she won her bet, and spoilt a very pretty chiffon frock.

Another time there had been a race down the dinner table amongst the yellow and green melons and the port decanters.

Babs remembered, too, a ludicrous young man who, for a bet, had stood at a market stall of the town and swallowed four dozen oysters in fifteen minutes.

Oh, if nothing happened to her at Gaynor's party, nothing ever would.

THE old Morris ate up the road like a conjuror swallowing ribbon. Only five miles more.

Then Babs saw a tall lady, veiled in grey, and carrying a suitcase, standing in the middle of the dusty, white road.

She seemed to be faint, for she drooped and swayed a little, and held up her hand to stop the car.

Babs pressed her sandal-shod brown feet on to the clutch and brake. In spite of her long legs she always had to stretch to reach the pedals.

The old Morris, with a squealing of brakes, drew to a standstill. Evidently the veiled lady had a sore throat, for the voice that came from behind the veil was no more than a whisper.

"Are you going towards Great Barrow?"

"Yes. Want a lift?" Shyness always made Babs a little abrupt. And sometimes it made her awkward. She flipped ash off her cigarette.

"Please," the lady accepted.

"Let me put your suitcase in the back, then."

The lady was chary of words. She didn't answer, but swung her suitcase into the back of the car with an ease that astonished Babs. Climbing into the front seat, the lady had trouble with her skirts, which touched the ground. Babs caught a glimpse of her broad feet.

Glimpsing at her own ankles, Babs gave thanks that she didn't wear square-toed brogues, size nine, and that she had on a short frock of sprigged cotton instead of hot dull grey skirts to the ground.

She looked, too, at her hands at the wheel, and felt glad that they were slim and sunburnt, with nails like small, pinky-brown cowrie shells.

The hands of the veiled lady were coarse. Her nails were cut straight across, like a man's.

Like a man's!

Babs caught her breath short. A trickle of ice-hot thrill went through her. Of course! Of course...

Sidelong glances with her dark eyes showed Babs the broad shoulders and clumsy gestures of her passenger, who sat with hands placed squarely on wide-set knees.

Babs told herself, while the blood hammered in her temples, "This can't be true. It can't have happened to me!"

In her day-dreams she had often dealt adroitly with many situations such as this. But now her mind was reeling from her discovery. She had not expected adventure till she reached Gaynor.

Could she by some dexterous ruse manage to tie the veiled lady's hands together with the stockings that lay in a torn side pocket?

Although scarlet with excitement, Babs rejected this suggestion. "Because perhaps," she thought, "it will be 'Girl Murdered in Lonely Spot.'"

A mile from Gaynor's house a whiff of petrol gave Babs an idea.

She made the game old Morris cough up the hill. "I'm afraid," lied Babs in a voice curiously uneven for one so intrepid in imaginary tight corners. "I'm afraid we're running out of petrol. And the spare can is under your seat." She hoped he didn't know where the spare can really was.

The veiled lady got clumsily out of the car.

Babs crunched into gear, released the clutch, and was off with a bound.

A volley of masculine oaths came to her ears. Babs put down her wind-swept ginger-tinted head and her sandalled foot as if it had been the volley of a machine gun.

Not until she was near Gaynor's house roaring up the drive did she remember that her sinister passenger had left her suitcase in the back of the car.

Its contents would no doubt provide the clue to his intentions. Probably therein she would find bearer bonds or a revolver, or a jemmy and oxy-acetylene blow lamp, or chloroform, or vitriol, or tarantulas, or a speckled band.

Babs' imagination got into gear.

She swung the old Morris round at the front door of Gaynor's house with a froush of gravel.

Gaynor lived in a mansion, with wrought iron gates and a tower. Babs looked up and saw Gaynor at one of the many large windows.

"What cheer, Babs! You're the first to arrive!" she called. Gaynor was an armful of a girl, very pale blonde, tall, with a coral mouth.

Babs, full of the news of her exploit, left the car at the door, and ran into the hall carrying the mysterious suitcase.

Gaynor met her there, and heard an excited account of the adventure. She fluttered artificial lashes. "Why, Babs, there might be anything in that suitcase!"

THEY approached the opening of the suitcase as some people approach a cow. Babs' dark eyes were wide open with expectation. But when at length she pressed the metal buttons thinking that at any

By **NORAH BURKE**

moment a secret catch would drive a poisoned needle into her hand they found that the suitcase was locked.

"Shove it in the spare room," suggested Gaynor, "and one of the men can take it when they come."

The spare room's not very safe, is it? Finally they took the suitcase upstairs with them when they went to unpack Babs' belongings and get her settled.

Later, while a bath was running in, Babs came pattering downstairs to put her car away. Half across the hall, she stopped dead. Through the open door she could see her old Morris. And bending into the back, evidently looking for the suitcase, was the grey veiled lady.

Babs had dealt with one strange situation already to-day. This development therefore found her ready to tackle it with equal nerve and success. She slipped back to the spare room where the men kept their guns and chose a double-barrelled twelve-bore. Since she didn't know how to open the gun she didn't wait to look for cartridges, but advanced upon the fore

prepared to bluff

Indeed if she had been able to procure a pipe she would have used that as a revolver instead, as all good detectives are apt to do.

Trembling violently she reached the hall again. The veiled lady had not gone. Babs walked towards the door, the gun quivering against her small shoulder.

"Stand and de-deliver!" commanded she. "That is, stick 'em up, baby. I mean to say!"

The veiled lady scrunched on the gravel with a "Well, of all the..."

The veil was thrown back now, and Babs saw a merry, ugly face, in which the humorous mouth and blue eyes were laughing. She remembered, immediately, that all villains looked attractive.

"Look here," began the lady. "My name's Richard Hanson and..."

"No talking!" Babs shut him up. That was how they took your attention off your gun: by talk. N-not another word, or you'll pay for it with your life's blood."

"Lead on, Boudicca!" Richard Hanson teased. His voice was pleasantly deep now that he did not try to con-

ceal it. "Am I to languish in the dungeons?"

"No!" retorted Babs fiercely. "In the tower room! Turn your back on me, put up your hands and step out."

The entrance to the tower stairs was round the corner of the house. Babs made Richard Hanson open the studded door and climb the corkscrew stairs.

She was nearly giddy when they reached the top. They came out into a little empty, musty octagonal room with barred windows and a heavy door.

"I shall be telephoning for the police immediately," observed Babs. Excitement was making her swank. "Have you a last request?"

"Yes. I'll be called at seven, please. Tea and hot water, thank you, Mary."

Babs couldn't altogether control her mouth, which, with its short upper lip, was always ready to laugh or cry. A ripple of merriment escaped her. "Why are you dressed up like that?"

"Who would give lifts to a man, even in daylight, in these days of bandits?" inquired Richard Hanson. He had taken a step nearer. "Attagirl!" admiringly. "You're a brick with a gun!"

Instantly suspicion leapt to those dark eyes. "Get back, Richard Hanson, or your death will be at my door."

He looked at her from under thick brows. "I'll have a bet with you."

"And what's that, pray?"

"A quid I'll have kissed you before to-morrow, Miss Policewoman."

A quick flush stained the sunburnt cheeks. Babs' heart had had a good deal of strain that day, but it had never thudded quite like this before.

"Young man, you forget yourself!" She threw up her wind-swept, ginger-tinted head in the best heroine style, and put her brief nose in the air. "You certainly won't, and I never bet on certainties. I'm afraid."

Richard Hanson's blue eyes laughed at her from under his brows, so that Babs had to tell herself again, and pretty forcibly that villains are always attractive.

"Stand over there!" she ordered and backed out of the door. Slim brown fingers rasped it and shut and locked it.

Half way down the corkscrew stairs, Babs stopped. Was that laughter? The memory of his bet made her cheeks feel scalding. She ran on down, desperate with that Richard Hanson had been an honest man. She would have been able to have been thrilled by that bet.

The hall was empty, and she replaced the gun without encountering anyone.

At the telephone she asked for "Police," instead of giving any number, a thing she had always longed to do.

Presently a heavy voice came through to her.

Babs outlined the capture with pride and stabs of pleasure, which banished any modesty she might have shown.

"Could you come with a warrant at once, please," she finished.

Constable Maggs promised. "I'll be up directly, miss. We may lose him if we are not quick."

Babs clicked up the receiver. Now she would tell Gaynor. But a couple of cars had purred up to the front door while she had been telephoning.

"No," thought Babs. "I'll wait till everyone's been including the law."

"You're a wonderful child," Richard told her then, "and I've got a bet to win haven't I? But next time you arrest anyone, darling, you should have your gun cocked, you know!"

She had a highly developed sense of drama.

Her very own adventure at last! Gaynor's week-end party now began to arrive in earnest. Babs was like a kettle on the boil.

Gaynor said, "Well, chaps, we're all here now except Richard."

"But quite likely he won't turn up at all," asserted one of the others.

"Why not?"

"There was a full as the answer came so that the words penetrated into Babs' consciousness, and each one felt like a drop of cold water running down her back.

"We've had a wager," was the laughing answer. "I betted Richard Hanson a fiver that he couldn't reach here from London without spending a penny on the journey, just by catching lifts. And whose going to give a block a lift in these days of bandits?"

Speech had left Babs. She got up and pelted out of the room.

What a long way it was to the corkscrew staircase. Her bare legs ached. But she flung open the door of the tower at last.

Richard Hanson's merry, ugly face smiled at her. "Warrant for my execution?"

"N-no. I've made a mistake, that's all," she admitted, ginger-tinted brown head in the air, shyness making her blurt.

"You're a wonderful child," Richard told her then. "And I've got a bet to win haven't I? But next time you arrest anyone, darling, you should have your gun cocked, you know!"

When they got back to the hall, ten minutes later they found that the ponderous Constable Maggs had arrived. A host of laughter greeted the appearance of Richard Hanson. Alarms and excursions, as Shakespeare says.

"Well, I've won two bets to-day," Richard announced, looking at Babs' pink face and averted dark eyes. She was swanking with a cigarette.

But Constable Maggs had taken out a notebook, and was sucking the end of a pencil.

"Are you aware, sir," he rumbled, "that you're committing a misdemeanor by parading as a woman?"

"Crikey! Well, I'd better get into my own things. What have you done with my suitcase, Babs?"

Both Babs and Gaynor clapped their hands to their open mouths.

"I'm afraid," said Babs then, in a very little thin shaky voice. "I'm afraid we thought there'd be a bomb inside or... or anything, you see, and we've left it submerged in the bath!"

(Copyright)

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GAY ADVENTURE ... in Fashion Land!



"TAKE your pick," said I to Madge Aubrey, for the frocks did not belong to me, so, you see, I could afford to be generous.

"It's very nice and fairy god-mothery of you and all that," said she, "but I know what will happen when the camera has clicked its last! However, it'll be worth it, for I do love to play 'Let's pretend!' ... and these are the frocks she chose!



"THIS DAISY CAPE, of course," she said. "If I'm TOO successful at looking remote and mysterious I can put in the time playing, 'He loves me, he loves me not!'"

"THEN she obligingly turned her pretty back to the camera so you might get a good view of the clever detail of the back decolletage ... Crepe frappe is the fabric from which this lovely frock is fashioned. Beautifully stream-lined and simple, it charmingly exemplifies the modern mode for centring interest on the back decolletage, which here shows an intricate treatment of bias frills forming a soft cascade in the 'windblown' manner.



COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Stay young
keep
healthy!

Think back! Those days of vigour when work was a pleasure, when sports were joy! They came only when Health was at its peak. Keep healthy—stay young, vibrant with energy, keen mentally.

Poor health is often due to common constipation. Lazy, tired intestines mean faulty elimination. Poisons clog the system. You tire quickly, you lose your zest for work.

Overcome constipation easily by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. You will love this delicious cereal. Two table-spoonfuls daily in cold milk or cream are sufficient. No cooking. Its "bulk" gently clears the intestines and rouses them into natural action, while its Vitamin B and iron tone your system. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

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the gentle, natural way to relieve
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603

"A HOSTESS gown that is both restful and zestful," she demanded, and found her ideal in a patterned chiffon. With it she wore a model hat of fine black straw, the crown of lovebird green taffeta and trimmed under the brim with a field flower spray.

FIRST of all, she pounced on a black tulle evening dress. "I adore it, because it makes me feel so remote and mysterious—a black angel of a dress," she declared.

But, because you can't see much of it in the picture, I won't

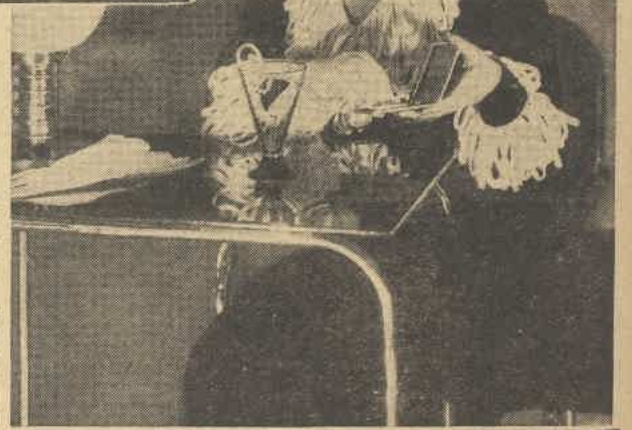
FROCKS on this page are posed by Miss Madge Aubrey, by courtesy of J. C. Williamson. Miss Aubrey, who is playing with great distinction an important role in "Gay Divorcee," is well known to theatregoers, as this is her second season in Australia. Frocks are by courtesy of Farmer and Co.

tantalise you by dwelling on its beauty.

"Oh, this daisy cape, of course! If I'm too successful at looking remote and mysterious, I can put in time playing, 'He loves me, he loves me not!'"

"You won't be," said I, for she is the prettiest thing, with a soft, glowing attractiveness that is never met in wallflowers. But she said she would have the cape anyway. "Because it's such a darling."

"And I simply must have an-



THE COCKTAIL HOUR ... "The gown of my dreams, and that divine coolie hat with its wicked little veil ...!"

other evening gown," she declared, "because you can't feel a black angel all the time. Ah—! What a triumph of a frock! So just right!" So she succumbed to the evening frock of crepe frappe in cherry-rose, trimmed with killings of the material, and obligingly turned her pretty back so you might have a photo of the clever detail of the decolletage.

"But life's not all evenings," she continued. "I want a hostess gown. Something both restful and zestful, you know." And, in

the end, she got what she wanted in a patterned chiffon. "It makes me feel at peace with the world," said she, which is a nice tribute to a frock, isn't it?

Now to find the perfect gown for the cocktail hour. "The frock of my dreams!" she cried. "Black triple sheer ... and that divine, coolie hat! Is that one of the Yashmak veils Miss Segal cabled to your paper about last week? It has a harem-y allure, hasn't it? Just let me pull it down over the right eye. Ah, a wicked little veil ..."—Alice Jackson.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

LINGERIE ... Tailored or Fussy!

TWO directly opposite styles figure in the spring lingerie—tailored types and the frilly, lacy varieties.

ADMIABLE to wear under tweeds or for sports are the strictly tailored pants and shirts with colored bindings or a monogram as the only trimming.

Like a breath of spring are the sheer chiffon garments with lace, net ruffles, and the frilly sleeves on backless nightgowns.

Spring lingerie is as new and different as it has been in years. You will find some pink chiffon nightgowns edged with fine pink net flounces, sleeves of net ruffles, and lovely transparent net yokes. Satin is applied on to chiffon, in a yoke and hem, and a satin sash is worn. Lace, preferably Alençon, is used in abundance; it forms entire yokes and short sleeves, it is let in around the waistline, it decorates the hem. The dark coffee-colored laces are still the vogue, and Alençon in pastel shades of blue, pink, and green is new and very attractive on either matching or contrasting color nighties.

Floral dimity and muslins make pretty summer nightgowns—with square necks and puff sleeves surrounded by tiny ruffles and two or three at the hem—around the high waist ties a narrow ribbon matching one of the flowers. These flowered muslins are



(FROM LEFT TO RIGHT): Nightgown of turquoise blue satin, cut on the cross. The décolleté is high in front with turquoise blue Alençon lace forming a front yoke. Peach satin is used for the next gown, again cut on the cross with two side seams. Dark coffee-colored lace is inserted around the waistline and edges the neck and sleeves. Next is a tailored nightgown in white crepe-de-chine. Binding around neck, sleeves, hem, and top of skirt in bright coral. Coral embroidered monogram. Sheer peach chiffon fashions the next nightgown. The entire bodice is of ecru lace. The soft puff sleeves are chiffon.

pretty trimmed with a net edging dyed one of the colors.

Backless Nightgowns

SOME nightgowns look just like evening dresses; they are moulded satin sheaths made completely backless, with two crossed straps to hold them on. There is one sketched on this page. The front décolleté is either high to the base of the throat, or low.

Practically every new nightie is cut on the cross, with front and back or two side seams; made this way they fit tightly when you are standing, and yet there is plenty of room when you lie down. The bias skirt that comes to a point above the waist in front is best, the bodice can be cut on the straight or otherwise. Most new styles show a slight train at the back, sashes that tie right around the waist or come from the side seams and tie in the back.

Satin, crepe, triple nixon and chiffon are the silk materials used—there are a great many sheer chiffons trimmed with satin, net or lace; they should delight any trousseau buyer. A striking new part of Paris lingerie styles is color. No longer do fashionable women keep to soft pastels and white. Gay new leaf green, brilliant blues, and vivid red are shades of their smart nightgowns. Black

Printed and Plain

THE printed coat over a plain dress is new.

Many dark frocks have three-quarter coats of printed crepe-de-chine or taffeta with either dark or light backgrounds.

chiffon trimmed with black net looks very alluring if you are a blonde.

Pants and Slips

SLIPS and pants, carefully matched one to the other as to silk, lace trimmings and bias seams, are no longer a problem under form fitting dresses. You can have the sheepest materials skilfully cut, trimmed with bound edges, and fashioned to fit flawlessly under the most clinging gowns.

By "slip" I do not refer to the ordinary short chemise. I mean a full-length petticoat. These are made so that the top fits like a brassiere, and

the hem is wide and double—if you wish to wear it under a transparent dress.

Most of these slips are made with simple faggoted bands around the brassiere top, and all of them are cut on the cross. The lace-trimmed slips are for wearing under non-transparent clothes or with evening frocks.

The most popular evening slip is short—just from the waist. Made of flesh colored chiffon it has taffeta ruffles around the hem, in the color best suited to the frock.

There is a costume slip, difficult to describe, which contains all garments in one. The slip has a deep, shadow hem, the top is cut to fit like a brassiere and joined on beneath, seam to seam, are the tailored panties. The whole thing is cut on the bias, and is of pale pink satin edged by an inch band of pink chiffon, faggoted on.

Tailored Underwear

VERY practical and attractive are the tailored nightgowns and pants. They rely on their cut and color for their smartness. Nightgowns, like the second from the right on this page, are made of satin or crepe-de-chine, and bound with a contrasting shade. A big monogram on the left side or just above the

Dressing Gowns

SO attractive and luxurious are the new dressing gowns that abroad they are used also for hostess gowns. Lanvin makes knee-length coats of chiffon, which have feather sleeves; they are worn over satin nightgowns and pyjamas.

point of the skirt, matches in color the bindings.

Instead of a binding an inch band in the same or different material faggoted on gives a smart finish. The band could be a shade deeper than the nightgown or a completely different color. Some unusual combinations seen were a white triple nixon or crepe-de-chine nightgown with a monogram and the bands round the neck and sleeves and hem in a deep coral; pale green crepe with deep green satin trimming; pale ice-blue satin nightie with deep blue chiffon bands and blue monogram; white crepe-de-chine with white satin bands and sash; pale pink with powder blue bindings and monogram; lemon with pale green; pale green with dusty pink binding.

TAILORED pants and chemises can be made of the same materials and color combinations as these nightgowns. A small monogram on the left side of the shirt and on the left side of the yoke of the pants. These pants are best made on the straight of the material, doing up at either side, the legs not too wide, and the colored bands faggoted on in the same way—or bound. For wearing under light summer clothes it is better to keep to all one color; if the bindings or bands are in a deep shade they will probably show through your frocks.



TAILORED dressing-gown in green satin. It fastens down the left side. Wide sleeves are set in from the waist. For travelling this gown is attractive in navy foulard with white spots or of figured crepe-de-chine.

DRESSING-GOWN of turquoise blue satin. The body part is made of the dull side, whilst for the yoke and flounce on the skirt and the sleeves the shiny side is used. The short cape of blue ostrich feathers is detachable. It is worn only when the robe is used as a "hostess" gown.



He detects the slightest trouble

If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious tooth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

4 out of 5
See him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection, and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums. The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today.

Price 2/-; extra-large tube 3/- At all Chemists, Australian Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., 131 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.



Forhan's
for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA.



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To do yourself full justice you must be in perfect health—free from constipation; no uric acid, no clogging poisons in the intestinal tract, no predisposition to rheumatism.

All this and more CARLISTA will do for you—yet it costs only 2/3 a large jar of at least 64 average doses.

CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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LARGE JAR

WHEN the CLOUDS ROLL BY

A Story which shows that it is always best to look for a break in the clouds even if it seems a long time in coming



which she still occupied though the tiny, white-painted cot at its side was empty—empty as her own arms and aching heart.

"Lil!" said Jack Durham again. There was appeal in his voice, and fear—fear of hurting or distressing her, but she only turned and looked at him with dull resentment in her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked listlessly. He took a step towards her, his arms outstretched, the same look on his face as it had worn that night, weeks ago, when the little cot had stood empty for the first time and he had pleaded with her to let him carry her back to their own room next door, to let him hold her in his arms and comfort her.

Lil had refused then—refused almost wildly to try to forget her tragedy; refused to listen when he reminded her that their child was suffering no longer. All she knew was that her baby—the baby she had loved with such fond intensity—had been cruelly snatched from her; that never again would she be able to hold the small, sweet bundle close against her breast, never again feel the tiny hands against her face.

Jack had never understood, never cared as she cared, she thought now, blind to the agony in his eyes.

"Well!" she said almost impatiently. "What is it? I thought you had gone to the club."

"No," he said. "I don't be angry—I've brought Dr. Williams round. I want you to let him prescribe for you."

"Prescribe!" she echoed. She clenched her hands as she looked at him across the empty cot. "I'm not ill. You know I'm not! You had no right—"

"Tut, tut, young lady!" interrupted another voice. Short and thickset, with shrewd, kindly eyes under his grizzled brows, the doctor shouldered past Jack and came into the room.

"Not ill!" he repeated. "You sound distinctly nervy to me, and if this wise husband of yours will take himself off, I'll ask you a question or two."

Lil turned back to the window again. She felt she almost hated Jack for bringing about this intrusion into the room that was her holy of holies. She was not ill, only utterly weary and heartbroken.

The doctor laid a firm hand on her shoulder. "Hasn't this gone on about long enough?" he asked, with something in his voice that took the sting away from his words. "It is bad for you, you know, and bad for your husband, too, though he doesn't complain. Stand up to it, Lil! You're young, and pretty as a picture, with years of life before you. You can't let this one sorrow wreck your happiness!"

"Happiness!" Lil swung round on him so fiercely that the doctor recoiled. Tense, with clenched hands and blazing eyes, she faced him. "Happiness! When I have lost my baby—when I tell myself every moment of the day that if I had known how to look after her better she might not have—"

But Dr. Williams interrupted her almost severely.

"That is foolish, Lil. You know it. Everything that a mother could do, you did for little Nan. I'm sorry for you. Everyone is sorry for you. But you have your husband to think of. What sort of life is this for him? Listen, my dear. It's time you put on something a little brighter than that black dress, and make his home a brighter place for him. You can't grieve for ever—"

"Please—" said Lil faintly. She was looking at him with eyes so wide and dark with tragedy that his heart contracted with pity for her.

"I know all that you say is right," she went on tonelessly. "But you don't understand. No man can un-

derstand what it is to have a child—and lose her. If she had been older, even, I might have stood it better, but she was only a baby. So utterly mine. I know Jack is unhappy. But why should it be my duty to give him happiness? My loss was greater than his—"

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked the doctor sternly. "You have lost your child. I know, but it seems to me that he has lost his wife as well!"

The sharp words had no effect. There was no answering flash in her memory-haunted eyes, and with a short sigh he turned towards the door.

"I shall send you a tonic," he said cheerfully, from the threshold. "Mind you take it!"

"DOING anything to-night, Durham?"

Jack Durham turned from the ledger he was consulting, to face one of his fellow clerks, a man with whom he had been fairly friendly for some time.

"No, nothing particular," he answered rather vaguely. "Why?"

Gerry Field grinned.

Complete Story
By...
M. A. MUIR

"That means you're free, then," he announced. "What about the pair of us taking a look at the dogs?"

Jack hesitated. He was thinking that what he had said typified his life as it was now. Nothing particular—why, he never did anything particular! After work he went home, fearful that by some unthinking word or gesture he would distress Lil, trying to be unwearyingly patient with her in her depression.

He felt suddenly sick of himself and his existence—so different from that time before and after their marriage when they had gone out together, clinging happily, arm in arm, enjoying the smallest thing simply because it was shared.

He remembered their honeymoon.

What happiness they had known then, when they had only wanted each other!

But now, if he tried to persuade Lil to go out with him, she shook her head.

Why shouldn't he go out with Gerry? Lil would not care. He meant less than nothing to her now.

"All right, I'll go!" he said at last. "Where shall we meet—outside?"

When the arrangements were completed, he found himself looking forward to the evening. It was a long time since he had gone anywhere—a long time since he had thought of anything but his wife and the problem of her unhappiness. He was feeling almost boyishly keen and eager as he met his friend outside the high wooden barricades of the greyhound stadium and they squeezed through the turnstile with the crowd.

"Going to be some good sport to-night," Gerry assured him. "There's a dog here I've had my eye on for weeks. Hullo!"

At this exclamation, Jack turned, to see him shaking hands with a slim, carefree-looking girl, trim and smart in a blue tweed coat with a gay little hat to match pulled on over her brown curls.

"Hullo, Gerry!" she was saying. "Haven't seen you for ages. How are you?"

"I'm fine!" said Gerry, beaming. Catching Jack's arm he drew him over. "This is my office pal, Jack Durham. Jack—this is Margot Leslie. Say, Margot, are you alone? Then come on over here. We'll stick together, the three of us! What d'you say, old man?"

"That's suits me!" Jack answered readily.

There was something friendly and unspoiled about this girl, as she stood smiling at him—something in the easy comradeship of her greeting that made him welcome her as he would have done another man.

She was laughing, now, showing white, even teeth.

"But I'm not alone!" she protested, interrupting Gerry's flow of words. "Jessie's here, too."

Jack was conscious of a fleeting feeling of regret—fleeting, because in another moment the four of them were crowding along the gangway towards a place. Some sort of an introduction had been effected between him and the pretty dark girl who was Margot's companion, but Gerry had immediately monopolised her.

Margot and Jack were side by side, and side by side they remained all through the race.

Please turn to Page 31

Children or Adults!



Master Mark Myers

HEENZO

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Coughs

Colds — Bronchitis

Influenza

COSTS 2/-

makes a family supply

SAVES £'s

HEENZO

should be used in every home.

Mr. Joseph Myers, J.P., of Arncliffe, writes:—

"We have used HEENZO for some considerable time, and have found it a wonderful remedy for coughs, colds and croup. Our children love taking HEENZO, and we have proved it equally good for all members of our household."

Queen of the Sky : A Russian Ballet



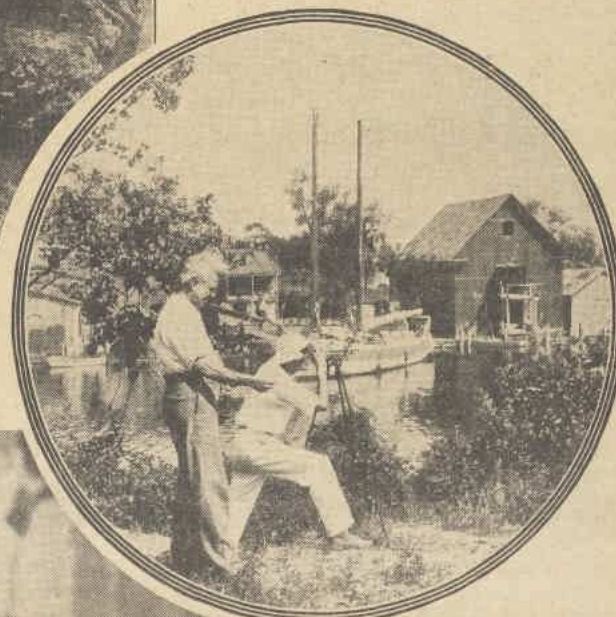
CHOSEN FROM all over America to be Queen of the Chicago World Fair, Miss Patricia Marquam, 21-year-old Chicago girl, was hostess to delegates from over 40 nations. Girls employed in various capacities competed for this high honor. Miss Marquam is a waitress. She is shown holding the cup presented to her by the committee.



ANOTHER high honor for beauty in America. We have had Miss World and Miss Universe, now here is Miss Sky. She is Eve Horowitz, 19, of Texas, and among other things she is keen to become a pilot and live up to her name by flying round the world.



NOT AN outbreak of war in Zulu land, but a physical culture display held in Paris in the presence of the French President. Sudan natives are shown demonstrating one of their favorite war dances.



HERE IS a man you have been wanting to meet. Walter B. Pitkin, author of "Life Begins at Forty," which was written up in a full page by The Australian Women's Weekly recently. Mr. Pitkin is seen here on the left.



JOE'S BATH NIGHT is the title of this picture. Joe, the fox, at Whipsnade Zoo, London, does not mind a bath, and his keeper uses this hand bowl for the purpose. Joe is only a juvenile fox.



MR. G. TURTON, popularly known as Petrov, The Australian Women's Weekly fashion designer, whose unique creations are a feature of this paper. No woman can fail to be smart if she follows the Petrov mode.



LEFT: Irina Baranova and Leon Woizkovsky, of the Ballets Russes, which has recently enjoyed a successful season at the London Opera House, Covent Garden. The dancers are seen in a movement from "Children's Games." A Russian Ballet will be visiting Australia for the Melbourne Centenary celebrations.

ABOVE: An interesting snap of Mrs. Jack London, wife of the famous writer, who died some time ago, riding across a stream on the thousand-acre ranch left by her husband in America.



THE UP-TO-DATE woman punter . . . English style. This striking fashion study was snapped at the Henley Regatta in England. River punting is one of those sports which is not very well-known in Australia.

A Story that will Enthrall You!

"CHANGE of HEART"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Our New Serial Adapted for Screen

... with Gaynor and Farrell as Stars!

FIRST CHAPTERS NEXT WEEK

Kathleen Norris, the famous American author whose splendid novels are known to women all over the world, has written The Australian Women's Weekly's new serial, "Change of Heart," which will begin next week. It is regarded as her most notable achievement.

"I especially enjoyed the writing of 'Change of Heart,'" Mrs. Norris says, "because just twenty-five years ago my husband and I were married on nothing, and many of the adventures of the heroine and of the others were ours."

There is a further tribute to the outstanding merits of this novel in the fact that Fox Films have acquired the film rights, and Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have been brought together to feature in the leading roles.

KATHLEEN NORRIS is one of the most prolific women writers of the age, and she keeps the world's presses humming all the year round. In her stories she draws to an unusual degree from the experiences of her own picturesque life. Her novels are eagerly sought by the world's leading magazines, and several have been adapted to the screen.

"Change of Heart" is regarded as the greatest achievement in the career of this brilliant novelist. It is therefore, well fitted to follow the sequence of serials by famous writers which have appeared in these pages, such as Louise Mack and Jessica Uquhart (Australian), Vicki Baum (German), Dornford Yates and Monica Ewer (English).

This tale of four penniless college youngsters and their adventures was largely based on the author's own experiences in the same situation.

"To this day I feel that there is no adventure comparable to that of a young

couple daring their fate that way," says Mrs. Norris. "Indeed, my husband and I both love to look back at such real episodes as my buying unmarked soup cans for almost nothing, bargaining with and assisting an old cart-peddler, refusing over every little success, and sharing every problem."

Mrs. Norris turns out novels that lend themselves particularly to screen adaptation because of their vividly human and sympathetic qualities. Her "My Best Girl" was one of Mary Pickford's most successful pictures, and among her other stories that have been film hits are "Walls of Gold," "Second-Hand Wife," "Sisters," "Lucretia Lombard," "The Callahans and the Murphys," and "Mother."

In making "Change of Heart," which brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again on the screen after a separation of a year and a half, a notable supporting cast was selected that includes James Dunn and Ginger Rogers as the other two college boys, and Beryl Mercer, Irene Franklin, Gustav von Seydewitz, Drue Leyton, Theodore von Eltz and Fluke O'Hara. John Blystone is directing the picture under the personal supervision of Winfield Sheehan, and Sonya Levine and James Gleason wrote the screen play of Mrs. Norris' entertaining novel. The film will be seen in Australia shortly.

Remarkable Author

KATHLEEN NORRIS is herself one of the most amazing characters in the world's book of real life stories. Her story reads like a chapter from one of her own novels.

An idyllic California childhood was followed by lean and lively years when the six Thompson youngsters were left fatherless and motherless within the space of a single month.

From the huddled and anxious bivouac of their San Francisco flat, Kathleen, the eldest, went forth to various jobs, as bookkeeper, saleswoman, companion, schoolteacher, librarian, and social editor of a San Francisco newspaper, when she first encountered Charles Norris.

The acquaintance began when she phoned him to confirm the rumor of his engagement to someone else. She herself eventually scotched the rumor. They married in 1909 and went to New York—curious, excited and thrilled at the prospect of living in "the big city."

It is in the same spirit of adventurousness that the four chief characters of "Change of Heart" go to New York.

The Characters

IN this brilliant story you will meet Fanny, twenty-two, a lean, tall girl with blue eyes, tawny hair, vibrant voice, vital personality, forgetting appointments, careless and absent-minded, sunny-tempered and kind, running and dancing rather than proceeding soberly through the magic college years.

Mack, twenty-two also, small and shy, quite lovely in a Dresden, flower-like way, more than ordinarily clever, with a passionate hope of stage fame.

Mack, fair and confident, definite, resolute, handsome in the pleasantest sort of way—big and lean and athletic—full of humor, spirit, wit, absurdity, vision; and

Chris, shorter than Mack, broader, dark, rather silent, giving an impression of rare sensitivity and feeling.

Adventure, hope, despair, pathos and humor mingle in the intertwining threads of their romance, which is told



JANET GAYNOR and Charles Farrell, who have been brought together after a separation of eighteen months, to fill the roles of Fanny and Chris in the film version of "Change of Heart." This incident occurs when Fanny discovers Chris, the man she loves, poverty-stricken and ill.

in Kathleen Norris' most fascinating style. It will be illustrated by an Australian artist.

In its selection of fiction, The Australian Women's Weekly has set a very high standard and its judgment has been endorsed more than once by the eagerness with which the stories have been snapped up by well-known publishing houses in other parts of the world.

As an example, "Storm Music," the Dornford Yates novel which concludes in this issue, was selected for serial purposes by two high-priced high quality magazines in England and America—the "Woman's Journal" and the "Ladies Home Journal."

A number of serials by Australian authors are now under consideration to follow "Change of Heart."

Human Incident in Author's Life

HERE'S an unusual story that gives an interesting angle of the character of the author of "Change of Heart."

Something less than 20 years ago, when Kathleen Norris was a writer whose name was just beginning to be one to conjure with on the news stands, she came into New York, to go to work at the demaying task of picking up the scattered pieces of her life. It had been broken by the death of her two little girls, and now her small son was an only child. She herself had been one of six uproarious children, so that a crowd was the very breath of her existence.

At Bellevue Hospital she learned of an unsanctioned baby which a young mother dared not acknowledge, and agreed to take this baby for her own. This healing start of a new interest in life had been going on for two weeks when, on one of her daily visits to the hospital, she was met by the head nurse with the news that the baby had died.

It was, one may guess, a benumbed Kathleen Norris who stared into the future, only half listening to the head nurse. She was a profoundly wise woman, that nurse, for she kept on talking. She talked of how, though mere birth and death were all part of the day's work in any hospital, the breaking of bad news was always the hardest part of her job.

For instance, she was at that very

moment faced with the distressing task of telling a shabby little boy in the anteroom that a half-hour before his mother had died, the mother who had been all in all to the eight-year-old youngster. "I don't suppose," she suggested hesitantly, "that you would go out and tell him for me?"

You must picture for yourself how Mrs. Norris dried her eyes and went forth to this new assignment. How she began by drifting casually into the anteroom, took a seat there, and finally scraped an acquaintance with the boy, who sat by himself.

My, but she was hungry! . . . but she did so hate to dine alone. Would her young friend care to come along?

No; his mother might wake up and then he would be called—the nurse had promised.

But that could be arranged. They would leave word where they could be found, and then the nurse could telephone, if she should wake who would not wake again.

After this first meal together, during which the two friends got along famously, Mrs. Norris used the same device for persuading him to come to her hotel and see some books which belonged to her own little boy. It was twilight before she told him, but by then it was a friend who told him, a friend in whose arms he could cry himself asleep.

That little boy is Bill Norris to-day, grown up, a star reporter, and the very apple of her eye.

THE "STARS"
found a beauty secret.
MADGE EVANS
tells it to you!



"WE screen actresses have found that looking young depends on wise complexion care. We simply must guard the smoothness of our skin. I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin as freshly smooth as a child's. It's such a delightfully white and fragrant soap, too."

Madge Evans

Starring in the "The Show-Off"

THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER



DOCTOR: I'll just have a look over you while I'm here.
PATIENT: Never mind. What you've found already will fill the bill.



"I hope I'm not outstaying my welcome, sir?"
"What welcome?"



AGENT (to prospective tenant): Have you any children?
"No."
"Any dog, cat, or canary?"
"No."
"Piano, loud speaker, or gramophone?"
"No; but I have a fountain-pen that squeaks a little."



"Did you get the tickets?"
"Yes; two second returns."
"Where to?"
"Back 'ere, of course."



TEACHER: Come now, surely you know what that spells. Supposing I put my hand in your pocket and took out a shilling, what would I be?
BOY: A magician, Miss!



"If yer don't git on with yer work, I'll belt the stuffin' out of yer!"
"Too late, Chief—it's gorn!"



"Urry up and shut that door. I'm in a blinkin' draught!"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

NURSE was bringing round the tea at a children's hospital. One little girl who was convalescent was calling lustily for her tea.
"Dorothy, do keep quiet," said Nurse. "Don't you think you are a little impatient?"
"No, I am not," retorted Dorothy. "I am a little she patient."

"WAS your bachelor party a success?"
"Rather. We had to postpone the wedding for three days."

PATIENT: What's the birth-rate in this country, doctor?
Dr. Childs: Well, mine is £5/5/-.

SCHOOL TEACHER: What tense is "I am beautiful?"
Scholar: Past.

"ARE you looking for something in men's clothing, sir?" said the shop-walker to a harassed-looking customer.
"Certainly not," was the reply. "I'm looking for something in women's clothing—I've lost my wife!"

"I KNOW what I'm talking about," he raged. "I read two newspapers every morning."
"Very likely," said the little man, stepping out of reach, "and you would read the third if it didn't mean changing your seat on the tram."

JIM: Just one more kiss before I go, darling.
Jean: Hurry up, then. Dad will be home in half an hour.

HUSBAND: This steak tastes queer.
Wife: I can't understand it, dear. I did burn it a little, but I rubbed vasoline on it straight away.

PATIENT: Doctor, every time I touch myself here I get a pain.
Doctor: Don't touch yourself there, my good man. That will be 10/6.

Why Doctors insist on a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT: "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2/1 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."



It's good for the whole family!

Try This Cake Recipe

1/2 lb. Butter.
1/2 lb. Sugar (sifted).
1 lb. Granuma.
1 large tablespoonful Baking Powder.
4 eggs.
1/2 lb. Sultanas.
1/2 lb. Currants.
1 oz. Shredded and Chopped Almonds.

Method: Beat butter to a cream with the hand, add sugar, break in eggs one at a time, beating all the time; then throw in by degrees GRANUMA in which baking powder and a little salt is mixed, all sultanas, currants and almonds. Mix all these well and lightly together, bake from 1 hour to 1 1/2 hours in a rather quick oven. Test it with a clean, bright skewer. If it comes out bright and clean the cake is done.

GRANUMA
PORRIDGE MEAL

Contains the whole of the wheat.
Manufactured by Inglis Ltd., 396-404 Kent Street Sydney.

MRS. BRADMAN'S Phone Talk

... with DON!

May Meet Him on His Way Back to Australia!

Scene: A great hotel in the heart of London, with newspaper correspondents and Press photographers thronging the lobbies. Don Bradman locks the door of his room to secure a few moments' privacy while he telephones...

Scene: A little post-office in the sleepy country town of Mittagong in New South Wales. Mrs. Don Bradman drives up in a tiny red car, slips inside, and speaks to Don.

By Our Special Commissioner

IT was last Saturday. Early morning in England; late afternoon in Australia.

It was the opening day of the last Test, and Don Bradman was the one name on the lips of everybody in England and Australia.

Mrs. Bradman, her blue eyes ablaze with excitement, heard Don's assurance that he was in perfect condition, and expected to do well in the Test. Then some private conversation... but Mrs. Bradman revealed one secret. Don is buying her things in London.

This is the fifth telephone talk that Mrs. Bradman has had with Don since he has been in England. It is thrilling, but she finds the time all too short.

It has been rumored that Mrs. Bradman may go to Colombo to meet Don on his way home.

This, of course, would require the consent of the Board of Control, and under the circumstances Mrs. Bradman is not able to say whether or not there is anything in the rumor. It is significant, however, that she has cancelled her plans for an island cruise.

During Don's absence, Mrs. Bradman has been well occupied. On her re-

cent trip to Coltrane, friends and admirers of her husband were anxious to meet the charming girl he had chosen as his wife. Small girls and boys, and grown-ups, too, would await the arrival of the ship at each port in order to secure her autograph. They would wait about for hours, and no matter what important engagements she had she always made time to grant, if possible, their many requests.

She was also the most popular girl on the ship, and, despite the publicity and flattery, has remained unassuming and unspoiled.

Since returning from the cruise Mrs. Bradman has been running backwards and forwards in the little car to see her parents. While in Sydney she spends most of her time with her equally charming sister.

She has made many friends in Sydney, but, nevertheless, she is looking forward to her future home in Adelaide where there will be more serious matters to attend to.

She is counting the days when she will be once more reunited with her husband, and can listen to and sympathise with his many and varied experiences while abroad. In his letters he has hinted at the many lovely gifts

Mrs. Woodfull and Mrs. Bradman have an added interest in this week's events. Woodfull's birthday is on August 22—he will be 37—and Don Bradman will be 26 next Monday. Is it any wonder they did everything possible to win the Ashes?

he has been collecting for her, and, naturally, she is curious to know what surprises are in store for her.

Cricket Heroines

THE Australian Cricket Board's rule "no wives or relatives on tours" has separated mothers and wives from sons and husbands, but soon that will be over, and there will be happy reunions.

The real heroines of cricket—the wives and mothers of Australia's Test heroes—are not sorry the Tests are nearly over.

What have they been doing in the excitement of the past few days? Sitting up late, of course, to hear the Test broadcasts, and spending the daytime hours either in preparing to go abroad to meet their heroes or in making ready the home against their return.

Mrs. Woodfull has been fêted at a round of parties before leaving this week to meet her husband in Europe. Mrs. Kippax left for Europe a few weeks ago.

Then there is Mrs. Ponsford, whose husband made such a fine first innings stand; Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Grimmett, Mrs. O'Reilly, and the proud parents of the unmarried members of our Test team.

The report that Mrs. Bradman may meet her husband either at Colombo or Naples is the latest surprise. The Bradmans' intentions of living in South Australia have been deferred, for a time, and Adelaide will see little of them before Christmas. Owing to the rearrangement of Sheffield's old matches, Mrs. Bradman, on her return with Don, will probably stay in Sydney for a time.

Music of the Week

By ROBERT McCALL

Fifth Annual Music Week Starts

FOR the fifth successive year the musical resources of New South Wales are to be pooled, with the object of specially focusing public attention on the significance of music in community life. Next Saturday night Music Week 1934 is to be officially launched with an opening concert by the Conservatorium Orchestra and choir under the baton of the new Director, Dr. Edgar Bainton.

A programme, too large to detail here, has been drawn up and will enlist the services of professional musicians, choral and orchestral bodies, music clubs, churches, bands, schools, and music-lovers in general.

A concentration of effort such as this cannot fail to intensify interest in good music and, incidentally, provide extraordinary opportunities for our musicians to exercise their art.

A.B.C.'s Big Concert

A PART from the Conservatorium concert, there is to be an important recital on Thursday, August 30, sponsored by the Broadcasting Commission. At this the A.B.C. (Sydney) Symphony Orchestra is to be conducted by Fritz Hart and the Musical Association Choir by Lindley Evans.

In this programme (to be broadcast nationally), at last, we are to hear Fritz Hart's work for chorus and orchestra, "Joli's Credo," which won first prize in its section in the Composers' Competition conducted by the Commission last year. This work was described by the judges as the most impressive score submitted in the competition. "Joli's Credo" is a setting of words from Alfred Tressider Sheppard's "Brave Heart."

It will be remembered that another of Mr. Hart's works which carried off a prize in the same competition, the symphonic suite, "The Bush," was conducted by the composer at the A.B.C. Music Week concert last year.

In Memoriam

THIS year music lost two of its greatest contemporary composers, Edward Elgar and Gustav Holst. In tribute to them, the second half of the programme will be solely comprised of their works. Elgar will be represented by "Chanson de Matin" and "Chanson de Nuit," "The Wand of Youth," Suite No. 2; and for the choir, "A Little Bird in the Air," "As Torrents in Summer," and "I Am the God, Thor."

From time to time Sydney has heard music by Elgar, such as "King Olaf," "Caractacus," "The Dream of Gerontius," "The Apostles," the "Enigma" Variations, and the recent "Nursery Suite."

Gustav Holst was a close friend of Mr. Hart and the latter will conduct his "Country Song" and "Marching Song," also the prelude from one of his own operas, "Isolt of the White Hands." This four-act work is founded upon Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, "Tristan," and deals with the same Tristan who was one of the protagonists in Wagner's opera, but with a different Isolt. The prelude is built upon various representative themes employed in the course of the opera.

Other Events

AND here are some of the other highlights of Music Week:—

Special musical services in most of the churches throughout the State.

Daily lecture concerts at David Jones.

Daily musicales at Hordern Bros. Daily organ recitals at Pitt Street Congregational Church, St. James' Church, and St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Concert parties visiting 76 schools and convents in Sydney and suburbs and giving a recital at each.

Open-air gathering of massed bands and choirs in Hyde Park on Sunday, August 26.

Concert at the Conservatorium on Tuesday, August 28, by the Music Week Younger Set.

"The Vision of Pan," a musical pageant each day at the Blaxland Galleries. Organised by Signora Ferrari-Panmore, this event will present an orchestra and string quartet, Irene Young and supporting dancers, Michala Burakov (the well-known exponent of the classical dance), and musicians, including Eve Alwyn, Charles Nicks, Lloyd Davies, and Vost-Janssen.

Austral Sings Superbly

REVIEWING the first Sydney concert by Florence Austral, I alleged a suggestion of "nonchalance" in the singer's

approach to some of her items. I hasten to admit that at the remaining recitals I could detect no reason for repeating the criticism. There was a good deal more of the "upward surge" in her interpretations. The programme on Saturday night, for instance, was a thrilling experience, whether Austral was negotiating the Brunnhilda battle-cry or the miniatures of Richard Strauss, whether her voice was unleashed in all its dramatic glory or subdued to a lyric intimacy.

The Austral voice in itself is sufficient to exhilarate the listener, but when the artistry of its owner subordinates it to the interpretation of a song there is an



DAVID MADDISON, the remarkable seven-year-old pianist, is to give his first public recital at the Conservatorium early in October. David is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Maddison, of Pymble.

infinitely greater satisfaction in the listening.

We all must hope that the rumor that Florence Austral is to sing in the Fuller opera season will become an accomplished fact.

Vera Bradford

AMONG the younger instrumentalists of Melbourne, Vera Bradford has become highly esteemed as a pianist of talent. She returned to her homeland only a few months ago after a good deal of experience abroad and particular success in America.

As a pupil of the late F. Homewood, Miss Bradford graduated with honors at the Melbourne University Conservatorium. About six years ago, on the suggestion of Percy Grainger, she left for America. She actually studied with Grainger in Chicago and also received tuition from Alexander Raeb and Rudolph Ganz, formerly head of the piano department of the Chicago Musical College and then conductor of the symphony orchestra at St. Louis, Missouri. She gave several recitals and appeared at the New Opera House. She will be heard in a national recital from SLO on August 27.

Two-Piano Recital

MR. LINDLEY EVANS, who recently shared first prize with Miss Margaret Sutherland, of Melbourne, in the Centenary song competition organised by the Centenary committee in Melbourne, and Mr. Frank Hutchins, president of the New South Wales Musical Association, will give a two-piano musical recital in David Jones' auditorium next Monday afternoon, August 27, at 3.30.

As this is Music Week, David Jones' have arranged lecture recitals to be given every afternoon during next week (August 27 to 31 inclusive) in the auditorium, at 3.30.

AN OPPORTUNITY

A PROGRESSIVE FIRM requires a young lady (under 30 years) with good personality, to fill a responsible office position at a good salary. The work is of a varied and interesting nature, demanding an energetic and cheerful disposition, exercise of initiative and tact, common sense, mental alertness, and ability to concentrate. Individual effort and personal merit will ensure advancement. Qualifications to include sound general education and commercial experience, with fast touch typing and aptitude for accounts work. Practical bookkeeping experience either by pen or mechanical is essential.

Apply in own handwriting, stating full details to ADVERTISER, C/o "WOMEN'S WEEKLY," SYDNEY.



It means what it says!



Hot water taps are truthful taps when the water is heated by gas. Place your hand under a gas hot water tap and you will find that it means what it says—also that it speaks in rather an emphatic tone. The hot water taps of most other systems supply steaming hot water sometimes, but a gas hot water tap gives you steaming hot water instantly—any hour of the day or night—365 days a year.

Few people are willing to trust a system in which the "hot" taps do not always mean what they say and that, briefly, is why the majority of homes use gas for water heating.

It does not matter whether your hot water requirements are large or small, you will find that there is an up-to-date gas heater that will suit them exactly. Call at our showrooms and we will explain and demonstrate some of the latest models to you—if you are unable to call, write or phone for illustrated literature, or ask us to send an expert to give you free advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY
Show and Demonstration Rooms
First and Barlow Streets (near Central Station) New South Wales

GAS COSTS LESS THAN A HALFPENNY A UNIT

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

LET GIRLS PROPOSE

I WAS speaking to a particularly charming acquaintance last week who referred laughingly to her unattached social status. She was, it appeared, awaiting the arrival of the coming Leap Year before bringing a tardy, shy and somewhat unintelligent young man up to the mark. I believe she was only half-serious, but still the conversation serves to remind us of the antiquated custom which both sexes cling to—that the man shall be the first to speak of marriage! Must modern girls, also, resign themselves to the old-fashioned idea that women must wait to be asked? What do other readers think?

£1 for this letter to Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon, c/o Post Office, Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

ROUSE YOURSELVES

I READ in the paper that the great "Bob-in" Fund for the all-Australian aeroplane has had thousands of responses throughout Australia—and yet not enough, apparently, to close the fund. Why is this? The fund has been open for weeks.

It makes me indignant, literally, my blood boils, when I think of the people who accept money for contributions and give nothing to the "Bob-in" Fund. Surely this is the worst thing that has ever been sponsored by this worthy paper! It would hurt nobody if they deducted 1/- from their prize money and sent it along.

I myself have given what I could to the fund, and it is the duty of all writers to this page to do the same. Rouse yourselves!

Miss Alice Davis, Leeburn Av., Coogee, N.S.W.

WOMEN ANNOUNCERS

I WAS surprised to read Miss Davis' statement (28/7/34) re women's voices being shrill over the air.

Naturally, a woman's voice is softer, but I fail to find them affected or stilted. In my opinion both males and females who speak as announcers—are on a par, as voice production must certainly count.

What is more soothing to a woman in the home, perhaps alone, than to tune in and hear a quiet, well-spoken voice of her own sex? I prefer it, at times, to the deep bass voice.

Mrs. E. Gullifer, Marsden Rd., Forbes, N.S.W.

THE "DINKUM AUSSIE"

I CANNOT understand why the average Australian refers to himself as a "Dinkum Australian" in a way that implies his superiority to anyone of another nationality.

My father was born in South Africa; my mother in the Channel Islands, and I was born in Canada. We call ourselves Britishers, and are mighty proud of it. Would it not be more sensible if the Australian would rank himself as a Britisher and refrain from speaking of the Englishman as someone beneath him?

I have noticed that the returned soldier is more broadminded on the subject, so probably travel abroad is the cure for this mild form of insanity.

Miss Stella Purdon, Elimbah, N.C.L., Queensland.

SUNDAY PICNICS

I WOULD like to get readers' opinions on Sunday picnics. On Sundays, being in the choir, I go to church at least twice, and I have more or less been taught that Sunday picnics are an invention of the devil.

Just recently I was invited to the mountains on a Sunday to see snow. As I have never seen snow in Australia, and as I work all day during the week and also on Saturday mornings, I considered myself justified in accepting the invitation.

However, a few of my friends seem to think I am doing wrong in going, but I contend that if I don't make a habit of it and behave myself while I am out, I am not harming myself or anyone else.

Miss E. Sampson, 121 Kerferd Rd., Albert Park, Melbourne, S.E.S. Vic.

The Black Man Design On Our Stamps

RE Miss Mansfield's criticism of the new stamp, I think the design could not be better. After all, Australia was inhabited only by the blacks in bygone days. It is a design that shows to the rest of the world just what the Australian has done to make this country what it is to-day. Shows what determination and courage can do. And surely this country and Australians in general can be very justly proud of themselves.

Miss Jorden, P.O., Inverell, N.S.W.

Not Attractive

REFERRING to Miss Mansfield's letter on our new stamp, I agree with her that it could have been more attractively designed, as Australia has some magnificent scenery which would have looked far more beautiful for our stamp.

But as to overseas people forming a wrong opinion of us, I don't see at all why they should. They would be very uncivilised to have such an idea. We know how customs are carried out in other lands, so why should they be forming queer opinions of us Australians?

After all, Australia isn't as far away from other countries as this would imply!

Miss P. Sullivan, Rock Forest, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Can Find No Fault

RE Miss Mansfield's letter (4/8/34). She states that the people overseas will think that we are uncivilised when they see the native on the stamp.

I can find no fault with it. I should say it is meant to depict 1834 looking across the river at the beautiful city which the progressive energy of a century has built. Both dates are clearly shown in each top corner of the stamp.

Miss G. J. Boorman, 3 Gray St., Pt. Neerunga, S.A.

Conveys Wrong Idea

ON reading last week's The Australian Women's Weekly, reference was made to our Centenary stamp.

I have come into contact with many people from overseas, and nine out of 10 were taught in their schools that Australia was a land of blacks. Why encourage this idea?

I, for another, think we could have a far more attractive stamp, as it certainly would on first glance convey to overseas a wrong idea of Australia.

Miss Lawn Garaway, 1 Virginia St., Geelong West, Vic.

Tram Manners of Men That Offend!

MRS. E. LAMBERT'S letter (4/8/34) opens up a bigger question—that of civility. From the point of view of a mere male, may I be allowed to submit that, in the main, men's conduct in trams, or anywhere else for that matter, is only what women make it. Travelling with my wife in a crowded tram, I have been impressed by the disinclination of men to offer their seats to the numerous women standing many of the latter quite elderly. But for every effect there is a cause! Women seated with their husbands or male companions beside them do not make any attempt to persuade their menfolk to stand.

Mostyn A. Morgan, Gunner St., Kedron, Brisbane.

Should Travel Outside

I AGREE with Mrs. Lambert in her letter (4/8/34) re men in trams. Is it fair that men should occupy seats in the closed compartments of the tram while girls going to business have to stand or travel outside where they are most unwelcome, judging by the glares and scowls from the occupants?

E. Giechrist, 136 Lyons Rd., Drummoyle, N.S.W.

He Kept His Seat

AFTER reading Mrs. E. Lambert's letter, I was reminded of an incident I witnessed myself while travelling by rail. I entered the ladies' compartment of a city-bound train, the only occupant being a young man in the early twenties. The train was waiting at the terminus and was comparatively empty at the time. Further down the line the carriage began to fill up, and some of the women were standing, but the young man never offered to give one of them his seat, and even when a woman carrying a young baby entered he calmly sat on, letting a young girl next to him give her seat to the woman with the baby.

Mrs. E. Muir, 55 Nolan St., Frankston, Vic.

Women as Bad

MEN are not the only offenders in "spreading themselves." I object to the outside woman who needs and takes two-thirds of a seat and expects more. I had an exactly similar experience to Mrs. Lambert's, but the man in my case not only moved himself, but asked his neighbor to do likewise, and then inquired if I was "more comfortable."

Mrs. Wells, Gregory St., Auchanflower, Qld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



The Hundred Per Cent. "It" Woman

RE Miss M. Thompson's inquiries for an outline of a man's ideal of a 100 per cent. "It" woman. Speaking from a single man's point of view, my ideal is the girl with plenty of common sense, who is practical and clever, pure-minded, sincere, having strong principles, a happy disposition, and sympathy and thoughtfulness for her fellow being. The necessity for quality of mind cannot be over-emphasised. Of course, when a man is in love properly, he has no set ideal. There is something about "her" which he can't explain, which charms and overwhelms him, and he is sublimely happy—and that's all about it.

D. R. Garbutt, Gerringong, South Coast, N.S.W.

A Homelover

RE Miss Thompson on "Which Woman Appeals." In my opinion a man prefers a woman who is a home lover, interested in her home, and who, even if not an excellent cook, will do her best. And then again, a woman can be entertaining and a good hostess. In my opinion that is all a man would desire.

Men do not want women who are so wrapped up in cooking and housework that they can think of nothing else. Nor do they want a woman who is helpless in the home.

E. White, c/o Post Office, Renmark, River Murray, S.A.

With Domestic Instincts

RE Miss Thompson's article (4/8/34), "Which Woman Appeals," personally I do not think any woman has qualifications enough to register 100 per cent. If she had, she'd be perfect—and none of us are that. I think, for the average working chap, the girl with domestic instincts is the most desirable, both for our pockets and our "tummies." A girl can have home inclinations and yet be well-mannered, soft-spoken, neat, and simple in her dress. She can also take an interest in sport and everyday topics, and still be mighty attractive. The man-

FROM ENGLAND

YOUR paper is sent to me regularly by my sister living in Sydney.

I have come to "know" it, and thoroughly enjoy it. It is unique. I don't know of any paper quite like it in England.

Covering such a wide field of feminine interests and activities, it is an inspiring change from the strictly domestic journal.

Were I to enumerate the features which I personally enjoy, my letter, I fear, would be disqualified, as I note you stipulate that letters should be "short."

Long live The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mrs. F. Foley, 50 Greenway Rd., Temperley, Cheshire, England.

nequin is so busy creating an impression that she would not be in the race with the girl I've just described.

Mr. R. King, c/o F. Healy, Hopetoun Av., Mosman, N.S.W.

Be Yourself

RE Mrs. M. Thompson's letter (4/8/34). I really don't think that qualifications attract or count as much as personality. If you will look around at the number of happy marriages you will see that love is blind very often to both virtues and faults, so just be yourself, don't bother about the "It" part of it.

Mrs. E. Hammer, 1 Alby St., Bendigo, Vic.

His Opposite

WELL, Miss Thompson (August 4), since there are as many different types of man as there are of woman, it is only natural to assume that each type will seek its own complementary one—and find it. As the greatest attraction is between opposites, it is largely probable that the dainty, petite maiden will have most appeal for the athletic, vigorous type of man, and vice-versa.

In these up-to-the-minute days of high pressure, a man may fall in love and marry almost any type and still find he has a highly efficient homemaker. When all has been said and done, whatever attracts a man in the first place is less important than the ability to hold and maintain that attraction always.

Mrs. C. Lindsay, Kingston, Qld.

LARGE FAMILIES A JOY

READING your leading article (4/8/34) re the advisability of small families, I cannot let it pass without a protest. I think the ideal to be aimed at is, as Dr. Cienfuegos upholds, large, happy families. It does not by any means follow that because a family is large the mother is sacrificed and unhappy. I refer you to these words quoted from a mother's letter to a Queensland monthly: "I have seven children, and they are the only joy we look for. We get all the pleasure we need in our own home. Each child is different and returns our love, and repays both my husband and me for any sacrifices we may have made. We often wonder what interest in life a married couple can have who have only themselves, or one or two children. Our last little baby is the pride and delight of our older children, and they frequently say, 'Whatever did we do before we got this pet?' We do not find life as hard as when we had only one child." Surely this is the spirit to be fostered? What do readers think?

I. H. August, care Fair Haven, Railway Parade, Leura, N.S.W.

THE PLEASANT WAITER

ARE waiters better than waitresses? I emphatically say they are. My contention is based on the fact that a waiter never displays impatience or

ETIQUETTE



IT IS an impertinence to ask the cost of articles purchased by a friend.

boredom when one is studying the menu. He serves you quickly and pleasantly. There is no lengthy wait between courses while a waitress exchanges repartee with a favored male diner, at the same time expertly dodging your inquiring eye. When I am tired, or rushed, I prefer waiters—they are so attentive and soothing. Give me waiters every time. The men can have the waitresses. Do my sisters agree?

Helen Betherax, 44 Ardoyne St., Black Rock, S.S. Victoria.

THE CLEVER WOMAN

LOUISE MACK'S article some issues back on great men marrying fools prompts me to ask why most men are shy of a clever woman? I mean, of course, a woman whose intellect is higher than the man's in question. I have noticed that they seem either a little afraid of such, or just regard her with tolerance or respect.

When it comes to marriage a pretty face or figure, perhaps a personality, appeals to the average man, and brains are a very secondary matter.

It must be some "superiority instinct" in man that accounts for this.

Miss B. Noll, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

AN ABORIGINAL STATE

RE Dr. Elkin's comment that following the judgment on the aborigines in the Caledon Bay case, the Government should appoint a special Judge to deal with all cases affecting aborigines.

Would it be too lofty an ideal to hope that some day we may have an aboriginal State in the north or north-west of Australia, peopled solely by themselves—their own courts, schools, University, and council, etc. It is proven that an aboriginal can be trained to a high degree of education, according to European standards. It would definitely solve our White Australia problem, and perhaps prove an answer to populating our waste spaces. After all, they are the natural inhabitants of our land. Would it not be a Christian aim? I should like to hear other readers on the subject.

M. Johnson, 365 Pittwater Rd., Narabeen, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN Stars ABROAD!



CHARLES BOYER, the French actor who plays the Japanese naval hero of "The Battle," wounded in the action which gives the film its title.



MERLE OBERON is here seen as Pepilla in "The Private Life of Don Juan," in which she does an old Spanish dance.

Betty Stockfeld and Merle Oberon

BETTY STOCKFELD'S introduction to film audiences was in "City of Song," a story of Naples and London, in which she starred with Ian Kiepura. This Sydney girl has also been seen in a number of other British films.

Merle Oberon, the Tasmanian girl whose marriage with Joseph M. Schenck is announced to take place shortly, has had a meteoric rise to film fame. She has just finished playing in "The Private Life of Don Juan," in which Douglas Fairbanks senior stars.

THE details and impressions of these two young Australian stars given below are of especial interest in view of the fact that they will be seen together quite soon in a new film from Gaumont-British, entitled "The Battle." This film has a Japanese background, and in it Merle Oberon plays the part of a Japanese, while Betty Stockfeld is an English visitor.

The part played by Merle Oberon—that of a high-born young wife schooled by her husband to adopt European clothes and customs—is particularly difficult. But she comes through it triumphantly. The part of the Englishwoman does not give Betty Stockfeld so much scope as the other. But she makes a very delightful appearance.

From MURIEL SEGAL

Our Special Representative in Europe

WHEN I talked with Merle Oberon in her very modern and comfy flat near Baker Street, she was full of the thrills of "The Private Life of Don Juan," and how splendid Douglas Fairbanks senior was in his part of the famous lover. She was off for a couple of weeks' holiday on the Continent, and hoped to get down to Majorca for some real sunshine.

This young actress is very petite, with bright brown hair. Her eyes are dark and almond shaped, so that she needed very little make-up to obtain the Oriental effect in the part of a Japanese beauty, which she took in "The Battle," soon to be released in Australia.

Merle is intelligent, and is always poring over history books. She shows her understanding of the historical characters which she portrays, and the comparatively small part she took in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was such a masterpiece of acting that there and then Douglas Fairbanks refused to consider anyone but Merle to play opposite him in "Don Juan."

She is a London Film Company star, and owes much to the great director, Alexander Korda, and the equally great actor, Charles Laughton, who are friends and advisers to the young Australian.

Everyone in the film world is enthusiastic about Merle Oberon. She is not only a very beautiful and appealing girl, and a fine little actress, she is a well-read and charming woman. More than



that, she is reputed to be the best-dressed woman on the English films. She gets almost everything from Schiaparelli, and is particularly fond of an unusual shade of brown, which brings out all the bronze of her rich brown hair.

Betty Stockfeld

THIS famous Australian film star is a most elusive person. I have been chasing her ever since last week. But Betty is a wanderer born: she is just as much at home in Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, or Sydney. And she is a great linguist.

In fact, they say that now Lillian Harvey has gone to Hollywood, Betty will be the star of languages, and so have chief place in international talkies. Perhaps this is the reason that she is such a will-o'-the-wisp. Anyway, it's no use making excuses, as I have to confess that I have not succeeded in seeing one of our foremost stars, Betty Stockfeld.

She wrote to me from Paris, begging me to telephone her the next time I came over, and telling me that she was very thrilled with the idea of this message going over to Australia by air mail.

JOHN LODER is the English naval attaché of "The Battle," whose knowledge of the Japanese captain proved. He is a typical English naval officer and a splendid contrast to Boyer's Japanese.

BETTY STOCKFELD is the charming yacht owner in "The Battle," the dramatic film of the Japanese navy soon to be released.

"Little did I dream when I left Sydney that I would do anything important enough to send news of by air," she writes.

"I never forget Australia, and I never miss an opportunity of accentuating the fact that I am Australian."

"I am still waiting to go back. I wish I were another Amy or Jean, and I'd soon be there. It's such a long time since I was in Sydney. I came over to Paris to be educated at a convent, where I was the only English-speaking girl. So I soon had to learn French. But even in Australia I always had a French nurse."

"Now my languages are a great help, as I am at present starring in pictures in French, and they say I have no trace of accent. I am due to make three French films right away, one in Switzerland and one in Rome. And later in the year I am going into a play in London. I've made two English films this year, one for Paramount and one at Twickenham — "The Man Who Changed His Name."

"I am working very hard, but am feeling awfully fit after a glorious holiday in Capri."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE SCARLET EMPRESS

Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Sam Jaffe. (Paramount.)
EMBROIDERY of historical themes goes on apace. The pattern of this one, bizarre enough in any case, has been elaborated with cunning detail and barbaric opulence. The Empress' memoirs, written in her declining years with an imperfect recollection of the facts, are referred to as the basis of the narrative. Further variations have been added, such as making the ambassador (John Lodge), who brought her from Germany, Catherine's would-be lover from the start, and having the Tsar Peter (Sam Jaffe) assassinated on the night of his wife's assumption of sole power. But the broad lines of the actual story have been preserved.

We see the obscure young Princess brought from her stiff German home and her circle of prim elderly aunts over weeks of almost impassable roads and the snows of Russia into a palace that is like a nightmare fairy tale. In it the shy young creature might easily have lost her way and her wits. Monstrously heavy, huge doors shut her in. Grotesque statues and carvings of leering or tortured deformities confronted her in serried ranks whichever way she looked. Then there was the childishly-petulant reigning Empress Elizabeth (no royal lady this, as Louise Dresser presents her), and the almost imbecile Grand Duke, appointed for her husband.

No doubt the director of this picture, Sternberg, designed to throw Catherine's ultimate triumph into sharper relief by his selection of decor and treatment of characters. But one has the impression that this rotten crazy dynasty and empire would have collapsed before Catherine came to infuse new blood. Nor does Marlene Dietrich's beauty suggest the force of character and intellect requisite for the woman who was to become undisputed autocrat of her adopted country for so many years. But her ride with her soldiers up the wide staircases of the palace is an exhilarating angle.—Prince Edward.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE

Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan. (M-G-M.)

TARZAN, the Ape Man, is a good example of film fame. Thousands have heard of him, for everyone knows his prototype, Mowgli, of Kipling's "Jungle Books." Yet Mowgli, not Tarzan, is the inspired creation.

Here Tarzan's adventures when he has married, but hardly settled down, are recounted. After a year of Maureen O'Sullivan's company he seems to have increased his vocabulary scarcely at all. She, on her part, seems not to have been visited by any regrets for the lights of London, but is still perfectly content to live on nuts and may in the treetops. Her former lover (Neil Hamilton) and a friend who has come after ivory (Paul Cavanaugh) nearly shatter the idyll, but fail, and Tarzan and his ex-society girl are left straightening out the affairs of the jungle, sadly disturbed by the invasion.

Of course the story does not really matter. This picture relies on Weissmuller's superb swimming and athletic nimbleness and on a riot of animal life, collected for effective photography. There is a delicious scene of Tarzan and the girl sporting beneath the waters of their swimming pool, and some most entertaining monkeys, who chatter over the dramatic events in tones curiously similar to the bored squawk of the domestic hen. There are also a rhinoceros and crocodile and herds of elephants and lions, obviously driven into corners to provide excitement. And we are shown where wounded elephants retire to die and leave their priceless tusks. A very artful presentation of nature.—St. James.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY

Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor, Marian Marsh. (Universal.)

A LESSON in brisk salesmanship opens this film, which goes on to show the star graduate of the school (Roger Pryor) meeting with a varied reception when he puts the principles he has learned into practice. His persistence later on wears down Gloria Stuart, but, though she admits him to her acquaintance, she retaliates by taking him to classical concerts and generally humbugging him into thinking that she is a strictly-brought-up girl. Actually, she is principal entertainer at a night club where extensive gambling is carried on.

We thought that Pryor's elder brother attitude in shielding his young sister (Marian Marsh) from doubtful company, which he thoroughly enjoys himself, was true to life. But the rest of the film offers little novelty. It runs its course through the haze of false sentiment and cabaret turns which surround so many of these phantoms of the screen.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars no good.

MAROOINED

Edmund Gwenn, Viola Lyel, Wally Patch. (British Lion.)

WE do not remember seeing a film drama set in a lighthouse since Frank Harvey's "Cape Forlorn" was shown about two years ago. This one has several glimpses of the grandly rugged Cornish coast and good views of Beachy Head Lighthouse, which is sometimes cut off from communication with the shore by pounding seas for weeks at a time. But the interest centres naturally in Edmund Gwenn's lighthouse keeper, a cheery, law-abiding man, tricked by circumstances into harboring a convict escaped from Dartmoor. On top of this a mishap to the boat that had brought them compels him to entertain also through days of wild weather a party consisting of his wife, adopted daughter and her fiancé, and the suspicious village constable.

The story has its weaknesses and strong moments, but Gwenn is uniformly admirable. Viola Lyel acts well, too, as his acridulated but staunch wife. Wally Patch, as a very human country policeman, and Hal Walters, in the part of a hypochondriac member of the lighthouse crew, supply some admirable touches of comedy to diversify the thrills.—Embassy.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE

Jean Arthur, Donald Cook, Richard Cromwell. (Columbia.)

ONCE more we are shown a conflict between young love and parental influence, rooted in caste distinctions. This problem never ceases to surprise us when it is presented against the supposedly democratic background of the United States. But it here gives Jean Arthur scope for a good character study. She is the young waitress of the early scenes when an ardent undergraduate (Donald Cook) marries on the spur of the moment. Eased out of her home and her husband's affection after a year or two of married life by the pressure of her mother-in-law, she vanishes, leaving behind her baby boy, whom she undertakes not to see again, so that she may not spoil his chances. So far, well enough. We can just admit the possibility. When, however, she turns up twenty years later as bed-maker at the old college in order to play guardian angel to her unwitting son (Richard Cromwell), it is only Miss Arthur's admirable acting that can lend the situation the color of probability.

REGISTERED NURSE

Bebe Daniels, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday. (Warner Bros.)

THEY must have a lot of fun in hospitals, so one would judge by this film, what with the nurses' festive conversation about operations and with fight promoters whose retainers conduct their arguments all over the floor. But of course we must not forget the harrowing scenes inseparable from hospital routine, though they are relieved by the romances of the staff and the gifts of grateful patients.

This is an unconvincing picture. Bebe Daniels, married to a drunkard whom she is about to divorce when she is apparently prevented by his going insane, resumes her profession as nurse and becomes the ministering angel of the place. Minna Gombell has a moment or two of reality as another nurse, but John Halliday, an interesting player when he has anything of a part, finds this one too much for him.—Clive.

THE HELL CAT

Ann Sothern, Robert Armstrong, Minna Gombell. (Columbia.)

A GREAT deal of the rather indistinct local slang of this picture must be lost on a person who is not a native of the United States. But the action, of which there is plenty, is clear enough, and the plot is tolerably familiar. Some day perhaps we shall get a film where a millionaire's daughter is not a shrieking egotist and where a newspaperman is not an unscrupulous smartie. But it would probably be thought far-fetched, and it would certainly be less funny.

Here Ann Sothern, as the typical film millionaire's crosses swords with Robert Armstrong, who is an unusually boastful scoundrel even for a Hollywood star reporter. She is assisted by Minna Gombell, whose loyalty to her sex overrides her loyalty to her paper.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, August 25, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

Judging Our SCREEN Personality Contest!

CITY and suburban contestants in the Screen Personality contest, which we are conducting in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy, are all agog with excitement, for to-day (Thursday) the first test will begin.

THE tests will extend over eight days and several nights, and every effort has been made to accommodate contestants with suitable times so that all may have a chance to win this splendid competition.

The judges are Mr. Ken Hall, of Cinesound; Mr. C. N. Baeyer, Miss Beatrice Tildesley, and Mr. Lane-Bayliff. Mr. Lane-Bayliff will not, however, participate in the judging when contestants are pupils of the Cinema Academy, of which he is principal.

The results from Bathurst and Coolamundra are now available. Mr. Lane-Bayliff visited these centres last week. At Bathurst he found much talent, and was most satisfied with the voice and diction of many of the candidates.

Two he selected as worthy of further tests in Sydney—Miss Jean Dick, of Lithgow, and Mr. Stanley Worland, of Lithgow.

At Coolamundra the only candidate to be recommended to come to Sydney was Miss Jean Dunn, of Wagga, whose photo appears above. The girls in both centres generally reached a far higher standard than the men.

In both towns Mr. Lane-Bayliff received the greatest courtesy from hotel proprietors and picture theatre managements. The great interest shown in the contest proves how keen everybody in the country is for the picture industry to take its proper place in Australia.

In response to many requests from competitors and their friends it has been decided to open the auditions to the public at 1/- each session, but no competitor may sit in the audience till his or her own test is completed. A competitor, if found in the audition room before the completion of his or her test, will be disqualified. Competitors must remain in the waiting room till called.

Competitors are notified that it has been arranged to hold all adjudications at Paine's. None will be held at the Cinema Academy as formerly announced. Please note this carefully.

Following are further samples of typical speeches likely to be selected for candidates. Other speeches were published last week.

Boy's Dramatic Speech

"Ah, I also have the right to give MY opinion on the matter. Because you're my father, you believe you have the right to dictate my future. Well, I'm going to tell you that no father possesses that right. You're looking through the eyes of another age. You believe that the things you did in your youth, some thirty years ago, are the model upon which I should work. Well, I'm not going to work upon that model! I'm going my own way! I'm going to discover what I want to do, and do it! You want me to go into your office, and be your factotum for life, absorbing your ideas, becoming every day a little more like you, a father's gramophone-record of a son."

"I'm not to have any individuality at all, I'm to go on treading in your footsteps until I'm an old man, still the son of old John Trench, still the shadow thrown by old John Trench until my days are done."

"Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to walk out of this house and never set foot in it again until I can enter as an individual who's done something on his own account. I'm going to marry whom I like, go where I like, do what I like for the rest of my days."



MISS JEAN DICK, Commercial Hotel, Lithgow, who has been selected for the Lithgow finalist.
—McNeil, Wagga.



MISS JEAN DUNN, Simmons St., Wagga, who has been selected for the Wagga finalist.
—PAIR.



MR. STANLEY HOWARD, Fern St., Randwick.
—Hollywood.



MISS FRANCES MARY COTTINGHAM, Lyndon, Old South Head Rd., Rose Bay.
—May Moore.



MRS. THERESE HART, Lonsdale Court, New South Head Rd., Double Bay.



MR. R. J. MCFARLANE, Forest Rd., Arncliffe.
—Parker, Hurstville.



MR. GARLING BROCK, Kingsley Hall, Elizabeth Bay Rd., King's Cross.
—Howard Harris.

"But I don't want you to imagine that this is an outburst against you. It's merely an outburst against the rotten family system that is built upon the thesis that a son is his father's personal property."

Girl's Dramatic Speech

"DON'T you realise what it means to me? I've made every sacrifice, and now you callously ask me to forget. Your selfishness has blinded you to my feelings. You have imagined that I wouldn't feel so terribly injured, and you've said to yourself, 'I'll tell her now. I'll soon blow over.' I've seen you looking at me in a way that said 'women are fools'—she can't see I'm tired of her, and all the time, for months past,

I've been waiting for this moment, waiting for you to pluck up courage to tell me . . . and now I'm going to tell you!

"You've been standing off looking at me as though I was a stricken animal who deserved pity. And all the time I've been looking at you thinking what a poor, blind fool you are, trying to spare your conscience by summoning up visions of the past in which you believed, you were so good to me. Good to me!

"And then your father came and pleaded with me to give you up because your future was at stake. What of my future? There was never a word mentioned about that!

"Oh, Paul, Paul, I can't bear it! I tell you I can't!"

CLEVER IDEAS

BURNT MARKS on plates can be removed by rubbing them with a cork dipped in damp salt. Cigarette marks can be removed in the same way. Olive oil applied at once to marks on the table prevents them becoming permanent.—Mrs. Homan, 149 Grand Pde., Kogarah, N.S.W.

MANY people, when baking their own bread, are uncertain as to the correct amount of yeast to be used. I find that 1oz. of yeast to 8lb. of flour makes excellent bread, and this is approximately the same quantities used by bakers.—J.T.L., Maryborough, Qld.

HERE IS an excellent whooping cough mixture: One teaspoonful glycerine, 1 teaspoonful olive oil, 1 teaspoonful licorice powder, 1 tablespoonful honey, juice of 1 lemon. Mix all together, and give 1 to 1 teaspoonful 3 times a day, or frequently if cough is bad.—E. Whittaker, 76 West St., Crows Nest, N.S.W.

SAVE STRETCHING or shrinking of woollen sweaters. When knitting white woollen coats for the children, work some white silk thread in with the wool. When the coat is washed it will neither shrink nor stretch and the silky appearance is most attractive.—"Mallee Hen," Alawoona, S.A.

MUD STAINS should be allowed to become perfectly dry before attempting to remove them. Then brush briskly, and if any traces of the stain are left, try rubbing with a raw potato cut in half.—"Izzie," Port Pirie, S.A.

WHEN POTATOES are to be baked stand them in hot water for a quarter of an hour before you put them into the oven, and you will find that they are done to a turn ever so much more quickly.—M. Sparkes, Thorold Street, Woolloolun, Brisbane.

DO YOU know that mustard rubbed on your hands will at once remove the smell of fish? When making mustard for table use, try mixing with salad oil instead of water. You will find the flavor much improved.—Mrs. S. O., Parkville, Vic.

A LITTLE extra care in the beginning will make your clothes last longer. For instance, if you do not let the first creases go out of your clothes they will continue to look well. If you let them go the garment will never look new again, no matter how well it is pressed.—Mrs. V. L. Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane.

WHEN MAKING steamed puddings, instead of tying string round the basin, use small rubber bands, which keep the paper or cloth quite water-tight. These can be purchased so cheaply, as I bought 60 for the small sum of one penny at one of the stores yesterday, and so within the reach of all, and much more clean than string.—Mrs. S. Knight, 2 Seale St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

WASH THE leaves of aspidistra once a week with milk, and yours will have the same gloss that you admire on other people's.—Miss N. Kerr, 39 Doncaster Ave., Kensington, Sydney.

Spring SMARTNESS

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New Trends in Beauty Fashions . . .

Cosmetician brings Latest News from Abroad

INTERESTING news of the latest trends in beauty treatment, beach and other fashions, is brought by Miss Kathleen Court, the well-known cosmetician who has just returned from a long tour of England and the Continent.

During her absence, Miss Court combined business with pleasure, studying the latest developments in her profession and opening her own business in London as well as fitting in a number of purely holiday trips to famous English and Continental resorts.

MISS COURT is the first Australian cosmetician to import her own Australian-made beauty products into England. She has achieved quite a triumph in getting her goods widely distributed in very many famous London establishments such as Harrod's, as well as her own London business.

"One of the most important make-up highlights of to-day," Miss Court told The Australian Women's Weekly, "is the use of deeper shades of powder, the peach tones being almost universally favored."

"English women covet the deep tan which the Australian sun imparts to our women, and are always striving to acquire it. They are using heavier powder bases with the deeper powders."

"Eye make-up is receiving more attention. A popular new blue eye shadow is flecked with silver and a brown

dress is made of rubber and linen and are skin-tight. Dusty pink and the blue the Queen likes so much—Sandringham blue—are among the loveliest of colors."

"I visited a number of famous beaches—Le Touquet and the Paris Plage nearby, and Santa Margherita, near Genoa. We stayed in Monte Carlo and tried our luck at the Casino."

"Hair is definitely shorter, swept off the face and curled up at the back."



MISS KATHLEEN COURT

DON'T FORGET...

Miss Daines will present "There's Always Juliet" at the Savoy Theatre on August 23 in aid of the Free Kindergartens.

The Australian Forest League announces an illustrated lecture by Mr. G. J. Rodger, B.Sc., on "The Future of Australian Forestry" on August 30 at the Assembly Hall, Education Department.

The Ranges' League is organizing a series of drives to attract attention to the fact that most birds and animals, and many bush flowers, are protected by law.

Many functions have been arranged for the various candidates in the United Charities Miss Sydney Quest. They include a theatre party to "Gay Divorce" on August 27, a dance at the Palladium on September 16, and a pet show at the Royal Agricultural Grounds on October 26, in favour of the candidature of "Miss Sports Girl."

On September 2 and 3 the gardens of Mr. C. Smith at Gordon, and Mr. A. H. James at Pyrmont will be thrown open for public inspection in aid of the Free Kindergartens.

Mrs. Earle Page will be the guest of country women at a luncheon to be held at Shalimar Cafe, T. and G. Buildings, at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, August 29.

On August 29, St. Augustus' College will present "H.M.S. Pinafire" at the Savoy Theatre.

The Nurses' Auxiliary of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, are holding a jumble sale shortly to collect funds to furnish a ward in the new building. Donations of warm clothing sent to the hospital will be most welcome.

The Tasmanian Association (New South Wales) will hold its annual dinner at the Westworth Hotel on September 1. Sir Harry Braden (patron) will preside, and the guests of honor will be the Prime Minister (Mr. Lyons). Other prominent Tasmanians who will be present include the former Lord Mayor of Sydney (Ald. H. C. Hagon) and Mrs. Hagon, Sir John and Lady Hutton, and Sir Allen and Lady Taylor.

The annual meeting of the Y.W.C.A. will be held in the Y.W.C.A. Hall on August 30 at 8 p.m.

Lady Gordon has been very busy for the past few weeks arranging for the presentation of "The Rose Without a Thorn," which Doris Fagan is producing at the Savoy Theatre on August 21 in aid of the Twilight Homes.

Winn's Combined Staff's Hall will be held at Mark Roy's on August 29. Proceeds in aid of the Smith Family.

In aid of the Church of England Medical Missions, Chislehurst, Chislewood, the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Carr, Haverhill, will be thrown open to the public on September 1.



"DIETING is almost a religion with the English and Continental women."

shadow with gold and eyelash cosmetic is generally used." Make-up, in short, is altogether more exotic, and softer rouge and lighter lip-stick are accordingly in demand.

Diet Enthusiasts

"DIETING is almost a religion with the English and Continental women. German women are getting very slim and attractive and I especially admired the women of Berlin."

"The average Australian girl is incomparably stouter than the average English, French, Italian or German girl. There is no doubt about it. Australian girls have a marked flair for smart clothes."

"I saw few shorts on the beaches. Long pyjamas are the rule. The newest beach

MUSIC...

Fosters Peace Relations!

JOHN AMADIO, the famous flautist, spoke for his wife, Madame Florence Austral, at Farmer's Business Girls' luncheon, last week. He opened with a few words on music.

Music, he said, was a wonderful thing, one of the greatest amateur accomplishments to-day. In days gone by, Greek generals were piped to battle with bands of flutes; the gallants of the day used to serenade their lady-loves with the flute. We should all foster and encourage music, for by music, he believed, international peace would be maintained.

Madame Austral, he continued, was proud of her successes abroad, but it had always been her ambition to tour her native land while at the peak of success. And at last this had eventuated. Here was not an easy life. She had many rehearsals, new songs to practice, new languages to learn for opera, songs by unknown writers in MS. to read over. She was overwhelmed by her reception at her first concert here, and sent her best wishes to all present.

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These Beautiful Flowers will Never Die!

....Nature's rivals made by hand from wood fibre — a new discovery with many fascinating possibilities in the home — and in Fashion's realm.

OVERSEAS there is an amazing revival in hand-made flowers for home decoration as well as for personal adornment. This has been brought about by the production of wood fibre, which is dyed in Nature's richest colors and most delicate tonings. And so easy are they to make that I am sure every one of my readers will be tempted to try their hands at not only emulating—but surpassing—Nature.

LAST week, a traveller arriving from overseas carried off the ship a basket of magnificent dusky-yellow roses. Naturally, with not a rose to be had anywhere, they were the cynosure of admiring eyes.

Only a close-up view revealed the fact that they were made by hand, and not by Nature. They had been presented to the traveller on her departure from Paris six weeks before, and looked as fresh and sweet after their lengthy voyage as their fair owner.

To give you another instance of the remarkable "life-like" appearance of these wood fibre blooms: A member of the staff walked into my room this morning, and noticed the bowl of cyclamen on my desk. "Aren't they lovely," she exclaimed, touching one. "Do you know, for a moment, I thought they were artificial!"

So, to-day you can make your garden flowers, reproduce our native flora, and use them in divers ways. . . . Bowls of roses, carnations, sweet peas can decorate the table, and deceive the eye. Made of this wood fibre they not only look real, they even feel real. The only way they can be detected from real blooms is by their lack of perfume.

You can have potted blooms here and there in your rooms, knowing that the colors will never fade, and the flowers never die. You can fill your home with many of our wild flowers, made by your own hands and not "collected" from Crown lands.

You can decorate the daintiest lingerie and nightgown cases, also kerchiefs and towels—with what a thought to keep in mind for Christmas when you're racking your mind for something dainty and sweet to make and give!

Fashion Favors Them!

AT a spring fashion parade the other day, I noted that hand-made sprays decorate the corsage this season of evening frocks, and flower garlands for the hair supersede the glittering halos of last season. . . . Field flowers decorate hats in intriguing manner, but, perhaps, the most colorful and eye-enhancing object of the whole parade was a shoulder cape covered with rich, red poppies. And on the fashion page this week, you will note the beguiling daisy cape which Alice Jackson features. What about copying it?

Yes, there are many, many ways of utilising the output of your artistry in this most delightful craft.

In order that you might be among the very first to hear all about this new craft, I rushed post-haste to David Jones when I received word that they had just opened up and commenced work on this wood fibre.

I found that it is obtainable in 3-inch size packets, containing approximately 70 sheets.

Glorious Colors and Tones

THE colors obtainable include white, lavender, rose pink, salmon, Cecil Brunner pink, dark red, light and medium red, apple blossom pink, tangerine, cream, light yellow, daffodil, green, light blue, cyclamen and violet.

Two-tone colors are obtainable in the following combinations: violet and lavender, daffodil and light yellow, cyclamen, medium red, and yellow, orchid throat green and white, orange and light yellow, red and white.

ender, daffodil and light yellow, cyclamen, medium red, and yellow, orchid throat green and white, orange and light yellow, red and white.

AND now I will tell you how you can make the lovely cyclamen, one of the flowers pictured here.

If you wish, I can procure for you an illustrated booklet with general instructions for making these fascinating wood fibre flowers, for the price of sixpence, plus twopenny postage. This book also contains patterns for the rose, camellia, sweet pea, Cecil Brunner rose, tiger lily, carnation, geranium, violet, dog-rose—and cyclamen.

Here, on this page, you will see the diagram from which you can make your cyclamen. You will require a packet of wood fibre, cyclamen shade, some glue, wire, and rose "seeds" for centre. First, trace the pattern on to another sheet of stiff paper, and cut through all the outlines.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



WHAT next? Tiger lilies that defy Nature — made from wood fibre. The spots on the petals are given with ink or water paint!

PATTERN for cyclamen: You can use the diagram shown above for tracing purposes should you desire to try your hand at this fascinating craft. See article.

Now make fine "doubles" of this pattern. A double consists of two sheets of wood fibre, cut into the shape of the pattern required, and glued or gummed together around the edges only.

Tie a few rose seeds over a hooked wire (No. 19), and cut in scallop fashion the tops of the petals to resemble the real petal.

When these are dry, assemble round the "centre" you have made, tie firmly at the bottom of the fibre, and cut off wire and fibre.

Add a medium "cup" (you can buy these little floral cups at the arts department of any big store) double the petals completely back, and bend head of flower down. Cover wire with length of red tubing, and it's done.

Always remember that, when gumming the wood fibre to use a thick gum or glue as the fibre absorbs the moisture like a blotter.

If you write to me I shall be pleased to obtain all necessary information as to cost of materials necessary to make these charming blooms. And, as I said before, I can procure for you the little booklet with patterns and full instructions for 6d. Please add a 2d. stamp for postage.

Of course, you can obtain a correct copy of your favorite flower by taking a real one apart and copying it direct, having another bloom by you to act as a guide.—E.E.O.



OVERSEAS hand-made flowers make bridal bouquets. And here you see a bridesmaid's bouquet of glorious yellow roses intermingled with greenery—made from wood fibre! —Flowers by courtesy of David Jones—Women's Weekly photos.

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W.W., 25/8/34. E.E.O.

WOOD fibre dyed in Nature's own colors and shadings can now be had to make these lovely flowers you see here. With little effort and expense you can create all manner of flowers for home decoration and personal adornment.



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DRESSING the GARDEN . . . for SUMMER!

Though Enjoying the First Fruits of Spring . . . Look Ahead!

—Says the OLD GARDENER

SELECT asters, ageratum, English daisies, delphiniums, petunias, zinnias, for your summer display, and the Old Gardener in his quaint way will tell how to prepare the beds, and the general routine for planting your seeds.

WELL, Miss, our gardens are certainly beginning to show results for our labor. As I came along this morning I noticed many gardens blazing with color—Iceland poppies, ranunculi, anemones, clematis, snags, and many others wave and nod to the first sign of spring.

The roses are ready to burst into flower. All they require now is plenty of liquid manure, and a thorough overhaul once each week to keep down insects and fungus diseases. I will have much to say about these diseases later.

But now what we must attend to at once is the preparation for our summer display. Some time ago I told you how to prepare the beds ready for summer gardens. Well, I see you have carried out that advice. We must go to the nursery and prepare the seed-beds ready for our annual display.

This corner we will dig deeply, make level, then mark out into small beds ready for each separate variety.

Yes, sow asters. Select some of the following: Californian Giant, Heart of France, Crego, and American Beauty.

A bed of that fluffy blue ageratum makes a pleasing decoration. Another sowing of snapdragons—choose from among Cerise King, Pelham Beauty,

worth a place in the garden. The Dama-lev is one of the best. For the semi-shaded places in dells, glens, or rockeries, don't forget the colums.

I suggest a bed of gerberas. Who would be without these beautiful daisies from Africa? Keep a place for the pentstemon—their bell-shaped flower is always an outstanding feature in a corner where they can be left to themselves.

Rosy Morn

AND now comes the petunia. What a display one can have! We have them large and double fringed, with quaint markings and colorings—and that beautiful pink "Rosy Morn" never fails to attract. Have a dashing display of those gay flowers, phlox drummondii. Borders of blue lobelia must be added to the picture.

Over shed, fowl run, or tennis court, make a display which will give you an early autumn coloring of mima lobata. There is nothing more beautiful than old unsightly patches clothed with this beautiful flower. It makes a wonderful decoration. Its colors seem to blend with everything.

AND now, Miss, for the zinnia, a flower that seems to be our standby during the hot weather. Zinnias to-



A STUDY OF the stately arum lily dusted with dew. To-day, enterprising folk endeavor to "gild the lily" and improve nature with ink, gold, and water-color paints. In a city florist's window the other day a huge bowl of primrose, palest blue, delicate pink and gilded arum lilies drew hundreds of curious eyes. The effect was certainly striking.

Pink Beauty, Queen of the North, Queen Victoria, Black Prince, and Victory.

That little English daisy—Bellis Prentis—is beautiful either as a border or scattered here and there through crazy paving work. Montrose is the best to try.

A bed of calendula is always appreciated, and bunches of beautiful flowers can be had throughout the year. There is Campfire, that glorious, orange-colored flower, which will brighten up any dull corner or room. Orange King, Orange Radio, Lemon Queen, Golden Delight, and Prince of Orange are all good strains.

Candytuft is always an asset for cut flowers, and you should never be without a few Canterbury bells.

Celosia, a Quaint Delight

YES, you may plant carnation seed—and how interesting it is to grow carnations from seed! Celosia, that wonderful old-time cockscomb, is always a quaint delight.

Yes, have some more delphiniums—they will be ready for the late summer or early autumn display. Try just a few chrysanthemums from seed, and you will find more interest still. And don't forget, Miss, the dahlias seed. Sprinkle some seeds of echinops in a corner where they are to remain. Don't disturb them, and you will soon have a fine showing with glorious color.

Then there are some fine galliardias

day have been improved beyond expectations. The beds when massed give all flower-lovers a thrill of delight, making a landscape of color that lives long in one's memory. There is the giant mammoth grandiflora, Giant Robusta. Colors can be grown separately or mixed. A bed of pom-pom zinnias is always welcome. The close, compact, tiny flowers find favor when they make a splendid border in front of the taller ones, and also make a grand display of color planted in massed beds by themselves. Liliput is the name of those popular zinnias.

When planting all these seeds, prepare the bed carefully marking off each little bed separately. Sow the seed evenly and cover lightly with manure well decayed and rubbed through a fine sieve. Water well, and in a few days the seeds will be up.

Do not let your seed-bed dry out. Keep moist, but not too wet. Seeds sown in beds do much better than when sown in boxes. When the plants are well up and getting their third leaf prick them out into boxes. Twice-handled plants always do better.

When potting them in boxes plant them an inch by an inch apart. When large enough to transplant, they can be cut out with a sharp knife, allowing plenty of soil to adhere to the roots. No setback in transplanting is felt. To dig plants straight from the nursery bed and then to transplant them will have only fatal results.



TWO
£100 Prizes
LAST WEEK
ANOTHER
£100 Prize
THIS WEEK

AFTER winning TWO £100 prizes in the 215th Lottery drawn last Monday week, Lucky Fred won another £100 prize last Monday, with the fifth marble, drawn from the barrel.

That shows how near Fred is to winning his next FIRST PRIZE, so send for a share quickly.

Main prizes in the 215th Lottery:—
£100—Ticket 26285
£100—Ticket 56374
215th (Last Monday's Lottery)
£100—Ticket 68258

TOTAL NOW £66,400

Lucky Fred has distributed among his shareholders a fortune—£66,400!

Included in this are his FOUR FIRST PRIZES of £1,000 EACH, which means that TWENTY SHAREHOLDERS each received a cheque for £1,000 for their 1/6.

You, too, may have this happy experience! £1,000 quickly! Surely it's worth the risk of shillingspence!

Lucky Fred's next First Prize is due, and any day now this £1,000 should be shared among Lucky Fred's syndicates. Luck comes when you least expect it. To-day may be your lucky day! Send for a share straight away! 1/6 to-day—£1,000 in the bank next week!

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And Now for A Striking PEASANT STITCH

To Decorate with Spring-like Loveliness
Blouses, Frocks, and Linen for Your Home

ITS origin lies in that romantic country tucked away in Europe—Rumania. But Rumania is not the only country in the Balkan Peninsula which uses this popular stitch—the peasants of neighboring countries are not strangers to it. We can see the stitch on the national peasant costumes, and on the household draperies of the brides. It is popularly used in a stout brick-red silk thread upon coarse homespun linen.

THIS is one of those handy stitches which can be used for all kinds of decoration. And as spring is upon us, we can connect this stitch with little leaves which, with their curling stems, may be scattered here, there, and everywhere.

Rumanian stitch can make a straight line stitch as shown in sketch 1 of our diagram, or the stitches may slant as in 2. But, as we said before, we like it now for a little leaf stitch as shown in Fig. 3.

How to Work It

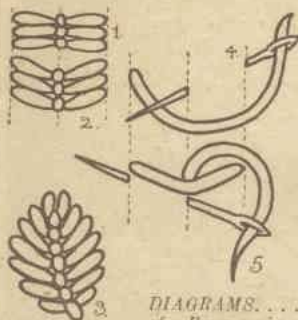
TO work Rumanian stitch use a non-stranded thread for practice. Draw



LITTLE sage or myrtle green leaves within a border of Rumanian lines make a fascinating and unusual table-runner—and in keeping with the season. You can use the leaf diagram shown here for tracing purposes. Reverse some of the leaves by turning over the tracing which you make on tissue paper. See article.

three parallel lines as a guide (see dotted lines).

Look at Fig. 4. Bring the thread out of the material on the left side line, place the needle in on the right side line slanting to come out on the central



guide line. See that the needle point remains above the thread. Pull out the needle. Place needle in as in Fig. 5. This is on the central line close below the spot where it came out, but on the other side of the little horizontal bar. Point the needle out on left side line. Pull it out and repeat again as from top position.

Thus we have horizontal bars held down in the centre by tiny loop stitches which are just the width of the thread. Make stems in back stitch.

Suggested Ways for Using It

ON coarse orash, huckaback, or linen, in knitting cotton or silk. Brick



A SHIRT BLOUSE in white voile or organdie, sporting a college tie would be sweet with the turnback cuffs and collar embroidered with Rumanian lines. This peasant stitch in brick red, or black, would be smart introduced into sleeves or yoke of any other type of white voile blouse for summerline wear.

A happy lease of life can be given a tired-looking evening dress by the introduction into the skirt of frilly godets. Make about six slits in the skirt, and set a quarter-of-a-circle godet in each. Use chiffon and build it up in tiers of frills. This gives a fashionable bunchy effect at the bottom.

red or black in a color scheme of brick, tan, black, and white. For aprons, table-centres, and runners.

The same color scheme on a white voile or organdie shirt blouse (note illustration), or a smock, with turn-back collar and cuffs, and college tie.

A table centre as shown in sketch would be charming with little leaves in sage or myrtle green. Draw these little leaves scattered about in a border to make a trimming of their own. Have curling stems of back stitch. Reverse some of the leaves by turning over the tracing which you make on tissue paper from this page.

Summery bangles carrying your monogram would look entrancing with Rumanian lines clustered round the monogram in pastel shades.

Make these "Cuddly" Cushions for Your Little Ones!

LET them choose between the wise old owl and the quaint granny cushion. The cost of making is practically nil, and their constant pleasure will be your happy reward.



THE WISE old owl is made from hessian or any other material at hand.

FOSTER the lore of storyland in your children by making them some "cuddly" cushions. And if you find the little ones nursing them instead of sitting on them—then flatter yourself that your sewing is superlatively good. A little imagination and some patience are the only things necessary—besides a few scraps of material and cotton, of course.

THE Wise Owl cushion is made out of a rectangular piece of nut-brown hessian—1 yard is enough material. You machine up the sides, shaping just a little at both ends in a slight curve.

Then turn the bag-like body inside out and insert the kapok. Be careful putting this stuffing in so as not to

make Mr. Owl too bulky. A couple of pleats at one end, each side deftly arranged for his ears, which can be made to look exactly like ears by just putting a few stitches here and there.

A couple more stitches further down indicate the neck and form flaps, which when stitched later with wool suggest Mr. Owl's wings. Two semi-circular pleated scraps of black or yellow felt sewn on at the bottom hem make his feet, while a third scrap of the same felt folded in a beak-like form must be stitched securely in the middle of the face.

The eyes, which are the making of the bird, are just circles of yellow felt or leather sewn on, with smaller circular black patches in the centre.

Now stitch up the opening and embroider the "feathers" in two or three shades of brown or fawn wools. Use a simple "rayed" stitching round the eyes, some coarse stitching diagonally through the wings and ears and a few embroidered "arrow heads" on the breast of the bird. An uneven scallop of wide blanket-stitching right round the breast completes the bird—or shall we say cushion?

The Quaint Granny Cushion

GRANNY, another type of "cuddly" cushion is made of bits and pieces.

A three-cornered piece of material makes her shawl and her skirt, to which it is stitched is just a plain straight piece folded to form a bag. An old flesh-colored stocking leg makes her face and her hand. The three-cornered

bodice showing in the illustration is added afterwards.

Roughly cut the pieces to shape, flat on the table, tacking them wherever necessary. When the outline and effect are satisfactory, stitch the four patches forming the shawl, skirt, and face firmly together; the back will be formed of two pieces, shawl and skirt. Join the back and front together and put in stuffing.

Paint features on Granny's face. Stitch on her brown wool hair. Her stuffed hand should be firmly stitched by the wrist to the shawl edge.

Pointed flaps of black cloth make her shoes, just stitched to the bottom of the skirt.



"BITS AND PIECES" make up this "Granny" cushion. I am sure your little girl would love her.

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APPEAL . . . to Shop Assistants

CYRIL RITCHARD made an earnest appeal to shop assistants last week, at David Jones' business luncheon. One is apt to judge a country by the treatment one receives in the shops, he said, and casual or rude behaviour from sales girls will turn one against a shop, a street, a city, a country.

He himself, while in America, had been "high-hatted" on a couple of occasions by sales girls, although otherwise treated with extraordinarily kind hospitality wherever he went. He had several American friends who, in Sydney stores, had struck on one or two occasions girls who were not interested. As a result they went away with a bad impression of Australia as a nation.

He then gave his impressions of Hollywood, where both he and Miss Elliott were received very kindly. He said that he was disillusioned to find that Hollywood was only a suburb of Los Angeles. They were both astonished at the cheapness of everything—living, clothes, food.



A STUDY in poise and balance by a group of students of Miss Patricia Page. An entertainment will be presented at the Conservatorium Hall by Miss Page on August 27 in aid of the Red Cross.

—Sidney Riley photo.

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of ugly
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HEALTH**

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**KEEP UGLY BLEMISHES
AWAY**

Skin flaws ruin happiness. There's no peace of mind for you, no enjoyment, if your skin is spoiled by unsightly blemishes. Yet you can so easily avoid all this worry. With its penetrative medicated lather, Rexona Soap goes deep into the pores, purifying and soothing, healing skin flaws at their very source, and removing the impurities which cause them. The Cady medications in the Rexona lather draw away the clogging dirt from the pores, ridding them of germs, and soothing the sensitive tissues so that your skin soon begins to glow with a new clearness.

CORRECTS PRESENT FAULTS
Protects against future blemishes just as valuable as the purifying effect of the Rexona medications is its gentle stimulation. As they soothe, the new medications in the lather-like lather brace and invigorate the tissues, so building up a new vitality which is the surest safeguard against future blemishes. This protective stimulation keeps your skin smooth and clear.

LET THESE REVITALISING
REXONA MEDICATIONS
MAKE AND KEEP YOUR
SKIN SMOOTH AND CLEAR

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and
soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and re-
vive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores
and improve texture.

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Pimples and blackheads quickly yield to the clearing, freshening medications in the New Rexona Soap, but more serious skin disorders usually need further treatment. It is for treatment of these cases that Rexona Ointment is so very valuable. The Soap and Ointment combined make a perfect treatment for even the most troublesome skin affections, quickly healing the skin, leaving it smooth and unscarred. Always keep a tin of Rexona Ointment in the house.

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SPRING TIME . . . is Wallpaper Time!

and the Smartest Designs and Loveliest
Colors . . . are all at Your Fingertips!

As spring approaches, one's thoughts turn naturally to the brightening up of the home. And as the walls should be attended to first, consider the decorative possibilities of the new wallpapers . . . Wisely chosen, skilfully applied, there is no finer decoration.

PEOPLE must dismiss the idea that because we in Australia are thousands of miles away from England—the centre, the very home of wallpapers—we are therefore months behind the times with regard to the latest designs in wallpapers. If anything, we are ahead of the Continent.

The various wallpaper manufacturers overseas spend many months of each year in creating new designs. Each manufacturer employs many artists—some improving on designs that have particularly appealed to the buying public; others, especially in these days of the new patterns, designing something that is different.

After the artists are finished, and the new designs are printed, the pattern books are first sent to all overseas wallpaper houses. So, actually, pattern books are received in Australia before the trade in England. Orders for these new wallpapers are prepared and for-

warded for urgent shipment, and we receive the goods by return.

In England, however, it is the rule of the Wallpaper Association that goods ordered from the new season's sets cannot be sold until a specified date each year. And as nearly four months must elapse after the new patterns are issued before this date is reached, it is possible for us to have the goods on sale in Australia several weeks before those at home, as we are not affected by the agreement.

While we are lightly touching on the production of wallpapers do you ever realise how inexpensive wallpapers are? Of course, if you wish, you can spend as much as two or three pounds per roll, but it is possible to buy a roll of wallpaper for as low as sixpence—that covers 12 yards of paper, 22 inches wide, a

pattern with several colors printed on it in quite an attractive design.

When you consider that a roll of wallpaper covers 60 square feet, and has travelled 13,000 miles, it seems hard to understand how it can be produced for the money—let alone sold at that price to cover profit for the manufacturer. It costs you more to buy the same amount of ordinary wrapping paper.

So you see that by paying a few shillings a roll you are getting something in quality and design that is exceptional. In conversation with Mr. W. L. Piper, of Grace Bros. Wallpaper Dept., he said that the selecting of wallpapers is not such a hard job as some people imagine.

"Place your confidence in the salesman attending you," advises Mr. Piper. "Give him a description of your room—furnishings and color scheme."

For instance, don't let him show you about fifty patterns suitable for a hall or a dining-room, and then remark that you want it for a bedroom!



BECAUSE OF ITS beauty and adaptability, wallpaper takes precedence over every other material for decoration. Here you glimpse some of the newest and smartest examples straight from the English manufacturers. These art moderne wallpapers are now on display at Grace Bros.

A salesman does his best to find out your particular requirements; at the same time you must guide him a little in your own style and tastes. Tell him just the type of room you have, and the colorings, and let him suggest what he thinks will suit. It is his job, and he can usually supply you with a scheme that you hardly thought possible to obtain.

Yellowed Piano Keys

A PASTE made from lemon juice and whitening and placed over piano keys that have become yellow will whiten them. Leave the paste on for a few minutes, rub off with a damp cloth, and polish with a few drops of olive oil on a duster.



YOUR CHILD'S HAIR

THE beauty and vitality of your child's hair in the years to come depend on the care you give it now! Dandruff, eczema and cradle-cap with Valanol Pomade. Valanol Pomade is an antiseptic scalp tonic that promotes healthy hair growth. All Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the manufacturer, Box 2234PT, G.P.O., Sydney, Price, 3/-.

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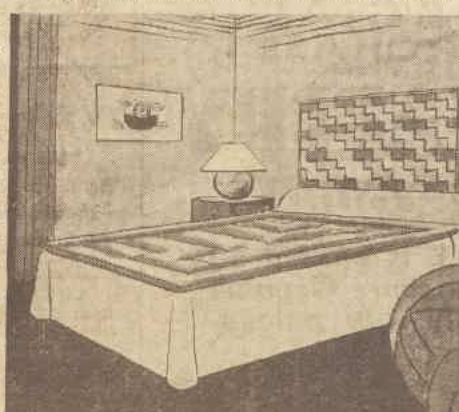
Cyril Richard, Madge Elliott

in "GAY DIVORCE"

With Gus Elliott, Leo Franklin, Madge Aubrey, Frank Leighton, Isabelle Mahon.

AROUND the HOME

Here is practical advice for the homelover, tried hints and worth-while ideas that every woman appreciates since they help to lighten the burden of the daily round.



Vegetable Water

ALL vegetable water should be kept for soup. If, however, you insist upon throwing it away down the sink, immediately follow it with a flush of fresh water or soda-water. Vegetable water has a most revolting smell.



Furniture Stains

SUCH marks are due to hot plates being put on the wood, and are not easy to remove, even though treated as soon as done. There are two good methods, however. The first: Rub the place with a mixture of fine salt and olive oil. The second: Rub with linseed oil and afterwards polish the table with spirits of wine. For furniture scratches, apply a mixture of turpentine and linseed oil in equal proportions, using a rag.

Baking Tins

BAKING tins, tin lids, or dish covers should be washed in hot soapy water, adding a little soda and soap powder. Dry them well before putting them away.

Burnt Saucepans

FILL your burnt saucepans with water in which a little salt has been dissolved. Bring to the boil, and let it remain until the next day. You will have no difficulty in cleaning your saucepan. If soda is used it may cause your saucepan to burn again.

Candle Grease

CANDLE grease on clothes presents no difficulty if a piece of clean blotting-paper is placed on either side of the spot and pressed with a hot iron.



Wooden Articles

ALL wooden articles such as chopping-boards and pastry-boards should be scrubbed and left to dry after having been rubbed with a cloth. Sieves should be scrubbed with a brush and be well dried.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers

STAND the bottle from which the stopper is to be removed in hot water for about five minutes. See that the water covers the mouth of the bottle. Put a few drops of salad oil round the stopper, stand the bottle near a fire, and tap the stopper gently. Either way will loosen the stopper, but beware lest the contents of the bottle expand or become damaged by heat.

PICTURED above is rather a happy idea for a room with a divan type of bed. In place of a head-board use a panel of embroidery or decorative material. In this room, which was furnished in rose and grey shades, these two shades were used to charming advantage.



Scratched, Dull Glass

The simplest and the best way to brighten glassware and to remove disfiguring scratches is to wash in warm, soapy water. When quite clean, rinse in cold water, and drain. Do not wipe. In this way you will not smudge the glass, and there will be no pieces of the cloth left in crevices. Decanters which have become dirty and discoloured can be cleaned by putting a tablespoon of sand, or some small shot, inside, and shaking it about with a little water.



Flowers Revived

CUT the stems before putting them in water, and each day cut off about half an inch. Change the water daily. An aspirin or a little salt and soda in the water will help. Surprising as it seems, they also like warm water.

Gilt Frames

BOIL two or three onions (first peeling them) in water, adding a little flowers of sulphur. When the liquid is cold, strain it, and wash over the frame with a soft brush.

An Old-fashioned Idea

THE old-fashioned idea of putting lavender-bags in the linen cupboard is a good one and well worth keeping. Lavender gives linen a very faint, but delicate, attractive, and refreshing perfume.

Kid Gloves

CLEAN white kid gloves with cream of tartar gently rubbed in, or with a bit of flannel dipped in petrol or benzine. Darker gloves may be cleaned by rubbing them with a flannel dipped in milk



and soaped. The flannel should be rinsed frequently, and when the gloves are clean pull them into shape and leave them to dry on a clean towel. There is no need to rinse them.



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A Great Convenience.

It saves you going out in all weathers to shop. YOUR ORDERS CAN BE TELEPHONED.

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Many of your friends — far and near — will be WITHIN QUICK CALL.

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This advertisement is inspired by the Australian Telephone Development Association for the purpose of popularising the telephone and of recording the Postmaster-General's Department's efforts to develop its use and improve the service to the community.

Official Statement



Accommodation

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that accommodation will not be available in Melbourne during the Centenary Celebrations.

However, bookings are coming in very rapidly, especially for the peak periods, and, to avoid disappointment, it is advisable to make early application for hotel, guest house, or private house accommodation to the Official Centenary Accommodation Bureau, 435 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I., giving full details of requirements.

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CENTENARY

Grace Bros.

SPECIAL PURCHASE

HANDMADE NAPERY

BOUGHT AT A BIG DISCOUNT

This Saving of up to 10/- in the £ is passed on to you. Now is your opportunity to secure Genuine Hand-Made Napery at absurdly low prices.



71/6 Pretty Hand-made Luncheon Sets for 49/11

Dainty hand-made Venetian work with pretty Point Lace insets. Six Serviettes to match. Size 34 x 34 inches. REGULAR VALUE, set 71/6. **Special Price, set 49/11**

102/6 Beautiful Fillet Luncheon Sets for 65/-

Glorious designs in Fillet and Venetian work. All hand made with six pretty serviettes to match. Size 34 x 34 inches. REGULAR VALUE, set 102/6. **Special Price, set 65/-**



3/6 Dainty Hand-made D'oyleys for 1/6 ea.

Pretty Venetian Cut-work. Sizes: 10in. round, 6 x 12in. oval. REGULAR VALUE 3/6. **Special Price, each 1/6**

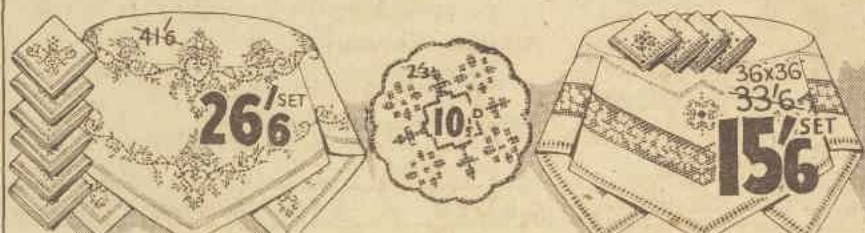
52/6 Pretty Luncheon Sets for 21/- set.

Dainty Hand-made Drawn Thread Work, on pure linen grounds. Six dainty serviettes to match. Size 43 x 43 inches. REGULAR VALUE, set 52/6. **Special Price, set 21/-**

Dainty Hand-made Tray Cloths

Cream Linen grounds, with pretty hand-embroidered designs. Size 6 x 12.

REGULAR VALUE, 1/6. **Special Price, 2 for 9d**



41/6 Pretty Hand-embroidered Luncheon Sets for 26/6

Dainty Venetian Cut-work on pure linen. Colours: Cream, Rose, Gold, or Orange. Six dainty serviettes to match. REGULAR VALUE, set 41/6. **Special Price, set 26/6**

23/6 Hand-made Punch Work D'oyleys for 10/6

Cream Linen, with pretty hand-made, punch-work designs. Size 10 inches round. REGULAR VALUE, set 23/6. **Special Price, each 10/6**

33/6 Pretty Hand-made Supper Sets for 15/6

Pure Cream Linen with Dainty Hand-embroidered Designs, four serviettes to match. Size 36 x 36 inches. REGULAR VALUE, set 33/6. **Special Price, set 15/6**



12x18 Pretty Hand-made Tray Cloths for 10 1/2 each

Dainty coloured hand-embroidered designs. Size 12 x 18 inches. REGULAR VALUE, 12/11. **Special Price, each 10 1/2**

14x20 Hand-made Tray Cloths for 2/9 each

Pretty hand-embroidered and applique designs on pure linen. Size 14 x 20 inches. REGULAR VALUE, each 6/11. **Special Price, each 2/9**

1/10 Dainty Hand-made D'oyleys for 9d. each

Pretty effects in Venetian and Punch-work designs. Size 5 x 10 inches. REGULAR VALUE, 1/10. **Special Price, each 9d**

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HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10. Myra Dempsey, 2 to 3, Dorothea Vautier.

Why do Women Marry?

"Do women marry for a home?"... Poor women! What a subject they are for discussion! Perhaps for a change we should turn the subject round and ask: "Do men marry for a housekeeper, a flatterer, or a companion?"

THE series of debates between a man and a woman at 2.40 p.m. at 2UW on the last Tuesday in the month has been enormously appreciated, as no matter how argumentative the subject, the debaters parry one another in good spirit.

Next Tuesday, Mrs. Irene Greenwood will cross swords with Mr. Prentice, and she will endeavor to show that a large majority of women marry for a bread-ticket—for someone who will supply them with food and a home. Perhaps they will delve deeper and ask why women marry for this reason? Is it because so often their pay is so small as to make work hardly worth while—and yet in their own homes many work very hard indeed sometimes for no reward at all.

However, this is an interesting subject and should bring a large post from thinking women. Letters on this subject will be read and discussed over the air.

The book chosen by Dorothea Vautier for this week is "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

"Not to have read 'Anthony Adverse,'" says the "London Star," "would be to admit one's self hopelessly out of touch with the times." "I was deeply impressed by it," says Noel Coward. "It is magnificent."

Franklin Hughes, Designer

MR. HUGHES left America at a very early age after completing a three years' course in two, in the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. After winning a scholarship he went to Paris and Rome to study, and came back again full of new ideas and enthusiasm. He was commissioned to arrange all the decorative work in connection with the



"See Australia First"

IN these days, when to travel overseas has become very expensive because of the rate of exchange, it seems very good advice to "See Australia First," and it is certainly a good business proposition to spend one's money in one's own country.

Probably this is one reason why trips to the Barrier Reef have become so popular, both with tourists and scientists. The coral reefs are a never-ending source of wonder. The coral island is an accumulation of coral set in the sea, but raising its head above the water like the surface of any other island. It would need a whole book to do justice to all kinds of coral islands, but interesting facts will be related by Mrs. Littlejohn on Friday, at 11.15 a.m., at 2UW.

ONCE again, we draw attention to the delightful Sunday musical programme presented at 2UW. The music of the Masters, with explanatory notes by Mr. Baeyens at 11 a.m.; the Symphony in "C" No. 41—The Jupiter (Mozart) at 3 p.m. This was the last of the Trio of Symphonies that completed Mozart's long list of works. The whole three were written between the 26th June and the 10th August, 1788, an astonishingly short time for works of such perfection, and emphatic proof of the inspiration that dominated the composer.

At 4.15 "La Vallee" (Bavel) will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This depicts an Imperial Court about 1855, and a scene that is at first obscured by wheeling clouds which gradually disperse, when an immense hall is seen filled with dancers. The scene clears, and the strains of a Viennese waltz are heard. This performance has tremendous richness of color. Monday at 8 p.m. the Miniature Musical is programmed. This well-established favorite features Amy Oetings, Vernon Sellars and Clifford Arnold.

Dorothea Vautier

THE modern girl works in the daytime but she has leisure to spend it. Leisure for workers is so new that most houses are still designed only for sleeping and eating. There is no provision for pleasure, for privacy, for study, for rest or for social intercourse.

In England, over 4000 clubs for girls have sprung up in answer to this problem. They are affiliated through the four national societies to the National Council of Girls' Clubs, at Bloomsbury Place, London. Some of these clubs are enormous and elaborate affairs, with huge premises, every sort of recreation facility, and are open all day and every day.

Some are tiny rooms only open once a week but the idea behind them is the same, the chance for girls to meet together, to study, read, dance, sing, create, act, play games, and learn to be a part of the communal life. "To a fuller life for greater service," is the motto of this movement.

On Thursday, August 30, at 2.45 p.m. Dorothea Vautier will talk on this subject of Girls' Clubs.

On Friday, August 31, "An Interesting Book From My Shelf" will be featured.

MR. OSWALD ANDERSON, general manager of 2UW. Prior to entering the broadcasting field Mr. Anderson was closely identified with musical activities in England and Australia. In 1919 he managed numerous concert tours, including Peter Dawson's, from 1916 to 1918. He was formerly associated here with 2FC, and when 2FC and 2BL were merged into the N.S.W. Broadcasting Commission he was appointed general manager. Mr. Anderson is one of the leading figures in the broadcasting world of Australia.

—Sidney Riley.

new palatial home of Mrs. G. Baker, one of America's wealthiest women; also that of the great Chrysler, the motor millionaire.

He has designed in Australia already, the first being the settings for "Mother of Pearl," being played in Melbourne at the present time, and in which Mlle. Delyzia is playing the leading role. In addition, he designed all the furniture and settings for the picture, "Clara Gibbings" in which Dorothy Brumton is the star. This picture, though not yet released, offers quite a treat in the unusual furniture and settings.

On Monday, August 27, at 2.10 p.m., Mr. Franklin Hughes will give a talk from 2UW on "What NOT to do in furnishing a home."

A New Series

BEGINNING on Friday, 31st, at 2.40, a new series will be inaugurated. Every last Friday in the month a representative from the Federation of Mothers' Clubs for Infant Schools will speak of the splendid work these clubs are doing. Mrs. Lily Middleton will be the first speaker. Her subject will be, "What the Mothers' Clubs mean to the Infant Schools."

At Farmer's Business Girls' Luncheon on the 28th of the month, in the name of the Oke-Wall, Miss Eva Knox, daughter of the Czechoslovakian Consul, will speak on "Women in Business in Central Europe."

Intimate Jottings

Have You Heard—

That Mrs. Kenneth Shepherd is on a visit to Sydney from Melbourne?

That invitations are out for Mrs. Pickburn's house-warming party at the new Garden clubhouse in Elizabeth Bay Rd.?

That Mrs. Arthur Bowman is visiting her station, Archerfield, Singleton?

That Mrs. Jack Sinclair, of Glen Innes, is staying at the Garden Club?

Visiting Baden-Baden

MR. AND MRS. W. WEDERMEYER, of

Darling Point, are visiting Baden-Baden and enjoying that luxurious resort. They greatly admire the avenues of copper beeches and other tall trees, and also the delightful walks which have made Baden a favorite health resort for a century or so. The casino, with its roulette table, was the first in Europe, but it was stopped by the authorities in 1872, and all the gay doings migrated to Monte Carlo.

Nowadays roulette has been revived, so Baden-Baden bids fair to become the most popular rendezvous for the gay throng. Mr. and Mrs. Wedermeyer are planning to be home again in October—they will leave for Sydney by the Monterey.

Deferred Birthday Party

WAGGA is one of the brightest of country centres, and Betty Higgins is among the many who love to holiday there. She leaves this week to stay with Dr. Nathan's daughter, Ellie, lots of bridge and golf being on the programme. Betty will return on September 30, in time for the Picnic Ball, the Golf Club Ball, the Independent Theatre dance, and her own birthday party, deferred from September, the real date, to October 3.

Although she has such social poise, and has organised so many important functions, Betty will only be twenty-one.

Over from India

MRS. A. HALL, who has many friends in Sydney, is on a visit with her twin sons from her home in India. Mrs. Hall was Hazel Campbell, of Queensland, and has been her brother's guest at their station, Wanball. She has also visited her aunt, Mrs. R. J. Curtis, of Bundaberg. She will return to India by the Cathay.

A Gilded Grasshopper

IN between cocktails and afternoon tea—which combination is becoming quite the modern fashion, by the way—Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lowe gave very interesting talks at their party last week on Central Australia and the East, respectively, illustrated by their many curios.

Mr. Lowe told how, when in the desert, he had one bottle for his gold specimens and others for his specimens for the Museum. On returning to Sydney he was horrified to find his gold missing, but, rushing to the Museum, found that he had put a grasshopper in the gold bottle by mistake, and that the grasshopper was beautifully gilded all over. The Museum people were very careful about the washing of that grasshopper!

Popped in by Plane

SOON it will be quite usual to take morning tea in Brisbane, lunch in Sydney, and dinner in Melbourne. On Saturday I met Mrs. John Collins, who had flown down with her husband from Beaudesert to visit her mother, Mrs. R. C. Hagon.

On Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Fisher blew in on Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter. Mr. George Falkiner had flown them down from Burren Junction. They are staying at the Australia.

Quiet Wedding Planned

THOUGH muffled up as a result of flu, Sid Hebdon, very well known to University veterinary science folk and rowing enthusiasts, has been spending his time very happily during the last week planning for his wedding to his very fair fiancée, Rheba Stewart, of Fitzwilliam St., Vacluse.

The wedding, which will be celebrated at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on September 8, will be a very quiet one, with just a few guests invited to a cocktail party afterwards.

Palm Beach Pioneer

JACK RALSTON and his bride Nora McAuliffe, after the wedding will go to Honolulu, and doubtless Jack will revel in the long, rolling breakers there. When Jack was only a lad he used to be often seen speeding over the breakers on his surfboard at Palm Beach. The late Mr. J. T. Ralston, his father, was one of the pioneers of Palm Beach, and in the garden around the shack he planted every sort of tropical fruit. He called the place by the longest of Kipling's words, Warragaborrogorooma.

When holidays came, young Jack Ralston travelled to Palm Beach by road and river, and then walked over the hill from Pittwater to the Bay, as that was the only way to go then. The present owner of the garden which Jack's father planted is very proud of the large custard apples that grow so well in that sheltered corner of Palm Beach.



Famous Sword

JOHN PEECE has taken a flat at Selsdon, Macleay St., and is busy arranging his art collection. The gem of his possessions is the sword of the famous Hungarian patriot, Francis Rakoski, who became Francis the First of Rumania.

When John has his house in order he will get down to business, as he is opening a branch of a noted Adelaide book firm here.

Delayed by Snow

WHEN Eric Luscombe-Newman and his two carloads of companions did not arrive home on Sunday evening, as arranged, none of their parents worried, for a fortnight at Klandra can easily grow into three weeks. But the cause of the delay turned out to be the shooting accident about 30 miles from Klandra, and the party arrived home the next day.

They had packed up, and had an early lunch on Sunday, ready to start, when they found that everyone in the hotel had gone out with a sledge to bring in the victim to medical relief, and they had to wait for their return at night, Sunday week, too, they packed ready to come home, as the rain had washed away all the snow, but when they awoke on Monday to find several feet had fallen in the night, they unpacked for a further week.

Enjoys Riding

AT a party given in her honor on Monday at Guyong, Double Bay, by Mrs. R. H. Todd, Diana Davidson said how much she enjoyed riding at Turramurra. Diana, in spite of her brogues and other "sporting" attire, does not do the usual sporty things, such as golf, tennis, or, to any extent, skating.

When in Sydney previously she spent much of her time at the rink, but this time has only been twice, and has hardly ever skated abroad. When in Switzerland recently, she spent all her time ski-ing, though she always watched the French women's champion team and the Swiss men champions. The women, knowing they were outpaced, concentrated on tripping their opponents, and the matches always ended as a romp.

In Bloomsbury Studio

MRS. ALISON REHFISCH, writing from London, tells of her first appearance in the Art world, in a Dominions Exhibition, held in Bond Street during the season. There are six painters and sculptors from Australia and South Africa represented.

Wherever Alison pitches her tent, she is sure to have an eventful housewarming. This latest one she arranged in her Bloomsbury studio, which is in an historic building, and formerly housed Augustus John, Stieckert, and other celebrities. Alison has furnished it in the warm, creamy tones and pale green tints that she loves for the background of her still-life studies.

Among the Australian friends she gathered together were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lloyd, Ellen Gray, Elaine Haxton and George Duncan (who are both exhibiting at the Dominions Exhibition), Charles Bryant, Sid Rubbo, Arthur Freeman, and Jack Passmore.

Have You Noticed—

The big black Cadillac that Sir John McKelvey has given to Lady McKelvey?

The epidemic of artificially-tinted arums which has raged since the Whitney-Friend wedding?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP



JOAN HARTIGAN Buys Shorts to WEAR HERE

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

"The modest blonde from the Antipodes, with the bow at the back of her frock," is how the English Press has described Joan Hartigan, Australia's foremost woman tennis player, who has been taking part in all the principal tennis events in England and on the Continent.

But "the bow and the frock" is in danger of being discarded for the all-fashionable shorts. Joan within the last few days has purchased many patterned shorts, which she declares are for wear in Australia.

THE Australian cricketers and tennis players are all staying at the same hotel, and as both their tours are drawing to an end, many shopping expeditions have been arranged. Shopping cricketers bent on buying frocks for their wives are eagerly seeking Joan's advice and co-operation. Her keen sense of humor enables her to enjoy the situation immensely.

On Saturday the tennis players were early arrivals at Kennington Oval, where dozens of Australians had already foregathered.

The record partnership compiled by Bradman and Ponsford created intense excitement, and the whole atmosphere at the ground was interesting and pleasant.

The huge crowd present became wildly enthusiastic, and wholeheartedly applauded the strokes made by the Australians.

"There was not the slightest hint of antagonism as suggested by the English Press," said Miss Joan Hartigan.

Don's Phone Talk

ON returning to the hotel after the match I met Don Bradman, who had just finished a long telephone conversation with his wife in Australia. He looked wonderfully happy, as one would expect after such a record day.

On Monday night, Joan, accompanied

by Mr. and Mrs. Hopman, left for Scarborough, where Mrs. Hopman will recuperate after her recent illness, and Joan and Harry will play in the tennis tournament.

Before leaving for Australia by the Orford Joan will spend a few days in Scotland, and will be the guest of Mrs. Robertson, better known in Australia as Enna Boyd, and who at one time was Australia's singles tennis champion.

With the exception of Wimbledon, nearly all the major tennis events are played on hard courts, and Joan is finding that she has become so accustomed to playing on these courts that they do not now interfere with her game, but she still maintains that the grass courts are undoubtedly the best.

Joan confessed to feeling slightly homesick, and says that she is counting every minute until she returns to her family and her friends.

Miss Hartigan will accompany the Davis Cup team on their return home and they are expected to land in Australia during the last week in September, to then await the coming of the overseas tennis champions.

Of Miss Dorothy Round, Joan Hartigan says: "Australians will see the British champion in action this year. She is the model of stroke production, and our juniors should receive a great benefit from watching her strokes. While on the court her quiet, unassuming manner endears her to all."



EILEEN WHITTINGSTALL was the first English woman tennis player to grace the courts at Wimbledon wearing the much-discussed shorts. Australian tennis enthusiasts will probably see Joan Hartigan defending her titles in the various State championships in similar attire.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Strength that Is Weakness

One of the most essential rules of life should be to give everything a chance to prove itself.

If you keep on and on in one way only, you may be shutting avenues of thought and of action that ought to be open and ministering in their own particular manner, whatever it may be. Remember no bird, however rapidly he flies, can go beyond himself.

WE all fail miserably at times, simply because we won't realise the necessity to let go and give in.

Maybe we preen ourselves on our courage secretly, and we think ourselves highly commendable for sticking at things the way we do, and all the time we are being our own worst enemies.

We must not hurt others to make holiday for ourselves.

"MY husband," writes Mab, "is a very quarrelsome man, and he prides himself that he never gives in. We have an awful life sometimes through that never-give-in policy of his. Several very bad outside quarrels have developed around us, and our home life has been poisoned again and again."

"And yet he is the best of men, kind, honest, and affectionate. But he won't give in. When he meets people who won't give in, either, some wretched things eventuate."

"Is it my fault at all because I have always given in?"

NO, my dear, it isn't your fault: it's nobody's fault: it's just an error of judgment.

I advise you to get your husband to read this little preamble of mine.

A quarrelsome person enjoys a quarrel that is long drawn out, because that person has never mastered the principle of "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

Slide after stride the quarrelsome being advances on his (or her) victim, and ere long slander and recriminations follow inevitably, and the victim is roused to indignant reprisals. The noblest mind ends a quarrel quickest.

SOMEBODY is always hurt in a quarrel, and the noblest mind does not desire to hurt.

The noblest mind would like to be able to honestly say, "As we forgive them that trespass against us."

WE know, we women, how much prettier the pattern is when we weave it without knots, and how much fairer and sweeter our life is when we smooth out the knots with infinite carelessness and make them disappear from our life-pattern just as we do with our knitting and weaving and sewing.

But the queer thing about all this giving in and letting go is that often you are not giving in to your enemy at all; you're not letting go of your victim; you're letting go of your own worst self and giving your best self a chance.

That's one reason why it's so beautiful to give in and let go.

ANOTHER reason is that there is something profoundly stirring in the idea of the person who never gives in.

It affects one painfully after a while, the spectacle of the man or woman who never lets go of a grievance, and never ceases to try and get the better of someone or something.

It upsets one much as a visitor who never went to sleep would upset one coming to stay in one's home. It is unnatural.

BUT the greatest argument in favor of sometimes letting go is that often achievement is only attained by giving up.

Sometimes we try to make someone like us, and we fail, and we turn aside and get out of their way, despondent. And, lo! there they are beside us, liking us very much!

A New String Box

A USEFUL string box can be made from the half of a coconut shell. Drill a hole in the bottom of the shell to allow the string to pass through it, then rub the shell smooth with sandpaper and lacquer a bright color. Drill three holes into top of shell, thread with string, and hang it in a convenient place.—D. Bell, Airfile, 74 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford, N.S. Vic.

DANCE EXAMINER TO COME HERE

Definite arrangements have now been made for an examiner to visit Australia in June, 1935, to conduct examinations for the Association of Operatic Dancing.

THE examiner will be Mr. Felix Demery, who is a teacher of operatic, ballroom, and musical comedy work. He is a member and examiner of the Association of Operatic Dancing, and a Fellow of the Imperial Society.

He teaches dancing at the Guildhall School of Music, London, and is principal of an academy of dancing (established in 1880) at Bedford. Mr. Demery was premier danseur at the Palace Theatre and the Royal Albert Hall, London. He had a notable success in "The Dancer," an 18th century ballet, and as Paul Puk Keevis in the dramatized version of "Blowpipe" in 1924, 1925-26, and 1929.

On his way to Australia Mr. Demery will conduct examinations in South Africa. He will then visit Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.

His visit is entirely due to the pioneering work over a period of six years of Miss Eunice Weston, who is the association's representative in Australia, in interesting teachers in improving the standard of dancing by examinations.

Already more than 150 teachers and pupils in Victoria have signified their intention of presenting themselves for

examinations. Among them are teachers in Tasmania and Ballarat.

Mr. Demery will examine in the five children's grades and in the three advanced grades.



Buy a 3/6, or more economical 6/6 bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day. See that the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., is clearly printed on the side of the box.

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Those who have suffered for years, in many cases bedridden for months, have found in this remedy new health and vigour. We are convinced that by taking De Witt's Pills regularly you, too, will benefit. They can be taken by the youngest, the weakest and feeblest, and women at all times.

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"Thank you, Mr. Brown — we are going to discard all our 'cheap' lamps and replace them with Philips!"

"You are very wise, Madam, for not only will you get much better lighting, but you will get all the light you pay for."

"The fact is, Mr. Brown, we had always used Philips, but we thought we could save money with 'cheap' lamps, even though the light was not quite so good!"

"And did you find 'cheap' lamps more economical?"

"No, Mr. Brown, far from it — we certainly saved a few pence on the cost of the lamps, but in spite of the poor light our electricity account is nearly double!"

"Well, Madam — thousands of women have made the same discovery — 'cheap' lamps are 'cheat' lamps and it pays to use only Philips."

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HOW TO WAVE AND CURL YOUR HAIR



WELLA WAVE FIXER

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For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Treating THREAD WORMS in Children

By—

Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

There is an erroneous belief among many people that certain complaints are the natural heritage of children.

Mothers, while doing all they can in the way of treatment, accept the incidence of certain maladies as a matter of course.

This is quite the wrong attitude.

A CHILD'S heritage should be the heritage of health. While there are certain diseases such as measles and whooping cough which are often epidemic among children, there is no reason in the world why any child should have them.

I had evidence of another erroneous belief regarding a complaint common to children in a letter I received from a mother the other day.

She wrote as follows: "I have a little daughter aged two years and four months who, since birth, has been brought up strictly according to Sir Truby King's books. She is perfect in almost every way, and has never had any illness, but I notice she has had worms for two months now."

"I have given various medicines, but they are still there. Many people tell me they are necessary to health, and that they cannot be completely wiped out."

"Is that so? I find it hard to believe. How do you think she got them in the beginning? I have suffered in this way all my life. Do you think she could take them from me?"

The idea that worms are necessary for health is indeed a strange one!

Worms should be regarded as a symptom of an unhealthy bowel—of chronic intestinal catarrh. This chronic intestinal catarrh is very often due to giving the child too much sugar, jam, chocolates and cakes. Therefore, the first dietetic treatment is to cut out ALL cane sugar and foods containing sugar.

Consult a Doctor

BEFORE attempting to treat worms, the mother should make sure that the child has them. Worms may be seen in the bowel movements. They resemble small pieces of white thread, and, if alive when passed, will distinctly be seen to move.

In general, the treatment is to correct the diet, give powders prescribed by a doctor in order to kill the worms, and laxatives to expel them (and the mucus in which they grow) from the bowel.

If a child forms the habit of scratching the bowel-opening, is restless at night, "goes off his food," or has a craving for unusual foods, and seems restless and irritable, watch the motions for worms. These parasites frequently attack children who are run down after illnesses and "healthy" children who are under weight.

Worms do not live in a perfectly healthy bowel.

In every case of worms a doctor

Your Next Letter from Abroad...

May Have New Stamp

COLLECTORS are eagerly awaiting a number of new Empire stamps which will be issued during the next few months.

Among the most important will be an entirely new pictorial series issued by the New Zealand Post Office.

British Guiana is also to have a new set of postage stamps, and, among other scenes in the colony, the Kaieteur Falls will appear.

Trinidad and Tobago will jointly issue a set of stamps, and the designs are expected to represent the grapefruit, sugar, oil, and cocoa industries.

In order to commemorate the centenary of the landing over of St. Helena by the East India Company to the Colonial Government, a special series of ten stamps is to be issued by this colony.

The designs will be of various scenes associated with St. Helena, and on four of the stamps small portraits of King William IV, Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George will be incorporated in the design.

Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika will shortly issue a uniform series of stamps which will be used throughout British East Africa. A competition is at present in progress, and residents of these colonies have been asked to submit designs.

should be consulted, for different kinds of worms require different drugs for their treatment. Do not use advertised "worm powders" without your doctor's permission.

It is more than probable that the writer of the above letter infected her own child with worms.

A sufferer from this trouble should on no account use the general household lavatory. The hands of the child may come in contact with the worm eggs, and if she fails to scrub her nails and wash her hands immediately there is every likelihood that she will convey her hands and the eggs to her mouth, either directly or through touching her food. If the bowel is not in perfect condition ten to one the eggs will hatch, feed, and multiply.

School children very frequently infect each other in this way, wherefore the necessity of insisting that the hands be thoroughly washed and the nails scrubbed with soap immediately after every visit to the toilet, and before all meals.

Five-day Plan

THE following five-day treatment has proved satisfactory in many cases, and may be repeated in seven days if found necessary:

First Day: Restrict the diet, cutting out sugar, and giving only bread baked in the oven till crisp and dry, boiled milk and water, spinach and fruit juice. In the afternoon, give a full dose of castor oil. This drives the worms down into the lower portion of the bowel. When the bowels have moved, give an enema of one pint of warm, soapy water. Ask the child to retain it in the bowel as long as possible.

Second Day: Give ONLY BOILED WATER. NO FOOD AT ALL (even milk). The powder prescribed by the doctor should be taken on this day. (N.B.: If any food is given the treatment will be useless.)

Third Day: Same food as on first day. Plenty of boiled water. Give a warm bath, also an enema of soapy water, followed (after the bowels have acted) with an injection of about 6 ounces of warm salted water (1 level teaspoon salt to the pint). Inject the salted water slowly, and ask the child to retain it as long as possible.

Fourth Day: Start making a gradual return to normal diet, which may be reached on the sixth day. Give warm bath and enemas as on third day.

Fifth Day: The diet on this day may be practically back to normal with the exception of cane sugar, which should be withheld for a week or so, and then given only in very small quantities. Give warm bath and enemas as on third and fourth days.

On the sixth day give a large quantity of fresh fruit and green vegetables in the diet.

The after-treatment is as follows: Allow no food whatever between meals. Reduce the amount of carbohydrates (namely, new or untoasted bread, potatoes, peas, carrots, jam, syrup, treacle and cakes, etc.), and let the diet consist mainly of toast or oven-baked bread, butter or dripping, fish, milk, meat, fruit and vegetables, and an occasional egg.

Reinfection

MANY of those reading this article will think this is a great deal of trouble to go to to cure a simple thing like worms, but others who have tried to cure them with various powders and medicines without success (as has the writer of the letter which prompted these instructions) will know that worms are not so easily expelled as one might imagine.

In all cases reinfection will occur if the children are not taught scrupulous hand-cleaning. The buttocks should be well washed with soap and water after every bowel movement (school children being kept at home until the condition has been quite righted) and the finger-nails kept short.

Mercury ointment should be smeared over the anus at night, and the undergarments and night wear changed daily.

Points to Bear in Mind When Sewing

WHEN machining this materials, such as thin silk, chiffon, nylon, etc., place a piece of tissue paper under the material, and after the machining is finished tear the paper away.

When stitching seams, see that the tension of your sewing machine is not tight. Otherwise your work will appear puckered.

A skirt must hang evenly all round. To ensure this, a gauge is useful. Make by cutting a strip of cardboard ten or twelve inches long, on one side of which, notch five or six inches from one end of the gauge, according to the distance the finished hem is to be from the ground. Put on the skirt, stand on a table, and get someone to put a line of pins exactly where the hem is to be turned up. A foot rule may be used instead of the cardboard gauge.

Remember, when making pleats in frocks, there must always be sufficient material in the pleats to allow them to lie straight.

When making gathers, use a slightly thicker cotton or silk than you would use if merely sewing the garment. Two rows of gathers close together will be stronger than one. Make tiny stitches.

When tacking the side seams of a frock, commence at the armhole and work downwards. This ensures that any stretching in the seam will come at the bottom, where it can be easily rectified.

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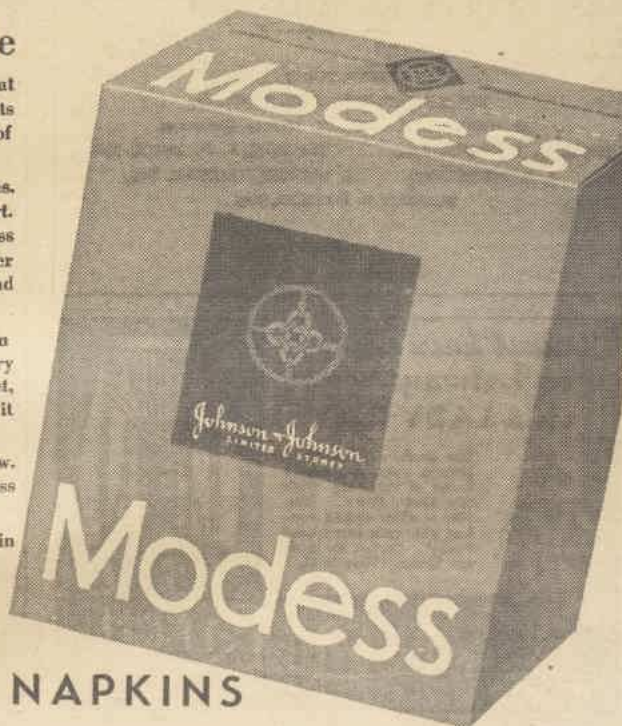
The most wonderful news for years. Modess, the Sanitary Napkin that has won the approval of so many women for its sheer fineness, for its soft comfort, is now reduced to the amazing price of 1/- per box of twelve.

Until you have used Modess you cannot realise what comfort it gives. Downy softness! That's what makes Modess a new sensation in comfort. That is why women who use Modess once ask for it every time. Modess is an entirely different type of Sanitary Napkin. It is made of finer materials, put together in an improved way. It is softer to begin with, and stays soft in use. It can never chafe or irritate.

Modess is safer, too; more absorbent, and surgically clean. It is inconspicuous always, and it is completely disposable. Modess is truly a luxury product, designed to fill every need of the most fastidious woman, yet, amazingly enough, Modess is priced so low that everyone can use it regularly.

No matter what you have used before, you should use Modess now. You should at least try it. Once having done that, you will use Modess always.

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"NOW see here, young woman!" her father said. "Jim's first duty to you as his wife is to become a member of the A.M.P. I know what he'll say. He'll say that it takes every penny of his earnings to keep the pair of you and pay the rent. I said that, too, when I was first married, but I was quite wrong. I afforded, and you can afford, a £500 policy in the A.M.P. It would not call for the investment of more than a few shillings a week, and it would give the both of you a sense of security that nothing else could. It's not my business to persuade him; it's yours. If you are wise, you will ask the A.M.P. to send along a man to talk it over with him. If that doesn't do the trick, keep on reminding him, in your own sweet way, until he does his duty."

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2/-

ISN'T She AD ORABLE? ...

Your little girl will look just as sweet if you knit this model frock for her.

DON'T you love the way the contrasting color is introduced into the square yoke and the hem of this frock?

The model pictured here was made in pale green and pink, but any other colors preferred may be used.

Contractions: K, for knit; p, for purl; pl, for plain; st, for stitch; sl, for slip; tog, for together.

Materials required: 5 oz. green and 1 oz. pink 4-ply "Vivella" knitting yarn; No. 11 needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to bottom, 16 inches; round bottom, 37 inches; sleeves, 7 1/2 inches.

Cast on in pink yarn, 123 sts. for bottom of one half of the frock. K. 4 rows moss st., i.e., k. 1, p. 1 to end. K. the 1st st. of all 4 rows. Join green yarn. K. 1 row green, p. 1 row, start pattern on next row.

1st Row: K. 6 green, * 1 pink, 10 green,* repeat to end, finish with 1 pink, 6 green.

2nd Row: P. 5 green, * 3 pink, 8 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 5 green.

3rd Row: K. 5 green, * 3 pink, 8 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 5 green.

4th Row: P. 3 green, * 2 pink, 1 green, 1 pink, 1 green, 2 pink, 4 green,* to end, finish with 3 green instead of 4 green.

5th Row: K. 2 green, * 4 pink, 1 green, 4 pink, 2 green, * to end.

Work rows 4, 3, 2, 1. Fasten off pink and work with green only.

P. 1 row. K. 6, * p. 1, k. 10,* repeat to end, finish with p. 1, k. 6.

P. 1 row. Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 8 1/2 inches from bottom. K. 3, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4,* repeat to end, k. 3 at end. P. 1 row.

K. 2 tog., * k. 3, p. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., repeat to end.

P. 1 row. Join pink yarn. In pink, k. 11, k. 2 tog., * k. 6, k. 2

WITH HER little dolly nestling under her comforting arm, this wee tot looks a picture in her new, hand-knitted frock. Follow these expert directions, and make such a one for your little girl. She'll adore it!



tog., * repeat 7 times, k. 10, k. 3 tog., P. 1 row. K. 1 row in green, then work pattern (79 sts.).

1st Row: P. 4 green, * 1 pink, 9 green,* repeat to end, finish with 1 pink, 4 green.

2nd Row: K. 3 green, * 3 pink, 7 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 3 green.

3rd Row: P. 3 green, * 3 pink, 7 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 3 green.

4th Row: K. 1 green, * 2 pink, 1 green, 1 pink, 1 green, 2 pink, 3 green,* to end, finish 1 green instead of 3 green.

5th Row: P. 4 pink, 1 green, to end, finish with 4 pink.

Work rows 4, 3, 2, 1. K. 1 row green.

2 rows pink. Fasten off pink. Green yarn, work 10 rows stocking st., decrease for armholes. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 3 rows (73 sts.).

Next Row: 2 tog. each end (71 sts.). Continue on these 71 sts. until 3 inches from pink stripe.

K. 19 sts. green; join pink; k. 33 pink; join green; 19 green. P. 19 green, moss st. 33 pink, p. 19 green.

K. 19 green, moss st. 33 pink, k. 19 green.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

P. 19 green, moss st. 5 pink, cast off 23 moss st., 5 pink, p. 19 green.

K. 19 green, moss st. 5 pink; leave other sts. unworked.

Moss st. 5 pink, p. 19 green, repeat last 2 rows 5 times.

K. 19 green, moss st. 5 pink.

Moss st. 5 pink, p. 11 green, turn. K. 11 green, moss st. 5 pink.

Moss st. 5 pink, p. 3 green, turn. K. 3 green, moss st. 5 pink. Work back, casting off.

Join yarns and work other shoulder to correspond.

Work another half frock exactly the same and join on shoulders about 6 sts. at armhole end to the first half.

SLEEVES (both alike).

Cast on 41 sts. in pink yarn. Work 4 rows moss st. Join on green. K. 1 row increasing 1 each end. Work pattern next row.

1st Row: P. 6 green, * 1 pink, 9 green,* repeat to end, finish with 1 pink, 6 green.

2nd Row: K. 5 green, * 3 pink, 7 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 5 green.

3rd Row: P. 5 green, * 3 pink, 7 green,* repeat to end, finish with 3 pink, 5 green.

4th Row: K. 3 green, * 2 pink, 1 green, 1 pink, 1 green, 2 pink, 3 green,* to end.

5th Row: P. 2 green, * 4 pink, 1 green,* repeat to end, finish with 2 green.

Work rows 4, 3, 2, 1. Fasten off pink yarn and continue in green. Increase 1 each end on 1st green row, then every 10th row until sleeve is 7 1/2 inches long or length required. Shape top by casting off 3 at beginning of every row, 3 tog. at end of each row until 10 sts. are left. Cast off.

Press all parts. Sew in sleeves. Join sides and sleeves.

Make button loops on one side of shoulders. Sew buttons on the other side to correspond. Press seams.

KNICKERS.

Materials required: 2 oz. 4-ply green "Vivella" knitting yarn; a little pink; No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length centre front from waist, 9 inches; back 10 inches. Cast on 90 sts. for top of back. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 4 rows.

Make holes: K. 2, make 1, p. 2 tog. to end.

Rib k. 2, p. 2 for 5 rows. K. 1 row. P. 80, turn; k. 70, turn; p. 60, turn; k. 50, turn; p. 40, turn; k. 30, turn; p. 20, turn; k. 10, turn; p. 1 row until straight edge measures 8 inches (60 rows). Shape for legs: K. 85, turn; p. 80, turn; k. 75, turn; p. 70. Continue knitting 5 less every row until 20 sts. are left. Place the 35 sts. on separate needle, leaving the centre 20 to be grafted to the front.

Work front exactly the same, but do not shape after the ribbing. Graft the 20 centre sts. to the 20 centre on back. K. the 35 sts. on one half leg, pick up 10 on centre, k. 35 on other half leg. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 3 rows. Join pink. K. 3 rows rib. Cast off.

Rib other leg to match.

Press well. Join sides together. Thread elastic through holes.

Such a Manly Little Chap in His Hand-Knitted Pullover!

.... Why not knit one for your lad?... This is designed to fit boys between 8 and 12 years of age.

Whatever the season, nothing is more comfortable for the active little boy than a snug pullover. It is light, allowing freedom of movement, it is cosy and warm. Moreover, this one is attractive. Made of brown in raised ribs, it has a smart touch in the squares of beige in basque and cuffs. This lad smiles his appreciation.

Materials Required: 8oz. 4-ply brown; 1oz. 4-ply beige; 1 pair No. 10 needles. Measurements: Length 20 inches; chest, 26 inches; underarm, 15 inches. Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch; 8 rows to 1 inch.

Contractions: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together.

With No. 10 needles cast on 96 sts. K. 2, p. 2, for 4 rows.

K. 2 dark shade, p. 2 light shade, for 3 rows, alternately.

K. 2, p. 2 dark shade for 4 rows.

K. 2 dark shade, p. 2 light shade, for 3 rows.

K. 2, p. 2 dark shade, for 4 rows.

K. 2 dark shade, p. 2 light shade, for 3 rows.

K. 2, p. 2 dark shade for 4 rows.

COMMENCE PATTERN

1st Row: K. 1 row.

2nd Row: K. 3, p. 1 to end of row. Repeat last 2 rows for 11 inches, noting that the purl st. is always in the same place.

Cast off 2 sts. in centre of work. Work one-half up at once.

Work 6 rows.

Cast off 6 sts. underarm and 1 st. at the other end of the needle.

Continue in pattern casting off 1 st. each end of the needle every 6th row until there are only 26 sts. left.

Work 12 more rows, increasing 1 st. every 4th row at the neck end of the needle until there are 3 sts. on.

Work the other side of the front in exactly the same way, put 9 sts. on in the centre (62 sts.) for the back of the neck.

Work 20 rows in pattern. Then increase each end of the needle



FORTUNATE THE little boy whose mother knits him a pullover like this—easy to work and easy to wear. Directions given on this page are suitable for boys from eight to twelve years.

every 6th row until there are 84 sts. Work 6 more rows, then cast on 6 sts. each end of the needle. Work 11 inches in pattern the same as for the front.

SLEEVE

1st Row: Take up 30 sts. in centre of the armhole (making the shoulder the centre).

2nd Row: Work in pattern taking up 2 sts. at the end of each needle until the armhole is taken up (84 sts.).

*Work 10 rows in pattern.

Then decrease 1 st. each end of needle.

Repeat last 2 rows.*

*Work 6 rows in pattern.

Decrease 1 st. each end of needle.*

Repeat last two rows 10 times, leaving 58 sts.

Work 28 rows in pattern.

K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 16, k. 2 tog., k. 16, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Work in rib to match bottom of jersey, only working 3 stripes of light shade instead of 4 stripes.

Join up.

Work 3 rows of single crochet round neck.

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE Pattern



MATRON'S MODEL
WW683.—A design that will appeal to the smart matron. Crossover fastening is adorned with a pleated jabot. Skirt favors pleated godets. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SENSIBLE FOR SCHOOL
WW684.—A sensible model for school days. Designed for summer fabric with short puff sleeves, and a contrast collar. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

DAINTY STYLE
WW685.—A dainty cotton frock with a halstone spot. Shaped frills, forming sleeves, join the shoulder yoke. Material is finely tucked on to the yoke. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

ON YOUTHFUL LINES
WW686.—Youthful spring frock with raglan sleeves trimmed in a novel design. Skirt is shaped from the hips, and the sides slightly flared. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART SIMPLICITY
WW687.—Smart simplicity is achieved in this design. The circular sleeves are cool and dressy. Skirt features inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SUMMER BLOUSE
WW691.—A summer blouse introducing something out of the ordinary. Raglan sleeves are fitted with a dart on the shoulder. Material for 36-inch bust, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

SPORTS FROCK
WW688.—Sports frock of white linen. Note the drop shoulder and front fastening. Pleats provide fullness at the base. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SNAPPY LITTLE COAT
WW689.—Paris has introduced smart little coats to wear with the new season's sports frocks. This sleeveless frock has novel fastening on the shoulder. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Coatee, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

REVERSIBLE STRIPES
WW690.—The early spring models are chic and fascinating. This frock of reversible stripes has a seam down the centre front and back of skirt. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Reversible stripe. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Our Free Pattern
EARLY spring fashions are introduced on this page. Our free pattern this week is for the schoolgirl.

A smart design, shaped over the hips, and the skirt slightly flared. The frock is shown in two designs. A smart and dressy model and a sleeveless frock for sports wear.

Pattern is for a girl 12 years of age. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, from The Australian Women's Weekly.

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
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MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available one month from the date of issue. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and bring it to the office of The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses:

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PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

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Dear Sir,
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(Sgd.) E. Trigg, Fairfield

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Yours very gratefully,
(Sgd.) M. J. Earnshaw, Alexandria.

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A.P.C.
POWDERS
& TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

"BECAUSE it belongs

to Miss Bellington, one of our best customers. It was bought for her by a gentleman, in her company, about two months ago. I sold it to them, and understood it was an engagement ring."

"What was the man like?"
The clerk described Farrington almost exactly, as he would appear when well dressed.

"Is this her address, 42 Cannon St.?" Carthew asked.

"Yes, that is it."
After ringing the station and learning that the girl had gone to Cannon St., Carthew got a taxi and told the man to drive him there. Number 42 was an imposing residence, with a wide, gravelled drive leading to handsome steps under a portico.

The detective was shown into a luxuriously furnished room. In a few minutes Julia Bellington entered. The tall detective kept his eyes on her face. She looked at him fearfully, and her smile was disarming. He hated to go on with his questioning. It was almost as if he dreaded that some trifle might incriminate this lovely, wonderful girl.

"Yes, I'm Julia Bellington," she gave a low laugh as she said it, as though she liked Big Carthew, and was at ease with him. That was one of her charms, her keen interest and friendship with all whom she met.

"You've lost a ring?" Carthew asked.

"Have I?"
The question was obviously prompted by sheer surprise, and her eyes fell to her hand.

"I noticed just this moment, when you were announced, that it was not on my finger, and I thought I must have laid it down somewhere. I've been worried about something else. But as you know it is lost, I presume you have found it. It is a diamond solitaire, a lovely ring that I prized highly."

"Is this it?"
"Yes, where did you find it? Thank you very much. It is most kind of you to trouble to bring it to me."

She did not offer to reward him, a fact which pleased Carthew personally, as well as indicating that she had no idea who he was.

The BULL'S EYE

Continued from Page 7

"I found it in a cell at the Central Police Station," he went on ruthlessly, and saw her wince. "I'm a detective."

Her brow clouded, lines of worry puckering it.

"Oh!" she said, pressing the ring between her fingers, but not attempting to put it on.

"Yes," Carthew went on relentlessly, since it had to be done, though he hated doing it. "We're trying to link that fellow you went to see with a big jewel robbery. You know him well?"

For a moment she did not answer.

Her mind was centred on the ring. At last she spoke.

"I must have dropped it when I pulled off my gloves. It was always a slack fit, perhaps that was an omen, that it would soon come off. But I hope you did not suppose that Mr. Farrington had stolen it?"

"No, we thought you had given it to him for some reason, perhaps returning it to him. But did you say, Farrington? He gave his name to us as Farrington."

"Yes, I noticed that. He is Mr. Farrington, from England, and his people are well-known in London society and very rich."

this morning, after I saw. So, please, would you take this ring back to him for me?"

CARTHEW was thinking hard. In his work, one had to go below the surface of things, and his natural caution was warning him to be wary. Yet when he considered, he realised that he had not a scrap of evidence to suggest that Julia Bellington was not all she seemed to be.

The only thing against her was her acquaintance with Farrington. Carthew could feel that the man was not straight, but how to prove it?

"Could I see Lady Bell or some others of your friends?" he asked. "He may have given others presents which did happen to be stolen."

She paused a moment. This would mean the exposure of her unfortunate engagement. But she was plucky.

"Yes, if it will help, I will tell you their names. It must come out sooner or later, and it does not matter." ... She was biting her lips to keep back the tears. "I live here by myself, so



BACHELOR'S Philosophy

A lady writer
says that a man
has less courage
than a woman.
Undoubtedly. ...
Imagine a man
with 7/6 in his
pockets trying on
eight different
suits!

"Who told you this?" Carthew asked the question gently, seeing her distress as she recalled these facts.

"I don't know—" How did she know? Who had told her, besides Farrington himself? Oh! Yes. When she met him at Lady Bell's home she had been told of his connections in England. She had danced with him, and his manners and talk had supported this belief. And later, she had fallen in love with him and promised to marry him. His money did not weigh with her; she had plenty in her own right. What had attracted her, as well as his devotion to her and his amiable nature, had been his story of his failure to succeed as his family expected him to do, and their action, according to his story, in sending him to Australia to pull himself together and make good. After that, she just gave him all her love and her aim was to marry him and make him a huge success.

"Tell me about him," Carthew said. "Please. If he is honest it will help him. If he is not, it may help you. And I would like to help you."

"Thank you." Her dark eyes were shining, as she went on. "But I know now that he is not honest. This morning when he smiled at me after I had kissed him, he looked evil."

"I think you should consider your position very carefully," Carthew said.

"There is no need," the girl interrupted him. "I made up my mind

there is no family here whom you could question."

"I don't doubt your word, I only want to get something to link him with the robbery. You see, we have him, and feel he is a dangerous man, but—"

A twisted smile had come to her lips. Her eyes were tragic. Without warning she threw herself on the sofa, her head between her hands, and sobbed like a child.

"Oh! forgive me, but he was so wonderful and I loved him."

Mat Carthew was moved. He started towards her, then he stopped. And she, taking hold of herself, sat up and smiled.

"That's better," he said, "cheer up, a grand girl like you need not worry. There's finer men for you, Miss Bellington."

"Yes, I know what you mean, but don't you see, I don't want fine men. I loved him because he needed me and was so good to me. He was weak, and I thought I could pull him through, but I never thought of such a thing as this. I could never see him again."

A hard look came into her eyes, yet her lips smiled at Carthew.

Carthew smiled, too. "Well, he certainly fooled you, for, if he's weak, I'm a jellyfish. Tell me, now, did he give you any other jewellery?"

Please turn to Page 30

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PATTERNS.

See special notice on the pattern page.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

COLOR HARMONY in MAKE-UP

... for Everyone!
Fundamental Rules to Follow
... for the Best Results

THE best effect we can obtain by make-up is to use as little as possible in harmony with our own particular coloring, and to use that little so skillfully that it does a magical job. So, whether you are a blonde, a medium, ash, or a titian blonde, a brunette or medium brunette, auburn, grey-haired—here is help for you!

MAKE-UP should only be applied to a perfectly clean skin. Whether or not you use a foundation preparation depends on your own kind of skin texture, but whether you do or don't, cold water—or a freshening lotion—should be parted on the skin first, lest the pores become enlarged.

The great Parisian cosmetician (what an extraordinary word for so delightful a profession) attached to Coty's gives these fundamental rules in the choice of powder, rouge and lipstick in keeping with your own particular coloring.

For those with pink and white fair skin and blue eyes: Choose a natural powder, light rouge, and invisible lipstick. If you have creamy skin, blue or grey eyes, use Rachel No. 1 powder, invisible lipstick and rouge. On the other hand, the fair-haired type with hazel eyes and olive skin, looks best with Rachel No. 2 powder, a bright rouge and lipstick.

Ash blondes may choose between Rachel No. 1 and Naturel powder, but must use a dark rouge and cerise lipstick.

THE medium blonde with blue or brown eyes and fair skin will look her best with Rachel Nos. 1 or 2 powder; choose between light and medium rouge. The blue-eyed type must apply a medium lipstick, however, and "Miss Brown-eyes" a bright lipstick.

The blue-eyed titian blonde should cling to Naturel powder, invisible rouge and lipstick, but the brown-eyed type is advised to cover Rose No. 2 with Rachel No. 1 powder.

It is easy for the blue-eyed auburn



FASCINATING blonde and winsome brunette—Alice Faye and Rochelle Hudson, of Fox, experts both in the subtle art of make-up.



Weekly Diet Hint

THE nursing mother may eat the following, and with benefit: Milk, meats of all kinds (not too fat), fish, eggs, baked potato, carrots, peas, string beans, tomatoes, spinach, kale, turnip tops, cabbage (well cooked), salads of all kinds but especially those like lettuce and celery, desserts not too rich, such as custard, gelatine, fresh or stewed fruits, and milk pudding.

Exercise for Beauty



TO KEEP your figure supple and slender, try this daily: Stretch your arms overhead, keeping close together, lifting your body as you stretch. Now swing down until you touch the ball (as shown) on any object at your feet. Repeat twenty times.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What causes physical defects and peculiarities, and is there any way of preventing them? Adults are handicapped by them often enough, and I have often wondered if they were inherent, or resulted from some neglect or inattention in infancy.

IT is not an uncommon experience for the general practitioner to have a man or woman call at his consulting-rooms eager to learn whether or not some physical peculiarity which he or she has is a sign of degeneracy or impending insanity, or some other dreadful thing.

Many quite normal persons present

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

such defects, which often have no known significance whatsoever.

Take the ears, for example. Many abnormalities of form and size may occur. The ear may be unusually large or small. The lobe may be attached closely to the head. There may be extra lobules.

The nose may vary markedly in shape. The mouth may be unusually large, with thick, protruding lips. The palate may be very high, narrow, and arched, or it may be broad and saddle-shaped.

Sometimes a jaw is very small and receding. The opposite condition may also exist, namely, marked protrusion.

So far as the teeth go, there are numerous anomalies. There are irregularities of position, of size, of number, of form, and of condition.

Often a tongue shows grooves and fissures. Indeed, there is a tongue pattern that looks for all the world like a map. It is called a "geographical tongue." Now and then one sees a tongue where the papillae are raised like small pimples.

VARIOUS peculiarities are common to the eyes. The fissures of the eyes—that is, the space between upper and lower lids—may be very narrow and both slanted downwards or inwards like the eyes of the Chinese. Strabismus, a cross-eyed condition, may exist either in one or both eyes. Early cataract is another physical eye deformity.

As regards the limbs, there are unusually long limbs and unusually short ones. There may be bow-leggedness or a knock-kneed condition.

Sometimes a child is born with more or fewer than the usual number of fingers or toes.

THEN there are deformities of body organs which are not visible, but which may be discovered, often during a physical medical examination. The heart on the right side is such a peculiarity.

I dare say this enumeration of possible physical defects is sufficiently comprehensive to show that there are really few people who do not possess one or more of them.

But do not worry about it if you are one of these persons. Such a deformity is an hereditary defect, to be sure, but why and how it happened nobody knows. None of them signifies that you are doomed to mental or physical disaster. Often, too, they can be corrected through skillful plastic surgery. Try to make yourself more beautiful physically if you want to, but whatever you do, don't become alarmed.

Brunettes of All Types

THERE are thousands among us of the medium "brown" type. Some with blue eyes, and some with brown. They should choose between Rachel Nos. 1 and 2 powder, use a medium rouge, and medium or dark lipstick.

The brunettes with dark black hair, blue eyes, and fair skin must adhere to Rachel No. 1 or Naturel powder (blanc or medium for evening), and apply dark rouge and cerise lipstick.

Now for those with dark hair, brown eyes and an olive skin. Ochre and

Rachel No. 2 powder, blended, is best for you, with medium rouge and dark lipstick.

THE grey-haired woman with blue eyes and fair skin can choose between Rachel and Rose No. 1. Light rouge is best, and a medium or dark lipstick. On the other hand, the dark-eyed creamy-skinned woman should use ochre-rose powder, covered with Rachel No. 2 powder, and should apply medium or dark rouge and lipstick.

Now! A Quicker Way to Ease Pain



Don't Forget Real BAYER Aspirin Starts "Taking Hold" in Few Minutes

There is faster relief from pain—the fastest quicker relief, it is said, ever known. This is due to a scientific discovery by which BAYER Aspirin starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass here tells the story. A Bayer tablet starts to disintegrate or dissolve—go to work—almost instantly. This means quick relief from pain—fewer lost hours from headache, neuritis, rheumatism. And safe relief. For genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. If you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."



Does Not Harm the Heart

Carriage and Figure Beauty!

LAST week, you will remember, I talked on correct carriage and figure beauty—advised the away-back and "hippy" types how to make the most of their good points by exercise and the choice of the right type of foundation garment. To-day, I will give a little advice on two distinctly different figure-types, commencing with the abdomen type:

There are many reasons for the abdomen type of figure. Sometimes quite young people, through laziness, bad posture, too many chocolates, suddenly wake up one morning to find themselves with a real "tummy." If they're wise they'll start a course of good exercises immediately, for this "young" flesh is easily dealt with. As far as older women are concerned, the big majority definitely belong to this type. Lack of exercise, operations, childbirth, and many other causes are responsible for the weakening of the abdominal muscles, and flesh is quickly collected. It is not always possible to bring back muscle tone after a certain age, but that does not constitute a reason why really matured figures of this type cannot look just as attractive as the slimmer types. Good carriage immediately detracts from size, and there are certain reducing exercises which will keep such figures firm and defined.



A little too heavy in front!

Take the well-known bicycle exercise, for instance. This will strengthen muscles and keep flesh down. Lie flat on the floor and bend both knees. Now work your legs just as if you were riding a bicycle. That is, rotate your legs so that each foot makes a complete circle. Do it very slowly at first, and be sure you keep your knees close together.

USUALLY women with heavy busts have very short, slim hips, and slender thighs. This is a type which can look intensely smart and feminine if a little care is taken with posture and frocking. The right brassiere or one-piece foundation is absolutely essential, however, for if the bust is pushed up too far a very ugly line results. There is an in-between position which gives a graceful and well moulded line.

And here's something else you can do if you belong to this type: Learn to carry your bones correctly—yes, bones, ribs especially, have lots to do with your bust. The woman with a large bust must guard against raising her ribs too high and too far forward—which makes her bust more prominent than it need be. Incidentally, raised ribs tend to thrust the shoulders back and over-curve the spine.



Large bust, slender hips!



HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

"PETER—WHAT A FOOLISH THING YOU ARE DOING."

Do you want to drop dead? I thought you were suffering from

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

"Oh, no, Fred, that danger has gone far over six weeks now. Mrs. Jetties, next door, saw my blood, and urged me to take DR. NEUBAUER'S GERMAN ARTERIOLOG TABLETS. Already, after one bottle, I feel better; now I have taken three bottles and feel as if I could fight a lion. All symptoms of stiffness, enlarged heart, sleeplessness, lack of energy, irritability and hot flashes have disappeared. I got the Tablets from Jones, the chemist, but you can get them from any leading Chemist or direct from C. WINTER, 23 Wellington Street, New, E.A., Victoria. Price—3/6. Trial Size, 1/- Five Weeks' Supply, 2/- Ten Weeks' Supply."

ADVERTISEMENT



THE GOLD RUSH

Labor's frenzied attacks on the banks resemble a gold rush. Somebody shouts "Gold—Gold—Gold—money for everyone!" People are swept off their feet and rush to participate, regardless of consequences, dropping the substance to seize the shadow.

Socialist politicians, believing that there is within the banking system some wonderful source of credit, promise lavish expenditure in all directions if they can but gain control. They fail to see, in their fevered efforts, that they would completely destroy the solid rock of confidence upon which the whole financial structure is built.

But this wonderful source of credit exists only in the socialists' imagination. All the funds for financing production, trade, industry and governmental activities come from the savings of individuals—hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens who have entrusted their money to the savings banks, trading banks, life insurance companies and friendly societies.

Labor proposes to place the Commonwealth Bank under political control. This means inflation, which would quickly destroy the value of the people's savings.

TO STOP POLITICAL CONTROL OF THE COMMONWEALTH BANK

**Vote for
LYONS GOVERNMENT
Supporters**

Authorised by A. de R. Barclay, Sans Democracy League, 12 Spring Street, Sydney.

The BULL'S EYE

Continued from Page 23

"ONLY one little ring, a pearl set in platinum. Must I give you that, too?"

"I'd like it," Carthew said firmly. She left the room to get the ring, and while she was away Carthew rang the station on her drawing-room telephone. He knew the desk telephone at the station would record a whisper. He told them to put a guard over Farrington, and to look for another woman. This was not the one they wanted.

"We're on something big," was all he had time to add, ere light steps on the stairs told of the girl's return.

As they said good-bye, Carthew took her slim, small hand and said:

"You know where we are, the police. We're your friends. Ask for me, Miss Carthew. It looks as if you've put us on to one of the biggest clean-ups we've ever managed."

"I do hope so," she said. "I'll do anything I can to help."

Carthew turned away with something approaching a lump in his throat. He knew how it hurt her to do this; what the publicity would mean to her, and yet she said that. She was so fine, like spun gold, such a thoroughbred.

The jewellers identified the ring. It was one which was stolen in the big robbery. From that point the sleuths worked swiftly. They made Farrington talk. Every step was clear after that. By night they had four men in the cells, and a woman—and she was not Julia Bellington.

Carthew telephoned to tell Julia Bellington this news. It was a relief to him to be able to do so. And the girl's sensitive mind divined this.

"Please tell me, Mr. Carthew," she said, "Was I under suspicion at any time?"

"Yes, Miss Bellington, you were—very grave suspicion. But I understood and I believed your story and in you."

And then he made a suggestion.

"If you would like to go away, say to the Mountains you'll be out of it all, unless something unexpected develops and we should want you to give evidence. But I think we'll be able to keep your name out of it. Just give me your address in case of emergency."

She gave him an address at Leura. "And, Mr. Carthew, I can't thank you enough for your kindness and—for trusting me."

"That's all right," the detective said. "I know a thoroughbred when I see one. It was just that I was afraid he might have worked on your sympathies and dragged you down with him."

That night they were talking about the case at the station.

"I knew rings and a woman would be the clues," Braddon said, "as soon as I saw that the ring was missing from that girl's finger. I had a feeling. And it was right. We got them all, these classy Londoners. Tony hit the bull's-eye all right with his gun, though he missed the burglar. But by thunder, Mat, I think you took a big risk in letting that girl go. She might have been in with them, one of the gang; and we guessed a woman was with them."

"Did you see her?" Carthew asked quietly.

"See her? Didn't I tell you about her?"

"Well, give her credit, Sarg. She did it all."

CARTEW left the room and went to his office, where he reviewed the events of the case. And gradually a sense of disquiet came over him, a feeling of doubt of the genuine-

ness of Julia Bellington. Suppose, he thought, that this girl was a clever actress, who had worked on his feelings in order to get away; suppose she had not gone to the Mountains, but had taken a train, or escaped by car. Though there was no evidence against her, there had been suspicion. So his thoughts ran in a tormenting procession. And suddenly he made a decision.

He left his office and went out, saying as he passed the orderly that he would not be back till morning. His car was in the street. He drove to a station and filled up with petrol, and set off for Leura to see the girl who had cast a spell over him, and thoughts of whom were tormenting him.

It was eleven o'clock when he stopped at the address in Leura which she had given him. Lights still shone in the windows of the house, and a grey-haired man of gentlemanly appearance answered the door. Yes, Miss Bellington was in. He would call her. Uneasy thoughts of another kind now crowded into Carthew's mind. What would she think of him for doubting her thus?

He rose as she entered the room, and apologised for the late and unexpected call. She smiled her easy smile and begged him not to worry about that.

"You want me, I suppose?" she said quietly.

He hesitated, then said:

"Yes, I do."

"Very well, I'll come. But wouldn't the morning do?"

That was too much for Mat Carthew, hard though he could be.

"Miss Bellington," he said. "Everyone in this case suspects you—everyone but myself. Just for a time I doubted you. That's why I came to see if you were here, if you were genuine. I knew you were, but—do you understand?"

"Certainly I do. There are suspicious things in my actions, for I was associated with a criminal, though all unknowingly. If you wish I can bring friends to testify to my good name. Mr. Frister, here, would do so, or my bankers."

"There is no need," Carthew said, and his feelings showed in his eyes and in his voice, as he added, "I would trust you with my life."

"That's very nice of you," she said with sincerity, and not mere superficial meaning, and gave him her hand to prove it. "You have every reason to suspect me. It is noble of you to trust me like this. Now you'll have some supper before you drive home, won't you?"

Still the same calm manner, gentle, firm, and collected.

In the drive home Carthew dwelt on her beauty and charm. Several times he rang her during the hearing of the case to tell of its progress, but he never told her how he had to fence with the police to avoid having her brought in as a witness. When it was over she said on the telephone:

"So you won't want me, after all?"

And he said:

"Yes, I do, more than ever," and any fool of a woman would have known what he meant.

She just laughed, a trifle nervously, but she did not rebut him, only said:

"You'll have to tell me all about it some day!"

Cupid had made a bull's-eye in Carthew's heart, and to make a long story short he married Julia Bellington, one of the loveliest and finest girls in Australia. If ever truth won out, his did. As Senior-Sergeant Braddon put it:

"He took a long shot on that girl's straightness, and he deserved to win. Everything was stacked against her."

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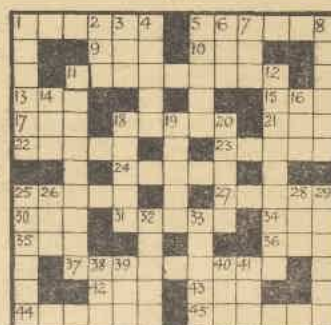
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Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. Genera of sea animals.
2. Famous bridge in Venice.
3. A series.
4. Every.
5. Quality of a person.
6. Wholly.
7. Disease in eye (abbr.).
8. Ocean.
9. Musical dramatic composition.
10. Prerequisite.
11. Come in.
12. Person with extensive disease.
13. Staggish.
14. View.
15. Abolish.
16. Small mountain.
17. Posterior.
18. Military decoration.
19. Unit of French square measure.
20. Fish.
21. Abandoned hope.
22. Very small.
23. A song.
24. Silky material.
25. Cover for a book.



CLUES DOWN

1. Fold.
2. A tree.
3. A bird.
4. Piece of leather.
5. Kind of horse.
6. Permission for use of money (abbr.).
7. Always.
8. Wild ass of Asia.
9. Talked fast and idly.
10. Answered.
11. Max's name.
12. Lament.
13. Bay window.
14. Occasion.
15. Many chicks taken here!
16. Gases.
17. Jewish massacre.
18. Custom.
19. Scrawled.
20. The popular tree.
21. Banishment.
22. Sheep.
23. Discrete.
24. Beam.
25. Only.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Bunch; 2. St. Mark; 3. Alley; 4. Dared; 5. Every; 6. Quality; 7. Blind; 8. Sea; 9. Musical; 10. Prerequisite; 11. Come in; 12. Person with extensive disease; 13. Staggish; 14. View; 15. Abolish; 16. Small mountain; 17. Posterior; 18. Military decoration; 19. Unit of French square measure; 20. Fish; 21. Abandoned hope; 22. Very small; 23. A song; 24. Silky material; 25. Cover for a book.

WHEN the CLOUDS ROLL By

Continued from Page 14

ONLY once, as she turned her vivid, excited face towards him after a particularly thrilling finish, did he think—with a guilty pang—of Lili, alone at home. But he dismissed the thought, reminding himself of the hours she spent by herself, brooding over the empty cot at her bedside—not caring about him being downstairs.

Surely there was nothing disloyal in enjoying himself like this! Dearly though he had loved his child, he could not live for ever in the past. If Lili would not share life with him, he must have some sort of existence for himself.

"You're quiet," said Margot's voice. "Don't you want to wait till the finish?"

Jack jerked himself back to reality—the very charming reality of her happy-natured, human presence. She was not pretty—not nearly as lovely as Lili, he told himself loyally, but there radiated from her that keenness and joy in life that Lili now lacked. It was that that drew him to her, making him look down into her eyes with a smile.

"Of course I do!" he answered quickly. "Sorry if I'm quiet. I—it must be simply that I'm enjoying myself so much."

He did not see her colour deepen at his words. Very soon it would be time to go, and he was wondering if he would ever see her again. Surely, some day—

"Come on, you folks!" broke in the exuberant Gerry. "Let's start moving before the crowd. There's not much to see now. Jess and I are going down town. What about you two?"

"I'm going home," said Margot quickly, before Jack could speak. "I live quite near—Fieldhay Avenue, you know. I've simply tons of things to do before bedtime."

Jack moved to her side again.

"I go that way, too," he said. "I'll see you home if I may."

It did not seem far, though they walked slowly, chatting to each other. As they reached her gate Jack took the hand she held out to him.

"I've enjoyed this," he said simply. "Can we have another evening together soon?"

Margot promised, with a little laugh of pure lightheartedness.

"I've enjoyed it, too," she assured him. "I'd love to go again!"

SUMMER weather . . . flowers out in the little garden, and a fresh, sweet smell of growing things to greet Lili every morning when she opened the back door before preparing breakfast.

In spite of herself she could not help being affected by it. She had been feeling less despairing lately, she reflected, at the start of a particularly glorious day as she moved about the little kitchen, laying the table and attending carefully to Jack's eggs and bacon, sizzling in the pan.

Would she soon be able to rouse herself from the apathy which she knew to be unfair to him—and yet could not bring herself to care about?

He came into the kitchen just as she placed his breakfast on the table, greeting her as he always did now—quietly, as if he had grown used to not seeing her until breakfast-time. As if, she thought suddenly, he did not mind any more!

With her nerves strangely tensed she listened, not to the few remarks he made as he glanced through the paper, but to the tone of his voice, kind and courteous as ever, but lacking the note of love and pleading it had always held until recently, when he spoke to her.

Lili drew her thoughts in upon herself again, with weary despondency. She was not ready, yet, to make the move she must to win him back. Besides, she was imagining things. Jack was as he had always been. It was she who had changed, she who had suffered—

He was getting to his feet, tall and attractive in the new blue suit which fitted him so well. He had said something which she had not heard, but as she realised it he spoke again patiently:

"Don't wait supper for me to-night. I shall be late."

"Very well," she said quietly, but as she spoke she remembered how many times lately the same words had passed between them.

Jack spent very few evenings at home now. Evidently he had grown restless and gone back to the men friends he had had before their marriage.

Perhaps he was not altogether to blame, she thought, as she cleared away after he had gone. The doctor's words, on that evening a long time ago, when he had tried to rouse her, came back into her mind:

"Jack has lost his wife as well . . ."

Had she only been selfish in her misery?

The thought refused to leave her as she went about her work. It was washing day, but the memory of Jack's manner, his level, almost toneless voice, remained with her in spite of all she had to do. There was a new feeling in her heart towards him as she went out into the garden to hang his shirts out on the line, a feeling of pity, of wanting to make amends.

"Good morning, Mrs. Durham!"

The voice of her neighbor over the fence made her start, but she turned to the woman, smiling politely, though she rather disliked her for her tendency to malicious gossip.

"Good morning!"

The woman leaned closer, dropping her voice.

"You're looking much better these days," she observed. "Yet I don't see you out much. Why don't you get your husband to take you with him, my dear?"

Lili stiffened, drawing back a little.

"I am not feeling like amusements," she said quietly. "Oh, yes, I'm quite well. But Jack is content to go with his men friends until I feel inclined to join him—"

Her voice trailed off into silence. She was watching the other woman's face. A sly, gloating look which she had seen there before was creeping over it.

"Men friends?" she queried. "Did you say men friends?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lili sharply.

The involuntary question was out before she could stop herself. Too late she wished she had made some careless reply and gone indoors.

"I mean," said the woman slowly, "that I think it's my duty to tell you. It's no man that's keeping your husband away from home on an evening so often. It's a girl who lives in Fieldhay Ave.—not a stone's throw away! Margot Leslie is her name. I've seen him myself at the pictures with her, and taking her home more than once. And you so upset about losing your little dear. I felt it my duty—I mean, I—"

She stopped. Lili had thrown up her head with a frosty little laugh.

"Margot Leslie, did you say?" she asked, keeping her voice carefully steady. "There's no need for any of us to worry about that. Why, she's one of my own best friends! Good morning, Mrs. Reid."

Turning her back on the angry and discomfited woman she went indoors, moving blindly in spite of the bright sunshine that flooded the rooms. Sinking down in a chair she stared in front of her with eyes that saw at last where her long-drawn-out misery had led her.

She had lost Jack. In her selfish, unseeing apathy she had let him slip from her, until he cared so little that he took out another girl—a girl whom she had never even known existed, until to-day.

Oh, what a fool she had been, to hug the past to her heart, to think that a pitiful memory was all that she had to live for, while Jack went on towards a future in which there was no place for her!

Then suddenly, as she thought of her sorrow, a revulsion of feeling swept over her. With an inarticulate cry she rose from her chair and ran upstairs into the little room where the white-painted cot stood empty. Sobbing, she fell on her knees beside it, pressing her face against the cold wood.

"My baby . . . my baby . . ."

Please turn to Page 35

"CHRISTOPHER ROBIN"

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I HARDLY KNOW I'VE
DONE THE WASH
NOWADAYS . . . AND
JUST LOOK HOW
WHITE THE CLOTHES
ARE !

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



LATER

THERE'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT GET SOME RINSO AND STOP DRUDGING



HERE'S MY RECIPE for easier washing-days

Take a packet of Rinso and sprinkle a little into the tub. Add hot water, and whisk up a lather. Put in the clothes and leave them to soak for an hour or two—or let the clothes soak overnight. The dirt just drops out in Rinso suds—they are so full of washing power. And soon you can hang out the whitest whites and the brightest colours you ever saw! What a saving of energy, and time, and clothes—Rinso's gentle washing doubles the life of everything in the wash! All you need is a little Rinso and nothing else. Even in hard water, Rinso gives twice as much suds as bar soap, weight for weight.



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AT THE DANCE



LATER THAT NIGHT



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LUX FOR UNDIES - makes them last longer

5218/31

A LEVER PRODUCT

Bisto saves time & trouble in cooking

THE Dazzling LOLLA

Continued from Page 8

IT was some days before Madame Le Surier spoke with the Major again. A sudden turn kept her confined to her room, and when she was allowed out in the sunshine of the balcony once more, the Englishman with his perpetual golf clothes had no longer so much time on his hands. He shared a table now with the great actress in the L-shaped dining-room of the hotel, and the pair of them spent most of their days, it seemed, on shopping expeditions and sight-seeing excursions.

"You are worried about Madame Jenatry, Madame?" Lydie asked of her mistress one afternoon.

Madame Le Surier, from her corner of the balcony, had been following the figure of the great actress as she descended the terraces. She recalled her eyes abruptly. "Mais non, Lydie!" she exclaimed, shaking her head at the maid. "I was admiring her frock. She has a taste in clothes."

"She had no clothes until she came here, Madame."

"That is unkind, Lydie. A great lady has the privilege of accepting gifts. And if the Major is gallant—who should care? He is very much attached to Madame Jenatry, and he has a good heart, that one."

"Everyone for you, Madame, has the good heart. He—why, Madame, here he comes..."

Sauntering round the corner the Major approached, his intentions obvious from the frowns he carried. He laid a sheaf of long-stalked roses in her lap and grinned down at her. "Roses in your cheeks, Madame," he said. "Roses in your lap. You're looking well."

She pressed the buds to her face. "You are kind, Major. You have come to tell me more about your lovely Madame Jenatry, yes?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," he confessed. "I think it's going to be all right."

"You—you have asked her?"

He grinned at her, tugging at his short-cropped moustache. "I know, Madame. I've had a feeling ever since I told her how I felt about the ladies—and romance, and that sort of thing—that it would be all right in the end."

Madame Le Surier hid her smile behind the rose buds. "You told her you yearned for romance. After soldiering, par exemple, you looked for the lovely things of life?"

"I didn't think of that, but I expect that's how it is. It was when I told her how I felt that she told me who she was. Between ourselves, I'd never heard of Lolita Greve, but from what I've heard and what you've told me, Madame, particularly, she must have been—"

"A WONDERFUL woman, Major! She is beautiful yet, but as the Great Lolita... that was a thing to remember. You are a lucky man. So you are to be married?"

He puffed out his cheeks. "After I've finished with these lawyer johnnies—I'd no idea there was such a lot of law about marriage abroad." He looked slightly ashamed of it. "She divorced her husband—Jenatry."

"She has had trouble in her life, my friend. To have been famous—then forgotten. That is triste. A woman likes to feel secure. A woman would be secure with you, Major, without lawyers, but one has to be old like me to know that. Would it bore you, Martie to come and speak with me? There is much we can speak of: how well I remember her triumphs!"

"I have to go to Geneva to-morrow. Martie would like to sit with you, I am sure while I'm gone. I'll tell her, Madame."

Madame Le Surier did not expect her to come, but the great actress arrived. Her toilet was immaculate, her complexion without flaw. Around her hung a haunting perfume. An attractive woman, sparkling like a diamond. They spoke in French.

"The Major told me you would like me to speak with you of old times," Madame Jenatry said. "You are of the stage, perhaps?"

Madame Le Surier looked very ill. She was fatigued, for she had spent the evening before making telephone calls, helped by Lydie, her maid. "I had connections with the stage. But that is years ago. One never loses the love for the stage, as no one would know better than you, Madame."

"For me," Madame Jenatry said. "The stage is finished. What is behind is gone. Since you are of the stage, too, I can say that one looks for security—the things that do not pass. At first, one looks for romance—like my poor Major!" She laughed. "But we get old, and with age comes sense. You cannot live on love."

"The Major is making a settlement, cherie?"

"But, naturally! With a settlement all is so. You are of the stage. You will know that with jewellery, with clothes, with presents—what are they when the time comes for you to lose your beauty? They are not an income. To-day a man will swear he will die for you. To-morrow, he will find someone else."

"Your triumphs have made you hard, Madame."

"I have been married three times."

"I do not think the Major is like that. He is of the type Anglais."

"All men are the same."

The little lady in the chair lowered her eyes to the roses. "There was one in your life, Madame, who—who was not as the rest, was there not?"

A brittle look of suspicion had come into the other's eyes. "One who was not as the rest? I do not understand."

Madame Le Surier searched the white throat before her for the thin silver chain. Her eyes were not good. She could not see it. "I mean—the pendant you always wear, next to your heart. It bore his name."

For a while Madame Jenatry searched the invalid's face, then she shrugged. "As you say, all men are not the same—perhaps."

"BUT I bore you,"

quickly offered Madame Le Surier, still avoiding her eyes. "Let us talk of the stage. Your triumphs. I recall you at the Comedie Francaise—oh, many years ago! You remember 'Karanecke'?"

What a play! Who was it who played the part of your lover in the play?"

"Let us not talk of that, Madame." She raised a hand to her eyes. "It was so long ago!"

"And in Vienna! The music of Strauss. I saw you the night your manager, Dolbert... Henri Dolbert, or was his name Franz?"

"Dolbert? I remember him. Henri? Franz? To tell you the truth, I have forgotten, too."

Madame Le Surier laughed at her. "The first time you came to play in London! What a triumph! You appeared on the stage and one thought they would never cease to applaud. I forget the play. But surely that is a thing you could never forget. Was it Ouchet's 'Polemnia'?" Or perhaps, 'Karanecke' again?"

The great actress thought for a moment with a hand pressed to the side of her face. "Polemnia? 'Karanecke'? It is stupide, but—"

She threw her hands into the air. "Ah, Madame! It is gone. Let us forget. There are things one does not care to talk of. And I have been tiring you, I perceive. Paisez Madame! Perhaps you will allow me to come and talk some other day?"

Madame Le Surier followed the great actress as she went with her eyes. She looked, indeed, tired.

Madame Le Surier was ill. Excitement, her doctor told her again, was not good for her. And certainly the events of the following night scarcely helped to restore her health.

It was the faithful Lydie who raised the alarm. In the early hours of the morning, the maid fancied she heard a scream. On going into her mistress's bedroom adjoining, she found Madame Le Surier sitting up in bed, a hand pressed to her heart.

"There was someone, Lydie, in the room," she gasped, and fainted.

When she came to search the room, Lydie told the police she found her mistress's jewel-case broken open and her jewellery gone. It was clear she had been robbed by an expert thief. No window had been forced. The thief had come through the door of the suite with a key, for it was locked. Someone inside the hotel, they said.

For two days the police searched for clues. Madame's jewellery was valuable; her insurance policies showed a heavy sum. No one talked of anything else in the hotel. Then on the third day Madame Jenatry disappeared. It was a time of sensations.

Of the affair, Madame Le Surier, when she appeared on the balcony once more, would say nothing. The little lady had said enough to the manager of the hotel and to the police. Excitement was dangerous for her. The guests of the hotel never learnt what happened, and they soon forgot. Madame Le Surier had recovered her jewellery, and no action was taken by the police. That was all they knew.

It was Lydie who took the brunt of the affair with the police. "Madame is of the stage," she explained. "She recalled Madame Jenatry, and when her jewels were stolen she knew. With a woman, sometimes, it is so. Madame was sick, defenceless in her room; this other needed money for her marriage with the Major. With Madame I went to confront this other. We brought the jewels back with us."

"Please turn to Page 34"



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Meringues and meringue dishes so appeal to the palates of big and little.

The making is not very difficult, and, as meringues will keep for a week or two in an airtight tin they can be made in advance for a party, or used as an emergency sweet.

To make the ordinary meringue, the necessary materials are fresh eggs, sifted castor sugar and whipped cream. Have in readiness two basins, an egg whisk, or egg-beater, two silver spoons, or a



STRAWBERRY chantilly—so tempting that eyes will sparkle at the sight of it. The recipe for this delicious party or dessert dish is given on this page. Serve it at your next party.

Ed

MERINGUES... filled with cream are enticing—and don't the children love them!



forcing bag and large plain pipe. The spoons form the ordinary meringue.

Use the whites of five large eggs and eight ounces of dry sifted castor sugar. Separate the whites from the yolks—the latter can be used later for some other purpose—and remove the specks. If a pinch of salt is added, it lowers the temperature six degrees, cooling the eggs and making them easier to beat.

Beat or whisk slowly to commence, and gradually increase the speed until the whites are stiff and dry. The froth should stand up in very stiff peaks—if the basin is inverted the froth will not fall out. About three drops of lemon juice or vinegar whitens the mixture, and improves the flavor.

It is difficult to say how long the beating will take as this depends largely on the manner of beating.

When stiff, add the castor sugar, a spoonful at a time. Stir in the sugar lightly. If beaten too long the eggs may be watery.

Meringues can be baked on a baking tin lined with wax paper, or a thick board dipped in cold water, drained and covered with white paper, and held in place with drawing pins. See that the oven is hot enough to just tinge the white paper a faint yellow when in two minutes.

As meringues swell a little in baking, it is as well to make them a shade smaller than they are needed. When they are set (in about three minutes), leave the oven door ajar, and allow them to dry for about an hour and a half. Just before they are quite firm, lift them out and press the underneath lightly with a spoon; return them to the oven upside down, and dry thoroughly. This makes the meringues hollow, enabling them to hold more cream.

A SPRING SYMPHONY.

Sponge sandwich cake, yellow jam, finely chopped pistachio nuts, or angelica cut into small pieces, 1 gill whipped cream, meringues.

Spread yellow jam in between the sandwich. Cover well with the jam, sprinkle with the finely chopped nuts. Arrange the round meringues around it, and pile cream in the centre. The cream can be colored pink.

MERINGUE SURPRISE.

Three egg whites, 1 egg yolk, 1½ oz. icing sugar, 3 oz. castor sugar, vanilla essence, 1 pint frozen ice cream.

Cream egg yolk and icing sugar very well together, flavor to taste, and stir in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Grease the centre of a silver dish, place a round of cake on it, put ice cream on it, and cover with meringue mixture. Decorate and sprinkle with castor sugar. Place the dish on an upturned tin in a very hot oven until the meringue colors faintly. Serve immediately.

MERINGUE CUSTARD.

One pint milk, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, vanilla flavoring.

Make a custard with the egg yolks, milk and sugar. Cook the custard in a double boiler, stirring all the time. Pour into fireproof dish. Whip egg whites to a stiff froth. Sift a quantity of castor or icing sugar over them. Cover the custard with this meringue. Sift 1 tablespoon more of sugar over them and bake in a slow oven until the meringue is colored.

GOULBURN MERINGUE.

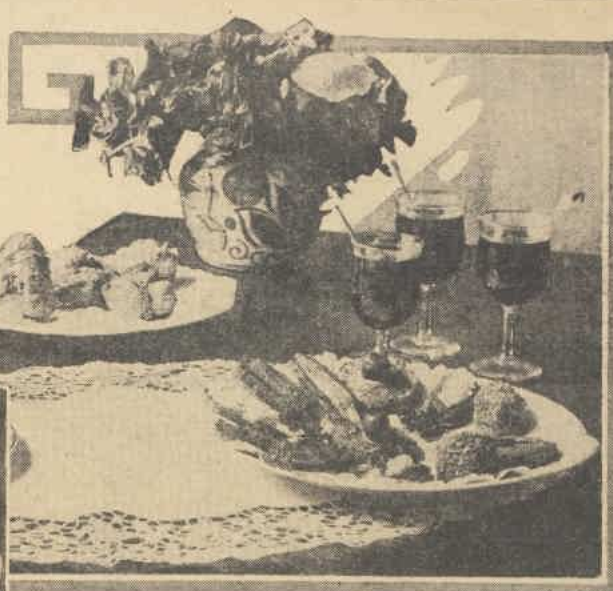
Five eggs, 10oz. castor sugar, 1 pint cream, fruits (bananas, candied cherries, tinned apricots, peaches or fresh strawberries).

Beat egg whites to a stiff froth, add castor sugar gradually, beating constantly. Spread this meringue on two pieces of paper about the size of a dinner plate. Bake in the usual way until firm and dry. Whisk the cream. When stiff add the finely chopped tinned fruits, bananas cut into thin slices. Spread the lower meringue to the depth of one inch with this cream

By...

MARGARET SHEPHERD

Instructor to
Leading
HOSPITALS



WHEN NEXT you give a party be sure to include one of these meringue dishes. They represent an out-of-the-ordinary collection of delicacies that are as attractive as they are satisfying.

little lemon juice, prunes which have been soaked and stewed with sugar and lemon rind over night.

Make a rich short crust, using beaten egg yolks instead of water to moisten the dough. Line a shallow, greased tin with the crust. Line the crust with greaseproof paper. Fill with rice or bread. Bake in a hot oven 25 minutes. Remove rice and paper. Return to oven to dry the bottom of the crust (about 5 minutes). Arrange tinned apricots or prunes in the bottom of the dish. Whip the egg whites to a stiff froth, add 2oz. castor sugar, beat until stiff, flavor with vanilla essence. Pile in heaps over

fruit. Brown slightly and dry in a warm oven. Serve either hot or cold.

MERINGUE CAKE.

Six tablespoons castor sugar, 2 egg whites, 1 tablespoon cornflour, coffee essence.

Mix castor sugar and cornflour together. Add to the stiffly-beaten egg whites gradually, beating all the time. Add one teaspoon coffee essence. Beat well. Put into a shallow, well-buttered cake tin, cook 60 minutes in a slow oven. Lift on to a plate and cover just before serving with whipped cream and passionfruit mixed together, or whipped cream flavored with rum.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

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THE Dazzling LOLLA.

Continued from Page 32

IT satisfied the police. It closed an undesirable incident for the management. But it was not true. Lydie, the maid, knew nothing of the affair. One morning, arriving to wake her mistress, Lydie found her sitting propped by the pillows in bed. A feverish flush burned in her cheeks. Madame Le Surier pointed to a pile of jewellery on the table beside her. "It is over," she said. That was all Lydie knew.

In the early hours of the day that Madame Jenatry left the hotel, and Major Bostwick, to disappear like a drop of water falling back into the lake, a faint knocking sounded at her bedroom door. She was surprised to see the frail outlines of Madame Le Surier in the half-light of the passage on opening the door.

"I have something to say to you, Madame," the invalid said. "May I come in?"

After a pause Madame Jenatry admitted her, and for a while the two women faced each other in silence in that room dimly lit by the bedside lamp.

"I am making a strange request of you, Madame," the invalid explained at length. "You are a woman of the world and will understand that one does not do these things without reason. I am asking you to leave the hotel at once."

"You—you ask me to leave?" Incredulity had stiffened Madame Jenatry as she sat on her bed. "You are serious? Or are you ill?"

"You have jewellery, clothes, probably money now. Is not that enough? With a man like Major Bostwick one does not commit the indiscretion of marriage. The English take these things seriously, you understand."

Rage showed in the light line of her lips. "You are mad!" she snapped. "I shall do as I please."

"You came to this hotel from Cannes when your American friend left you to go back home to his wife. You left your clothes instead of paying your hotel bill. I could inform them where you are, if I cared. You see, I have made inquiries."

The other's voice was controlled now. "You know a lot. Why have you taken this trouble?"

"That I will tell you," Madame Le Surier agreed. "You and I are of the same monde. It is not for us to marry men of the type of Major Bostwick. The English do not understand."

For a while Madame Jenatry's fingers worked as she sat in silence, then she jumped from the bed. "I will ask you to leave my room!" she mouthed. "You—"

"When you tell me you are going to leave. Not before."

"You say you made inquiries about me?" Why?

A sigh came from the slight figure holding a bundle wrapped in a towel to her chest. "It was clear you were not what you said you were. I knew Lolla Greve. You do not even resemble her. You should take more care when you wish to provide romance—even for a type like the Major, which believes everything. In the morning if you are not gone I shall tell him. I shall tell him, probably, in any case."

"That would not part him from me. There is much I could say about it."

"I could tell him about the American—and others."

"He would love me more. He wishes to protect me."

"The English do not like liars."

"You have something more to say, Madame?"

MADAME LE SURIER rose and unwrapped the towel from her bundle. "Only this. Here is the jewellery of which I robbed myself. I shall throw it on the floor, then scream. Maybe they would believe me. Perhaps you. Probably me, Madame."

When she reached her own bedroom Madame Le Surier could scarcely stand. For some time she lay on her face on the bed, her heart beating dully.

She reached for a tablet from the bottle at the side of her bed, and as she set the bottle back, the wrap slipped from her shoulder.

In the light from the reading lamp a disc glittered for a moment, hanging on the thin silver chain against her ivory skin, before she pulled the wrap close. On it was stamped: Jean Poulgati 7689345. But there was no one there to notice it.

(Copyright.)

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Absent-minded Parson

SOME few years ago a well-known Adelaide minister had to conduct a burial service in the West Terrace Cemetery over the grave of one of his parishioners. He arrived in due time, tied his horse to a tree on the outskirts of the cemetery, then proceeded with the service, and afterwards walked back to his home, a distance of four miles. Arriving home late, his wife exclaimed, "Good gracious, man, where is the horse and buggy?" then sent one of their boys post haste to the tree. He arrived just in time to save the "turnout" from being arrested by an officer of the law.—E.T.

Power of Suggestion

ONE of the boys attending a New-castle school took some sweet-tasting sulphur-colored tablets to school and shared them with his mates. After eating some, one of the boys suddenly said he felt ill. Immediately all the other boys felt ill, too. A few had headaches, others felt sick, and some were holding their stomachs and, in alarm, the headmaster sent for the ambulance, which conveyed 15 of them to the hospital. On examination the doctor found the tablets to be harmless, and the boys merely suffering from fright and "imaginitis." They were able to return to school without requiring any treatment.—A.H.

An Unforeseen Swim

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance living on the other side of the harbor brought his Alsatian dog to the city with him. To prevent the dog escaping from his grasp he strapped the lead to his wrist. Returning to the Quay he found it time for his ferry to depart. Running down to the wharf he arrived just as the ferry pulled out. He pulled up suddenly, but the dog, having no mind to be late home for dinner, made a leap. The ferry, however, was just too far, and man and dog floundered in the water, the dog making a desperate effort to catch the ferry. A timely rescue was effected, but the owner's little precaution may easily have resulted in a fatal accident.—C.A.

Hens Wouldn't Lay

MY next-door neighbor called me and asked my advice on her fowls, as she was new to poultry farming. "I only have six," she explained, "but they won't lay, and I've fed them for months on a good laying mash."

When I went around to have a look at them I stood helpless with laughter. Her "hens" were six beautiful young roosters.—J.R.H.

A Close Shave

WHILE spending a holiday with a friend who lives about fifteen miles from Charters Towers, I was astonished to see wild pigs. One morning my friend had just bathed and dressed her three-months-old baby and put it in a little stretcher to sleep. I went on to the verandah soon after, and just in time to see a huge pig running off with baby held in its mouth by its clothes. I picked up the broom and chased the pig, who dropped the baby and fled. Luckily the child was none the worse of its adventure.—D.J.A.

Sound Sleeper

I HAVE been told that no person sleeps in the one position throughout the night, but I have proof that at least they do so for many hours at a stretch. One night my sister, who had not been well for some time, awakened me in the middle of the night and requested me to make her a cup of tea. When I brought the tea to her bedside I found her asleep. Thinking she was feigning, I placed the cup and saucer on the bed near her pillow, and promptly went off to my own bed. The first thing I saw in the morning was a cold cup of tea, quite undisturbed, just where I had put it, and my sister still fast asleep.—A.W.

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WHEN the CLOUDS ROLL By

Continued from Page 31

I T was late at night—still another night when Jack had not come home. Waiting in the darkness, close to one of the trees which grew along Fieldway Ave., Lil shivered, but not with cold. The night was mild and still, but her heart was in torment as she tried to plan what to do and say.

She had come to a desperate decision. She would wait here, unseen, and watch Jack and the girl who had taken him from her, when they came along. If the girl was as she imagined her to be—a hard, heartless, modern type—she would confront him after she had gone, and let him see that she had found him out.

Her thoughts went no further than that. She was worn out, with quivering nerves, after a sleepless night. She could only walk up and down, waiting, so lost in her wretchedness that the sound of Jack's voice, near at hand, suddenly startled her almost into a cry.

The two had come upon her unheeded, walking quietly beneath the trees. They had paused, so close to her that she could almost have touched them, the light from a lamp near by striking full on Margot Leslie's upturned face.

"Don't come any further, Jack," she said, in answer to him. "It's terribly late—time we were both indoors. But it was a topping show!"

Hardly daring to breathe, Lil watched them. She was nonplussed. This girl, simply dressed, with the happy, yet faintly wistful face and frank bright eyes, was not the temptress she had imagined. And yet there was admiration in Jack's eyes as he looked down at her, a note in his voice that went like a knife-thrust to her heart.

"You'll come out with me again soon, Margot?"

"Yes, Jack."

Lil saw him take her hand in his and grasp it hard.

"You're a good sport, Margot!" he said huskily. "I'll phone you. Good-night!"

Releasing her hand, he turned sharply and walked away, his quick tread echoing as he crossed the road and disappeared.

Margot Leslie had remained where she was. She was standing looking after him, a shadow on the brightness of her face. In the stillness Lil heard her catch her breath in a quick sigh. The sound decided her. Quickly, before her determination could falter, she stepped forward and confronted her.

"I want to speak to you," she said breathlessly.

MARGOT LESLIE started, and turned to face her, looking at her in bewilderment.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid I don't understand!" she said. "Who are you?"

Lil clenched her hands to control the trembling that shook her whole body. She looked at the other girl with blazing eyes.

"I am Lil Durham—Jack's wife!" she said clearly. "Now do you understand?"

"Jack's wife?"

The exclamation broke from Margot's lips so sharply that Lil misinterpreted it.

"Yes, his wife!" she insisted. "Have you—didn't he tell you that he was married? Have you thought—"

"Stop!" said Margot sharply. She stepped close, indignation in her eyes.

"The first time Jack, your husband, took me out," she said slowly, "he told me about you—about how you hadn't any use for him any more. He didn't blame you, he only needed a little fun—"

"So he told you that!" breathed Lil. Her voice was tense and quivering. "Did he see fit to tell you what had happened to me? That I had lost my baby—"

She broke off, instinctively drawing back.

"Your baby!" the girl echoed scornfully. "Have you never realised that it was Jack's baby too? If you don't know how he loved it, I can tell you. Have you never tried to put yourself in his place—never realised how unhappy he is?"

She paused, looking at Lil's white face with a new expression on her own.

"Don't think I'm not sorry for you," she said more quietly. "I am. But I've seen what you have done to Jack. You've been selfish—all this morbidity of yours is selfishness and through it you are losing him. What interest can he have in a wife who does not think of him—does not go out with him—"

Again she paused.

"Do you know what I'm going to tell you? I could take him from you, if I tried. But I haven't tried, because he would never be happy, thinking of

you. That's the sort of man Jack is, a man any girl would be proud to love, and you are wrecking his life!"

"You mean that he loves you!" whispered Lil.

Margot's face softened. An infinitely sad smile curved her mouth.

"No," she said gently. "He loves you. He always will. But I—I just know how to make him happy, that's all. And men need happiness—"

Tears were running down Lil's face now, blinding her as she drew closer to the girl she had hated.

"What can I say?" she whispered. "What can I do? You've made me see—"

Margot Leslie took her hands.

"Then go home," she told her steadily. "Go back to him. Forget all about me, both of you!"

BUT what if she were too late?

The question struck at Lil's heart as she turned into the road where their own house stood. She had been running, but at the thought she slowed down, panting a little, pressing her hands against her heart.

She was remembering Jack's manner as he had parted from Margot—the way he had held her hand and smiled into her eyes. What if Margot were wrong, and he had grown to love her? What if her own attempt to make amends were only to embarrass him?

Lil set her teeth. At least she would try—she would fight, if need be, to win him back.

She had left the back door unlocked. She would slip in that way.

The lights were on in the house.

Not hesitating she unfastened the gate and slipped up the path towards the back way. But the front door was open. Jack was hurrying down the steps.

"Lil!" His voice brought her up short.

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A THRILLING and romantic adventure lies before Mrs. Cooper, who recently left London with her husband, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, on a tour to inspect the British fur trading-posts in the Arctic region of Canada.

She will travel 10,000 miles in all—covering the distance by boat, aeroplane, and train, and visiting the furthest trading-posts in the Arctic.

While trading in the Hudson Bay area is still done by the system of barter, the days are past when the trappers would take a string of wooden beads, or some such trinket, in exchange for a costly fur. Wireless sets are practically the first preference now, with canoes, fishing, and hunting tackle, furniture, firearms and ammunition next in order. It is the equivalent of the gold standard in the barter system.

as he sprang towards her. "Thank Heaven, you're all right! When I found the house empty I was afraid—"

"Oh, Jack!"

Somehow she was in his arms, sobbing against his shoulder as he lifted her up, and carried her into the house, pushing the door to behind him.

"Darling, what is it? What has happened?" he was asking her. "What made you go out like that, so late? Why are you crying?"

She could only cling to him, sobbing the question she had feared her pride would not let her utter.

"Jack, you do love me, don't you? You do forgive me?"

There was silence. She felt his arms draw her closer, but it was a long time before he spoke, and when he did there was a shamed, husky note in his strong voice.

"Lil—it's you who must forgive. I've been acting like a cad. I've been—"

"I know!" she whispered against his lips. "It was Margot herself who made me see what I was doing. Perhaps, if you had never met her, I should never have been made to realise. But oh, say you love me! Say you will let me try to make you happy—"

"Happy!" he echoed, with a little, exultant laugh. "Lil, darling, I'm happier to-night than I have ever been in all my life. Happy, because I thought I'd lost you, and you have come back to me!"

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Golden Youth
FACE POWDER
by kathleen court

TERRY and TEDDY

THE TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY ENKE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

by C. Marshall.

WUNDERLUST was in his favorite place, and that was the garden. He was weeding one of the flower beds, and just as he bent down to give another tug at a rather obstinate weed, he heard a dog cry. On looking up, he discovered a little black fluffy dog, with his little tail between his legs, hurrying across the garden, crying piteously.

"Poor little fellow," thought Wunderlust. "Some car must have hit him."

"Come here, puppy," said Wunderlust soothingly.

The little puppy stopped, looked at Wunderlust, started to come towards him, and then, thinking better of it, turned and ran in the opposite direction. He soon ran out of sight, and Wunderlust soon forgot the incident, and went on with his weeding.

After spending the better part of two hours in the garden, he picked up his tools and prepared to go inside. As he reached the path he turned round, surveyed his work, and then, feeling quite satisfied, went inside.

After changing his clothes, and getting into his light suit, he sat down on his cane chair on the verandah, and began reading the evening paper. One sheet of the paper became separated from the rest and fell to the ground. Wunderlust bent to pick it up, and was surprised to see the same little black dog he had seen earlier in the day, asleep near his feet.

"Feeling better, young fellow?" asked Wunderlust.

The little dog just raised his head and seemed to say, "Oh, yes, much better," and allowed Wunderlust to pat him.

Wunderlust, remembering there was a bone in the cupboard, hastened inside to get it. He returned in a few seconds, and gave it to the little dog, then once more went on with his reading.

"THAT'S my dog, Nig!" came a soft voice.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Muffet!" said Wunderlust, rising from his chair. "How are you to-day?"

"I'm all right," she answered, "but how is poor little Nig?"

"He's quite well," said Wunderlust, smiling. "Judging from the way he's tacking that bone, I don't think there's much wrong with him."

"Do you know that boy, Tommy Tucker? Well, he threw a stone at Nig, he did," sobbed little Miss Muffet.

"Why did he do that?" said Wunderlust.

"Cause I wouldn't let him put Nig in his billycart and use him for a horse," went on little Miss Muffet, who was now fondling the puppy.

"Oh, did he?" said Wunderlust, thoughtfully. "Wait till I see that young fellow; I shall speak to him about it."

Little Miss Muffet paid little attention to Wunderlust. She was far more interested in her puppy, and, after patting him for about five minutes, she picked him up and left.

Next day, Wunderlust called on that naughty boy, Tommy Tucker.

"No, Tommy," said Wunderlust, "it is not like you to do such a thing. What would happen if everybody acted as you did? If everybody, who could not get just what they wanted, threw stones at people and their dogs? The world would be an awful place, wouldn't it? Now, you run along and don't let me hear about you throwing stones again or I'll get the Dream Man to give you nasty dreams."

"No, I'll not throw any more stones," promised Tommy Tucker, and neither he did. In fact, in a short time he was known throughout Mushroom for his kind treatment of all animals.

Goldfish and Globe

In a few minutes you can make an amusing toy. Procure a piece of cardboard, about 12 in. long by 12 in. wide, and write on both sides. On one side of the card draw a globe such as goldfish live in. Scribble a few lines to suggest that there is water in it. Now, turn the card over so that the blank side is uppermost. In doing this, make sure that the globe is turned upside down. On the blank side neatly

draw a goldfish. Do it in red ink if you use black for the globe. Lastly, make two tiny holes in the middle of both sides of the card and insert thread through them, to form a loop at each end.

Hold the thread slack, one end in each hand between the thumb and first finger, and relate the card until the thread is well taut, then slip the loops over your thumbs and pull apart, moving your hands towards each other so that the thread is twisted itself, and so on. In this way, the card can be kept spinning. As the card flies over, the eye obtains the impression that there is a goldfish in a globe.

Gonzie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Here is something quite new. Ask one of your Pals whether he can feel. He will naturally be surprised at your question, for it does really seem such a senseless one.

"Well," you add, "if I touch you with one or two things, do you think you will know the difference?"

"Of course I will," he will answer without hesitating. Now sit your Pal on a chair, produce two pencils sharpened to a point, and assure your victim that what you are going to do will not hurt at all. Hold the two pencils so that the points are level, and just touch him on the soft part of the neck, below the ear. Of course, it is absolutely impossible for him to tell whether one or two points touched him.

Gwen Faulkner (8), 10 Chambers Avenue, Bondi, N.S.W., sent along the best letter for the week, and wins a 5/- prize.

Gwen's letter was very neatly written and well expressed, and was all about a beautiful country scene.

Well, good-bye Pals until next week.

Cheerio,

From your Pal,

CONNIE.

MY LITTLE PUPPY

By PHYLLIS FERGUSON

I HAVE a little puppy,
My Daddy gave to me;
And in the fields and gardens
We play so merrily.

One day as we were romping,
My pup fell in a ditch.
And when he scrambled out again
His coat was black as pitch.

I took him home and washed him,
And sat him on the chair.
And said, "My naughty pup,
You can just stop there!"

But when I came inside again,
What do you think I saw?
My pup was round the table legs,
And round the knob of the door.

Prize of 5/- to Phyllis Ferguson, via Smithton, Broadmeadows, Tasmania.

THE ONLY PAPER

I KNOW a certain paper,
The name I'll tell you soon.
It's full of lots of reading
To keep you well amused.

It's one to be so proud of,
And it's one to make you try
To win the competition,
And get a great surprise.

It's full of fun for everyone,
And is a source of glee!
Now its name I'll softly whisper—
"The Women's Weekly."

Prize of 5/- to Mervyn Stone, Evelyn St., Winton, Queensland, for this original verse.

PEN FRIENDS WANTED.

Norma Gilhannon, 47 Wythes Ave., Lakemba, N.S.W., would like to correspond with girl or boy in Queensland. Age between 12-14.

Vera Hinton, Leeton, Farquhar St., Wingham, would like to correspond with a girl about 17 who lives down the South Coast.

Edna Robinson and Gloria March, Anna Bay, via Newcastle, N.S.W., would like a pen friend, boy or girl, about 12 years of age.

SPELLING TRICK.

Ask one of your friends if she is good at spelling. Then you say, "I'll give you an easy word, you can't spell." Probably she will accept the challenge, and then you say, "How do you spell meat, meaning to 'meat bread'?"

Your friend will think this is simple, and will be sure to say, "Why, M-E-A-T, of course."

Then you quietly answer: "You are quite wrong. Yes M-E-A-T is meat, but you M-E-E-T bread."

Prize Card to Jean Lamb, 44 Rochester St., Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

What animal comes from the sky? Why, the rain (deer) does.

Why is a ginger-headed man never in need of a haircut? Because he always has a ginger-rot.

Prize Card to J. Ellis, Pacific, 67 Carr St., Conger, N.S.W.

Mother: Willie, have you finished your homework?
Willie: Yes, mother, all except the answers!

Prize Card to Marjorie Clarke, Evelyn St., Grange, Qld.

Mother: How did you come to forget the lard and butter I told you to get?
Today: I am sorry, mother, but they are so greasy that they must have slipped my memory!

Prize Card to David Stone, Evelyn St., Grange, Brisbane.

Boy: Was that policeman over a little baby, mother?
Mother: Why, yes, of course.

Boy (thoughtfully): I don't believe I've ever seen a baby policeman.

Prize Card to Laurel Bailey, Leeton, N.S.W.



GOING TO TOWN. Prize of 5/- to Jean O'Sullivan, 27 Erskine Street, Sydney, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white. Color in nicely with paints or crayons, and send entry along to Connie, Box 1018, G.P.O., Sydney, before September 6. Prize of 5/- will be given for prettiest effort.

SAY THIS QUICKLY.

You're no need to light a nightlight on a light night like to-night, for a nightlight's a slight light and to-night's a night that's light. When a night's light like to-night's light, it's really not quite right to light nightlights with their slight lights on a light night like to-night.

Prize Card to Neil Dries, Castlereagh St., Cumnah, N.S.W.

Boy: Here's one for you, Dad. If a small broom and dustpan came to 2/6, what would a bag of coal come to?

Father: Well, Son, I should think about ten shillings.

Boy: No, Dad—ashes.

Prize Card to Joyce Parkins, Fitzroy St., Quirindi, N.S.W.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

I VENTURED to glance at my companion.

She was sitting square, with her knees drawn up before her and her fingers laced about them, the pose of a thinking child. She was looking straight ahead, and when I followed her gaze I saw that this was fixed on the ragged oblong which the sun and the dew between them were already beginning to efface. The edge of a shaft of light was touching her hair with splendour, and her profile stood clean and faultless against the green of the leafage six paces away. As always, her chin was up, and I often think that the coin was never minted from which the image of royalty stood out so clear. Her temples, her exquisite nose and the droop of her mouth, the curve of her chin and the slender white of her throat—the chisel of Phidias might have rendered their beauty, but I cannot believe that chisel or brush or pen could ever have captured the aspect that made that beauty live. She looked so gentle, yet fearless, so calm, content and stabilised, so stately and yet so human, and yet again so distant, as though her flesh was sacred because her blood was royal. Her air was pensive, yet not at all unhappy, but rather glad; but for me, her crowning glory was absent: the eagerness was out of her face.

I shifted my gaze to her insteps, slim and silk and shining, making the turf a carpet fit for a queen.

With her eyes on young Florin's grave, Helena spoke again.

"That wasn't the only reason why I wanted to see you before you went. I want your help in a matter."

"Your cousin is painting my picture—he's nearly done. It is the most lovely portrait. . . . And as he won't hear of a fee, I want to make him a present."

"Well, I've got a cup at Yorick, an old, gold cup, with a curious history. Years ago, in the sixteenth century, the Yorick of that day was painted. A young painter came from Vienna, a man called Lata. Had he lived, he would have been famous, for the picture is terribly good. Your cousin picked it out in an instant as being the best of the lot. Well, when the painter had finished, the Count was so pleased with his work that he called for wine and drank the young man's health, and when he had drained the cup he called for gold. I suppose his treasurer brought it. Then he filled the cup with gold pieces and gave the painter the lot. I hope it was adequate payment. In those days it probably was. The next morning the painter left Yorick to make his way home. On his lonely ride to Salzburg the poor man was robbed and murdered—his body was found by the road. Now the thieves didn't break up the cup, but six months later they tried to sell it at Innsbruck where Yorick then had a hotel. But, as it happened, they took it to the very goldsmith that Yorick himself employed. The moment he saw the arms, he knew that the cup had been stolen, and, to cut a long story short, the thieves were taken and hanged and the cup came back to the castle because the poor painter was dead."

"So you see that cup will make a most appropriate gift. But I'm so afraid that your cousin may refuse to accept it that, before I ask him to do so, I want to have it engraved with his crest. And that's where you can

help me. I must have something of his that bears his crest, to give to the engraver to copy. A cigarette-case or a flask. Perhaps it's on the backs of his brushes. You see without that I'm stuck. At the present moment I don't even know what his crest is."

I wrinkled my brow.

"Strangely enough," said I, "it's the same as your own—a leopard. But that doesn't mean—"

"What?"

The word flamed. As the saying goes, I almost leapt out of my skin; and turned to find her staring—tense, wide-eyed and staring white to the lips.

And then I knew I was lost. I had learned her crest from Pharaoh, and Pharaoh was wrong; and I had repeated the error which Pharaoh had made.

"I—I thought," I stammered. "I had an idea—"

"THE badge of Yorick is an oak tree." She whispered rather than spoke. "We've never displayed the leopard for more than two hundred years."

The sibilant accusation struck me dumb.

She was round now and was kneeling, with her arms held close to her breast and her hands to her throat. Her breath was whistling in her nostrils and her eyes seemed to pierce my brain.

Helplessly I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose I must have—"

"My God," she breathed, "you were there." As my eyes went down, she clasped her hands to her head. "My

God!" she cried. "It was you! You, John, YOU, and not Bugle that . . ."

I pulled out my note-case and took out her master key.

As I laid it down by her side—

"Sabre killed Bugle," I said. "His body's down in the moat. None of them saw it happen, so I walked into the castle and took his place."

Helena sat back on her heels, finger to lip. Her eyes were still wide, still staring; she seemed to be murmuring something I could not hear.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean you to know."

At that a tremor ran through her; then, with a sudden movement, she flung herself down on her face and burst into tears.

For a moment I sat hesitant. Then something snapped within me.

I lifted her up and gathered her into my arms.

With my face pressed tight against hers—

"Don't cry, Nell," I said. "I can't bear it. And—please don't send me away."

"I'm not sending you away," she sobbed. She caught at my coat. "And I'll tell you another thing. I'd never have let you go. If all else had failed, I was going down to the station."

I held her off and looked into her tear-stained face.

"But, Nell, just now you—"

"I wanted to know if you loved me. I had to be sure of that. But now . . ."

She hid her face in my coat. "Oh, John, my darling, you've made me feel so humble, so cheap and—"

I stopped her beautiful mouth.

"How d'you think I feel, Nell? How d'you think I felt when I stood in that secret chamber and heard you buying my safety—the life and health of the man who'd just turned you down?"

Please turn to Page 38



NEW USE for fringe. A sports frock in green knit, with a scarf edged with white fringe, is worn by Elizabeth Young, Paramount player.

The Game was Rough

Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits—a rich milk food—make his lunch attractive and offset the strain of his school life.

But the Lunch was right



TRY ALSO WHEATOSE and WAYSIDE BISCUITS

Arnott's Famous Xmas Cakes and Puddings will be available at your grocers during November and December of this year, and will be of the usual excellent quality.



CONSTIPATION

**Ages Women—
Ruins their Looks**

There are certain signs of ageing which neither cosmetics nor art can conceal. They are caused by failure of the system to eliminate waste matter—Constipation. Don't try to hide these signs—get rid of them! **NYAL FIGSEN** corrects Constipation and restores normal bowel action. The poisons which clog your system will be gently and naturally eliminated. **NYAL FIGSEN** is a true friend to men, women and children. It is easy to take; does not purge or grip, and will not upset even the most delicate stomach. Buy a tin from your chemist to-day for 1/3.

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Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 431F, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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**Corns disappear
when feet are bathed
with RADOX**

NOW you can banish corns easily, painlessly, inexpensively! Your very first footbath with Radox will ease the nagging pain, and after a brief course of treatment you will find that the oxygen in Radox has loosened the corns so effectively that they can be easily and completely removed. There is no bother with messy pastes or plasters; there is nothing to discolor shoes or stockings. Radox is very economical, too; one level tablespoonful in a footbath of hot water is all you need. Start using Radox to-night, and in a short while your corns will be no more.

At all Chemists. 8-43

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

**DEPRESSED BY ACUTE
ACIDITY**

There can surely be no doubt about the effectiveness of a remedy for acidity that can give such permanent relief as in this woman's case:—

"I suffered for many years from acidity in various forms," she writes. "At last it became so acute that every morning I woke with a gnawing pain and a great depression of spirits. I tried Kruschen Salts, and the effect was magical. The pain subsided and the depression lifted like a cloud. I have taken the daily dose of Kruschen ever since. That was about five years ago, and the Kruschen does not lose its effect. It did more than produce temporary benefit—it completely relieved in a year or two, and I have not had that gnawing pain since."—(Miss) E. M. H.

Kruschen is so effective with acidity because it neutralises acid, takes all the torment out of it, and gently expels it from the system. And by stimulating your organs of elimination to perfect regular action, Kruschen will prevent this harmful acid from ever accumulating again. After that you'll experience no more misery after meals.

A CHILD looked into my eyes.

"Shall we . . . take each other back, John?"

"Yes, please, Nell," I said quietly.

With a little sigh of contentment she did an arm round my neck.

Our respective tales had been told, my disaffection forgiven, our grace had been said, and we were now standing together at the edge of the lawn. We had started to return to the car, but now with one consent we had stopped to look again upon the beauty which we were to leave.

It seemed so strange that life and death and fortune had lain in that peaceful setting, awaiting a sweet June day's spring to leap to their battle stations, thence to dispute the fate of six human beings, not one of whom, till that morning, had so much as suspected the existence of such a spot. A century of dawns and sundowns had found and left it sleeping, as it was sleeping now; and then in a twinkling the earth had opened, the brook had played storm music and . . .

"To think," said Helena, "that I treated you as a child."

"The truth is," said I, "we're both children; and children hate to be treated as children, you know."

Helena lifted her head, to survey the blue of the sky. The eager look in her face would have made a sick man well.

"I wasn't," she said. "I was a

STORM Music

Continued from Page 37

his assistance to carry through a transaction she dared not attempt alone.

This to our great surprise, till we learned that her solemn trust was now at an end, because her father had said that on her marriage the gold must be re-invested or lodged at a bank. And this in due course was done. My cousin arranged the affair with a famous house and within six weeks, a fortnight before we were wed, the bullion was out of the cellar and Helena mistress of a fortune which was considerably greater than that which her father laid up.

A LETTER from the Count of Yorick afforded us infinite pleasure and deserves to be set out in full:—

Dear Helena,

I hope you are very well. I am not at Yorick because I was bitten by a mad dog and a good Summarrystone brought me straight here. I would like to thank him for that. He saved my life, you know. Fancy a mad dog worrying me. I think I must just have gone out for a walk or something and then it just leaped upon me and worried me and I knew no more. And this is the only one place that I could have been saved from going mad. It makes you get hot all over. By the way I'm off liquor. Acholol, I mean. They make me heeling drinks here

fire him out. He swore Spencer was your evil genie, but I thought Spencer had a good eye. Sour grapes, I guess. I suppose you knew what you were doing.

The reformation this letter foreshadowed was more than we could believe, but I am bound to record that it was fairly fulfilled. The shock or the fear of death or, perhaps, his curious communion with that honest and kindly fellowship of simple souls wrought in the Count an astonishing change of heart. The weeds that had choked his qualities withered and died, and though I was most apprehensive of our relation, twenty-four hours' acquaintance had made us the best of friends.

His postscript brings me to Pharaoh. Or that unconscionable scoundrel I have but little to say. That the man was most swift and daring I cannot deny, but I think that his deadly reputation was to him the highwayman's mare. Carefully fed and cherished, it was this that carried him into and out of engagements without a scratch; but when at last he was standing upon his own feet, even I was able to show that, if his eye was quicker, at least his spine was as brittle as that of another man. For all that, he was bold and efficient—and something more. I'll served, dogged by misfortune, he nevertheless contrived almost to wring a victory out of defeat. So far as I know, he only made one mistake—and that was to kill young Florin; so far as I know, he had but one slice of luck—and that was, on binding Helena, to find that she had in her hand her master key.

The portrait my cousin had painted will always rank for me as one of the greatest triumphs a painter ever achieved. This is not because he had rendered a beautiful likeness, nor yet because he had captured the leaping spirit that lived in the lovely flesh; but because he had marked, as I had, that the precious eager look was out of his subject's face and had painted it in from memory out of a grateful heart.

Though my life is secure and happy beyond belief, the events of those terrible days are cut as in stone upon my mind. But I would not forget them, if I could; for out of their wrack and turmoil I won my beautiful wife. Often and often I read their grim inscription and gaze at the riotous pageant which this calls up. I see that dreadful labor down in the sparkling dell and Dewdrop finger the paper that I let fall; I read The Reaping Hook's stairs and I hear—as I shall hear to my dying day—the deadly voice of Pharaoh behind the door: I see him enter the room with Valentine's hand upon his shoulder and I hear him whispering for Sabre with my heart in my mouth; I hear the Carlotta coming with the rush of a mighty wind, and I hear the cough of the Rolls as her engine failed; I hear Rush plying Bugle to make my blood run cold, I hear Pharaoh bullying Freda, and I see the flame of the pistol that saved his life; I see the awful change in my darling's face, and I turn to see Pharaoh smiling behind my back; I smell the fragrance of the valley that knew no sun, and I see the smear of blood upon Helena's delicate leg; and then I see her stricken and trembling in Pharaoh's power, and I hear the roar of our pistols and I see the man spent with hatred, staring into my eyes. . . .

It is written, Out of the eater came forth meat. I can only say I have found this saying most true. The goddess Aphrodite rose from the foam of the sea; but Helena Spencer came out of the wrath of a tempest that had risen to smite us both. Together, saying each other, we rode out that frightful storm—the remembrance of which is not grievous, for our desperately perilous passage, side by side, has bound us more closely together than the sharing of any joys.

The End.

Your loving brother, Valentine.

P.S. What about Fanning? I rather hope he's gone. If not, perhaps you could

PUZZLE This OUT!

A COMPLICATED table of relationship has been the result of a double wedding, which recently took place at Greenfield, Indiana, United States.

The brides were mother and daughter, and the bridegrooms uncle and nephew. The older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lley Vest, were married several years ago, but divorced each other. Mr. Vest married, as his second wife, a Miss Pearl Davis, who died recently, and his former wife married a Mr. Joseph Lunsford, whom she divorced shortly afterwards.

Mr. Clay Vest, the young bridegroom, had as his bride the daughter of his aunt's second husband. He now becomes the nephew of his step-father-in-law, and a cousin of his father-in-law, who was the second husband of his mother-in-law. His wife also becomes the niece of her stepfather and her mother. In fact, there seems to be no end to the confusing relationships that resulted, and unless you are clever you will need a dictionary to work it out.



She's her mother's niece.

woman all right. But I think—it's all your own doing, you know—but I think, my dear, you'll have a child for a wife.

There is not much more to be told. My cousin's reception of the truth was more than handsome; and I really believe that Barley would not have exchanged the knowledge that I had caused Pharaoh's death for all the gold that lay in the cellars of Yorick or anywhere else. But old Florin's simple tribute would have warmed any man's heart.

"Sir, you have done my duty. And that, by the grace of God; for I myself could never have done it so well."

It was he who said at once that Bugle's body would be found held down by the grill that kept foreign matter from passing into the waste-pipes that led from the moat. Sure enough, there it was. Its removal and the subsequent rites were grisly enough; but the four of us did the business without any help, because, having got so far, it seemed a pity that we should explode a theory which Yorick—and Yorick's neighbors—had been at such pains to digest.

When my cousin broached the question of getting rid of the gold, Helena made no objection, but only begged

with virtue in them and I fairly lapp them up. And the wound's healing like a little child. They say liquor's very dangerous for hidrofobia. I nearly died, you know. All the while the good Summarrystones were taking me to the monastery, it was touch and go more than once. The madness was in my veins. It makes you go hot. But I'm all right now. They say I can get up for a little while on Sunday and look at the flowers. I shall like that. I see the vanity of life now all right. There is a good monk here called Father Bernard. Of course they are all good; but he is the best. He says all is vanity and that the pumps of the world are void. You know there's a lot in that. Well, I must end now. But I thought you might wonder where I was. What a escape! Fancy a mad dog like that ranging about seeking whom he might devour. I tell you, I hadn't a chance. He just leaped upon me, nashing their fangs. I can see it now.

Your loving brother, Valentine.

P.S. What about Fanning? I rather hope he's gone. If not, perhaps you could



REXONA

Keeps the scalp clean

Mrs. Shernwell, Hurlstone Park, tells you of another splendid use for Rexona Ointment. She says: "My baby has beautiful hair. I always use Rexona Ointment to rub on the head to keep it free from Cradle Cap, then wash the head with Rexona Soap."

Use Rexona Ointment for all

skin blemishes and irritation—for cuts, burns, and bruises.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP
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YOU NEED THIS 'BLOOD-TESTED' REMEDY

If you are tired, run-down, and lacking in energy and strength, you'll be interested in this report by a reputable physician. It concerns a woman patient, blood tests, and the remarkable results that followed treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first blood test showed a low haemoglobin content and a still lower count of red corpuscles. In other words, there was not enough vitalizing oxygen being carried from this woman's lungs throughout her blood stream, and not enough nutriment being conveyed from her digestive organs, to maintain normal health by rebuilding the body cells and tissues, and clearing the system of poisons. She was anemic.

The physician prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as the safe, efficient tonic for improving his patient's blood stream. The first month showed substantial gains in haemoglobin and red corpuscles, and the woman had more colour, felt better. In two more months her blood condition was very close to normal. She felt stronger and happier. The doctor described her improvement as "nothing short of remarkable."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do as much for you. Start now to take this "blood-tested" remedy for run-down people—whether children, young women or adults. At chemists and stores, now 3/- bottle.***

NEW CUTEX OILY POLISH REMOVER



ABOVE—RUINED by acetone type polish removers.

BELOW—RESTORED by the beneficial oils in the new Cutex Oily Polish Remover.



Cutex Oily Polish Remover will not dry nails or cuticle. The special formula will not injure the wearing qualities of your nail polish.

Ask for Cutex Oily Polish Remover

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA
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5 Excellent Sessions Daily.

BILLIARDS ... is a GAME for GIRL of Seventeen WOMEN! is Champion GOLFER

Splendid Exercise
for Slimming, too!

Mrs. Clark McConachy, wife of the New Zealand champion billiardist, who is now visiting Australia, is one of the few women players from Australia or New Zealand to take part in women's billiard matches in England.

She recommends billiards for women. "All that is needed is a straight eye, a light touch, concentration, a proper stance, and any woman can become a billiards player," she says.

IN the past the general opinion has been that the billiard-room was the sanctum of men. For this reason alone women have preferred not to try their hand at the cue. But this fear has been swept aside by those who are desirous of fostering the game for women, and have in every way encouraged their presence at the billiard matches.

As a medium for slimming, billiards is perhaps the only indoor game that can be recommended as a weight reducer. The constant bending and the distance traversed round the table by the average billiard player is sufficient to substantiate these statements.

Many specialists have advocated after-dinner billiards as one of the best tonics imaginable. Therefore billiards, besides being a happy, pleasant game, has many other assets to recommend it being one of the most popular of games among the women of Australia.

"It is really surprising that women have not entered into the vogue of playing billiards in Australia as they have done in England," said Mr. Joe Davis, the English billiard champion, who is now on a visit to Australia, where he is being seen in action against the Australian champion, Mr. Walter Lindrum.

Mr. Lindrum upheld Mr. Davis, and pointed out that women really have the advantage over men because of their delicacy of touch and suppleness of wrist and fingers. Men are inclined at first to grasp the cue heavily with fingers that are naturally stiffer.

Both these players said that it was noticeable the great interest women were taking in the game of billiards—large numbers of women attended the sessions and watched the game intently throughout their matches.

Played in England

MR. CLARK McCONACHY, the New Zealand champion billiardist, is at present in Australia with his wife, and Mrs. McConachy is one of the few women players from Australia who has taken part in women's billiards matches in England.



MRS. McCONACHY, wife of the N.Z. champion billiardist, who is now in Australia, gets ready to make a big score.

—Women's Weekly photo

"It was the Lyceum Club and the Forum Club that first started women's billiards in London," said Mrs. McConachy. "The two clubs played each other annually, and then members having their own billiard tables started to form groups of players much on the same lines as bridge players conducted their games at first."

"Then these groups became so large that they became localised, and at the present day thousands of women billiards players are taking part in the various 'circles,' as they are called."

In all the principal towns, such as London, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Manchester, Southampton, and in Scotland and Wales, women's billiards circles are to be found.

These circles meet each other in organised matches, and annual competitions are arranged, and matches played to decide the amateur and professional women billiards champions of England.

For the amateur championship between thirty and forty entries are re-

ceived from each circle. Miss Theima Carpenter, of Bournemouth, is the present amateur champion, and Miss Ruth Harrison, of Birmingham, holds the professional championship. The average player makes breaks of 30 or 40, and perhaps breaks of 100 are made occasionally by the champions.

Just after the termination of the war Miss Ruby Roberts, an Australian, playing in one of the States here, was credited with a break of 168, so that it is quite possible that we may yet be able to hold our own against the players from overseas.

Mrs. McConachy has only been playing billiards three years, and during her last trip to England took part in some of the circle matches played there, and was successful in winning two trophies.

So enthusiastic are Mr. Davis, Mr. McConachy, and Mr. Lindrum about women playing billiards in Australia, that they have stated that they will willingly give advice or help to any prospective woman player.

"Once Played Terrible Game," She Says

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Following on the trail of Jean Batten and Dorothy Round, the two most feted girls of 1934, comes little Pam Barton, who, at the age of seventeen, won the French women's open golf championship at Le Touquet after getting into the finals of the British women's open championship.

PAMELA'S victory caused enormous excitement, and the smiling schoolgirl's face appeared on every front page.

Crowds gathered at the station when she arrived back from Le Touquet, and dozens of men and women besieged the railway carriage and smothered little Miss Barton with kisses.

You could scarcely see slender little Pam with her tip-tilted nose, laughing eyes, sunburnt cheeks and red curls. You could hardly believe that, although she is so dainty, and uses the lightest of light clubs, she can drive 240 yards without the slightest effort.

And crowds don't bother her. The huge "galleries" at important matches have no effect at all on her nerves. In fact, the bigger the attendance the better she plays.

Withal she is distinctly modest. "You know," she says, "when I first took up golf I played a terrible game. The score I returned after my first round was 190. And that was only four years ago. Mummy and Dad have been very keen for years, but the poor darlings aren't much good. And then Daddie gave me an old club to play about with in the garden, and I used to rush home from school and spend hours learning to swing a club."

"I was 13 then, and more than anything else I wanted to beat my sister, Mervyn, who was already playing real golf. When I was satisfied that I had acquired an easy swing I practised driving a captive ball."

She Persevered

"I WAS no 'born golfer.' I did all the funny things most learners do. I forgot to keep my head down. I pulled. I sliced. I used to miss the ball completely. Only one thing improved my game—practice, nothing but practice. It's the only way. I still practise three or four times a week, although now I concentrate more on polishing my putting than anything else."

She would turn out regularly day after day, wet or fine, freezing cold or boiling hot. Nothing kept Pam from her steady practice.

She wore a green skirt when she won the French championship—perhaps to defy superstition, perhaps in honor of her Irish extraction, perhaps just because she fancied it. She would not say, but she did say that her one ambition now is to win the British open and everyone seems certain she will.

This 17-year-old champion now ranks with Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Joyce Wethered, and Miss Enid Wilson as leading women golfers in Great Britain. Next month she is off to America with the British team to play against the United States and Canada.

N.Z. Players Here

DURING the week, Miss O. Kay and Miss Betty Gaisford, the two New Zealand women golfers, returned to Australia after an absence of six months abroad, where they have been playing in all the important matches.

BASKETBALL Carnival...

OFFICIALS of the Queensland Women's Basketball Association are putting the finishing touches to arrangements for the all-Australia basketball carnival which will be played in Brisbane next week.

It will be the first interstate carnival held in Brisbane since the inauguration of the Queensland Women's Basketball Association.

Teams from New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria will arrive in Brisbane on Sunday, August 26.

New South Wales, in charge of Mrs. D. Rooney, will stay at the Anne Hathaway, Victoria, and South Australia at York House.

Miss Ann Clark will accompany the New South Wales team as umpire. This diminutive person is a well-known identity, and a carnival without the diminutive Ann would not seem right.

All matches will be played at New Farm, and the Q.W.B.A. has made arrangements to broadcast some of the matches through ABC.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonald House, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney.

BRISBANE is Mecca of Croquet PLAYERS

Every year about this time Brisbane becomes the Mecca for croquet players, and this week is witnessing the finals of the interstate croquet championship.

Everywhere one goes one sees white-frocked women rushing about with croquet mallets and sunshades.

WOMEN have come to Brisbane for this occasion from all over Australia, and there is even one visitor from New Zealand competing in the games.

Altogether there are four hundred players competing in the tournament, and many are delegates from Victoria and New South Wales.

The Lady Mayoress gave a civic reception to the players on August 20, in the City Hall, and other entertainments have been arranged in their honor.

The president of the Queensland Croquet Association, Mrs. Sam Swenden, is an ardent player, as well as an efficient hostess, and is thoroughly enjoying every moment of the tournament, in spite of the work entailed.

It is an interesting point that Mrs. W. R. Pitter, who has won the Queensland Open Championship three years in succession, and now holds the trophy for this feat, is not playing in the tournament this year, but is manager of the team.

Mr. A. J. Gillespie is assisting her. Miss Ena Retherington is having a try time as honorary secretary, and treasurer is Mrs. A. Collinson. Messrs W. R. Pitter, N. Jeffrey, and T.

A. Bell are handicappers and referees. To ensure everything running smoothly, an enthusiastic committee of interested women has been formed, and this comprises Mesdames J. C. Machin, F. Burnett-Smith, H. Dunbar, G. N. Cox, F. Woodward, A. E. Murray, J. C. K. Sibbald, R. Walker, J. C. Doda, E. Faulkner, S. Dexter, and J. H. Peel.

When the tournament is over it is intended to select a team to compete in the Victorian Centenary croquet games, and a team also will be picked which will meet four male players who will arrive in Brisbane from England in December.

It is significant that since the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Turner, two prominent English players, to Brisbane recently, other English players are anxious to visit Queensland. Queensland players are very excited about the proposed selection of these two teams.

N.S.W. Plans

THE New South Wales croquet players have been preparing their plans for the forthcoming season. Executive officers have been selected, and during

Wants to Take Part In Bowling Week

THE interest of Mrs. A. Griffith, a South African bowler of note, has been aroused by reading the accounts in The Australian Women's Weekly of the arrangements being made by Mrs. J. S. Winter for Bowling Week, November 19-25, in connection with the Centenary celebrations. Mrs. Griffith has expressed a wish to take part and an invitation has been sent to her which the V.L.B.A. hopes she will be able to accept.

Mrs. Griffith is the champion of the Roadford Club, and she skipped the winning team in the South African championships.

The week a tournament committee was elected. The committee is comprised of some of the best-known players in the State—Mesdames J. Beale, W. Ballard, J. Grace, W. Hopkins, A. Moore, G. Redshaw, J. Scott, T. Williams, and J. Wall.

The finals of the Oldfield Cup will be played at Beecroft on October 5. The champion of champions tournament, which is always keenly contested, will be played at Mosman on October 8. Cammeray, October 10, and Chiswood on October 12.

New South Wales is also anxious to have the English croquet team visit Sydney during their stay in Australia, and although the British team is comprised solely of men it will be a team of women champions who will play against them during their visit to Sydney.

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